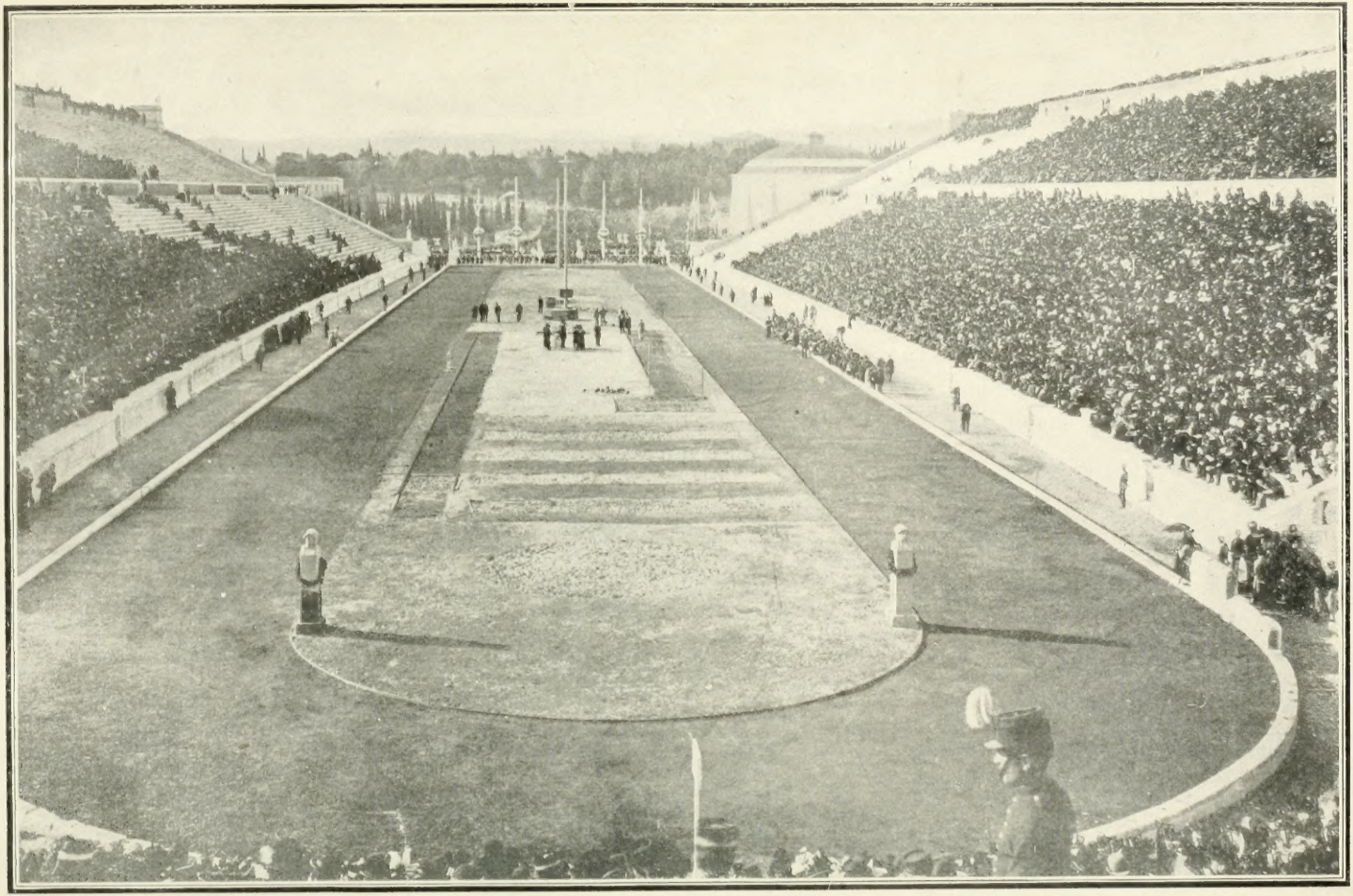

THE GRECIAN STADIUM

Planned by Lycurgus about 330 B.C.; renewed by Herod Atticus, 140 A.D.; restored again in modern times

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XXVIII

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1906—APRIL, 1907

FRONTISPIECES

		PAGE
Grecian Stadium, The	From a Photograph	2
Communicants, The	Painting by Jules Breton	98
Rural Highway, A	From a Photograph	210
Sadler's Wells Theatre	From an Old Engraving	314
Basketry on Exhibition	From a Photograph	418
Christ and the Magdalen		522

ARTICLES

Athens—Ancient and Modern	Illustrated	*E. L. Howe*	3
American Capital and Canadian Resources		*E. W. Johnson*	150
Artists, Canadian, Abroad	Illustrated	*Wm. H. Ingram*	218
Art, A Comparison in	Illustrated	*Randolph Carlyle*	276
Advertising and Social Evolution		*J. D. Logan*	330
Ancient Art Modernised, An	Illustrated	*Margaret E. Henderson*	421
Art, Basketry	Illustrated	*Margaret E. Henderson*	421
Armoury, King Edward's Collection	Illustrated	*Mortimer Vernon*	441
Allan Line	Illustrated	*Randolph Carlyle*	481
Awakening of Spring, The		*S. T. Wood*	578
Athletics, Professionalism in College		*Cyrus MacMillan*	593
Are Our Indians Pagans?		*W. E. H. Stokes*	602
Benjamin Franklin		*Rev. R. F. Dixon*	71
British Civil Service, The		*H. Linton Eccles*	120
Beauty, Types of	Illustrated	*H. S. Scott Harden*	273
Basketry	Illustrated	*Margaret E. Henderson*	421
Britain of the South, The	Illustrated	*T. E. Taylor*	445
Canadian Celebrities. No. 75.—Benjamin Rand, Ph.D.		*John E. Chapman*	16
Civil Service, British		*H. Linton Eccles*	120
Canadian Resources Plus American Capital		*E. W. Johnson*	150
Country Clubs, Canadian	Illustrations		153
Chocolates, The Making of	Illustrated	*Norman Patterson*	161
Canadian Artists Abroad	Illustrated	*William H. Ingram*	218
Canada's Place in The Empire		*A. E. McPhillips*	235
Characteristic Types of Beauty	Illustrated	*H. S. Scott Harden*	273
Comparison in Art, A	Illustrated	*Randolph Carlyle*	276
Canada's Champion Choir	Illustrated	*E. R. Parkhurst*	343
Canada's New Immigrant	Illustrated	*Saint N. Sing and J. Barclay Williams*	383
Canadian Nationality		*Ira A. Mackay*	432
Celebrated Coalport China	Illustrated	*Mortimer Phillips*	465
Coalport China	Illustrated	*Mortimer Phillips*	465
Christmas Customs in England	Illustrated	*Sarah A. Tooley*	124
Decoying the Golden Eye	Illustrated	*Bonnycastle Dale*	526
Domestic Problem	Illustrated	*Mary Spafford*	545
Eddy, Mrs.		*Adelaide P. Fitch*	223
Empire, Canada's Place in the		*A. E. McPhillips*	235
Education in Canada		*W. Frank Hathaway*	237
Emily Montague, History of, A Review	Illustrated	*Ida Burwash*	252
Emperor at Work and at Play, An	Illustrated	*Special Correspondent*	320
Epoch in Canadian Shipping, An	Illustrated	*Randolph Carlyle*	481
Fort William	Illustrated	*J. R. Lumby*	33
Francis Joseph, Emperor	With Portrait	*Special Correspondent*	320
Gateway of the North, The	Illustrated	*H. A. Cody*	337
Governor-Generalship, The		*W. D. Lighthall*	372
Germ Killing	Illustrated	*Augustus Bridle*	377
Governor-Generalship, The		*C. F. Deacon*	499

			PAGE
Golden-Eye Duck	Illustrated	*Bonnycastle Dale*	526
Harvest, A Western		*Myra J. Willson*	67
Helena Coleman—A New Canadian Poet		*W. T. Allison*	404
Hindus, New Immigrant	Illustrated	*J. Barclay Williams and Saint N. Sing*	383
How Mackenzie Failed		*John Charlton*	558
In the Haunts of the Rail	Illustrated	*Bonnycastle Dale*	11
Indians, Are Our, Pagans?		*W. E. H. Stokes*	602
Jerusalem and its Environments	Illustrated	*Jean Templer*	99
Joseph Howe, Recollections of	Illustrated	*Emily P. Weaver*	278
King's Highway, The	Illustrated	*Jane Lavender*	212
King Edward's Expensive Hobby	Illustrated	*Mortimer Vernon*	441
Linking of Montreal and Toronto, The	Illustrated	*W. Arnot Craick*	40
Loyalty, Precedence of		*F. Blake Crofton*	565
Love, A Shrine of	Illustrated	*H. S. Scott Harden*	575
Montreal, Linking With Toronto	Illustrated	*W. Arnot Craick*	40
Making of Chocolates, The	Illustrated	*Norman Patterson*	161
Mother of Christian Science, The		*Adelaide P. Fitch*	223
Military Training	Illustrated	*Lt.-Col. W. H. Merritt* 257,	361
Mendelssohn Choir	Illustrated	*E. R. Parkhurst*	343
Malta and the Maltese	Illustrated	*H. S. Scott Harden*	470
Mackenzie, Alexander		*John Charlton*	558
New Canadian Poet, A—Portrait of Helena Coleman		*W. T. Allison*	404
Nationality, Canadian		*Ira A. Mackay*	432
New Zealand	Illustrated	*T. E. Taylor*	445
Newfoundland and the Dominion		*T. A. Wightman*	458
Old Christmas Customs in England	Illustrated	*Sarah A. Tooley*	124
Old-Time Novel, An	Illustrated	*Ida Burwash*	252
Opsonins in Canada	Illustrated	*Augustus Bridle*	377
Port of Western Canada, The	Illustrated	*J. R. Lumby*	33
Painter-Illustrator, A	Two reproductions of drawings by R. Caton Woodville		135
Plays of the Season	Illustrated	*John E. Webber*	171
Patriotic Military Training	Illustrated	*Lt.-Col. W. H. Merritt,* 257,	361
Precedence of Loyalty, The		*F. Blake Crofton*	565
Poetry: Scottish-Canadian	Illustrated	*William Campbell*	585
Professionalism in College Athletics		*Cyrus MacMillan*	593
Rail, In the Haunts of the	Illustrated	*Bonnycastle Dale*	11
R. Caton Woodville—Two Reproductions of Drawings		*R. Caton Woodville*	135
Recollections of Joseph Howe	Illustrated	*Emily P. Weaver*	278
Some Phases of Student Life		*A. F. Clark*	18
Student Life, Some Phases of		*A. F. Clark*	18
Some Sidelights on Benjamin Franklin		*Rev. R. F. Dixon*	71
Some Canadian Country Clubs	Full-page Illustrations		153
Stage, The	Illustrated	*John E. Webber*	171
Stage of Former Days, The	Illustrated	*Goldwin Smith*	315
Social Evolution and Advertising		*J. D. Logan*	330
Swede Girls for Canadian Homes	Illustrated	*Mary Spafford*	545
Shrine of Love, A	Illustrated	*H. Scott Harden*	575
Spring		*S. T. Wood*	578
Scottish-Canadian Poetry	Illustrated	*William Campbell*	585
Toronto, Linking with Montreal	Illustrated	*W. Arnot Craick*	40
Toronto: A Turn in Its History		*Goldwin Smith*	523
Totem, A Story of	Illustrated	*Harold Sands*	550
Western Harvest, A		*Myra J. Willson*	67
Worry—The Disease of the Age		*Dr. C. W. Saleeby,* 118, 225, 347, 452,	537
White Pass Railway	Illustrated	*H. A. Cody*	337
Woodpecker's Revenge, The	Illustrated	*Harold Sands*	550

FICTION

An Editorial Rainbow	*G. M. L. Brown*	29
Black Fox of St. Voltaire, The	*S. A. White*	462
Barry the Bad	*Jean Blewett*	553
Brown Jug, A	*Don Graeme*	622
Canthooks and Hearts	*Bradford K. Daniels*	282
Flight to Flameland, The (Illustrated)	*E. P. Medley* 45,	110
Glove Stakes, The	*W. A. Fraser*	179
Grim Irony of Luck, The	*Perceval Gibbon*	230

		PAGE
GIRL FROM GEORGIA, THE	*W. A. Fraser*	265
HIS NEW CHANCE	*Mabel Burkholder*	241
HOW WE BUILT THE CHURCH	*Walter Mills*	310
HABITANT'S VALENTINE, THE	*Grace Winnifred Boright*	375
LAST TURN OF THE SCREWS, THE	*Andrew Coltish Smith*	22
LOST EARL OF ELLAN	*Mrs. Campbell Praed*	53
LITTLE IMMIGRANT, A	*Alice Jones*	147
LARRABY'S LOPE	*Peregrine Acland*	599
MOHAWK'S REVENGE, THE	*Thomas F. Astle*	289
MISS PONTIGRIEVE'S PARROT	*Beatrice Rosenthal*	354
MAMIE IN VENICE	*Albert R. Carman*	436
MOTORS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT	*C. N. and A. M. Williamson*	561
MADAME DE MONTIER'S CREAM PUFFS	*Mary S. Williams*	581
OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE, THE	*Isabel E. Mackay*	246
PARTING OF THE WAYS, THE	*L. M. Montgomery*	335
PRIDE OF THE PENNINGTONS	*N. de Bertrand Lugrin*	473
RECALL OF THE RIVER, THE	*Mabel Dean Macleod*	427
UNEXPECTED SURRENDER, AN	*Owen E. McGillicuddy*	491
UNCLE TOM'S PROTOTYPE	*William Harrison*	530
WEANING OF ARTHUR BROWNING, THE	*A. R. Carman*	326

POETRY

AUTUMN OFFERING, AN	*Martha E Richardson*	15
AT WILLIAM MACLENNAN'S GRAVE	*Duncan Campbell Scott*	151
AT CHRISTMASTIDE	*Helen B. Lough*	251
AT THE GRAVE OF MUIR	*J. E. B. McCready*	461
APRIL	*H. Isabel Graham*	544
APPEAL OF SPRING, AN	*Ivan L. Wright*	601
CATTLE COUNTRY, THE	*E. Pauline Johnson*	240
CONTRAST, THE	*E. M. Yeoman*	577
DE DONKEY-DEBBLE	*James P. Haverson*	329
EXPERIENCE	*Mabel Burkholder*	371
FOUR WINDS, THE	*Spencer Freer*	234
FURREN PETE	*H. A. Cody*	496
FOLLY	*Minnie E. Henderson*	543
GOAL, THE	*Muriel A. Armstrong*	134
LOVE'S CHAINS	*E. M. Yeoman*	500
LOVE'S WHISPER	*Donald A. Fraser*	529
MEETING, THE	*Isabel E. Mackay*	325
MY HEAVEN	*T. Muriel Merrill*	431
NEW YEAR, THE	*W. Inglis Morse*	236
NIGHT	*Minnie E. Henderson*	435
PASSAGE, THE	*Jean Blewett*	109
SISTERS OF SORROW	*W. Inglis Morse*	39
SPRINGTIME LYRIC, A	*W. Inglis Morse*	552
THOUGHTLESSNESS	*Donald A. Fraser*	73
TURNING OF THE GLASS, THE	*Newton MacTavish*	211
THOUGHTS	*Mabel Burkholder*	469
WHEN CUPID SAILED	*Muriel A. Armstrong*	10
WINTER WOOD, THE	*Virna Sheard*	419
WINTER: A REVERIE	*J. Harry Smith*	480
WOODLAND MEADOW, THE	*Douglas Roberts*	536
WHERE TWO ROADS MEET	*Annie L. Jack*	574

DEPARTMENTS

ABOUT NEW BOOKS	85, 199, 298, 396
CANADA FOR CANADIANS	95, 207
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD	74, 187, 291, 392, 501, 605
IDLE MOMENTS	90, 204, 310
ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES	93
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS	82, 195, 306, 409
WOMAN'S SPHERE	78, 191, 294, 400, 505, 609
THE WAY OF LETTERS	513, 613
AT THE FRONT WINDOW	509, 618
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES:	
No. 75—BENJAMIN RAND, Ph.D. — *John E. Chapman*	16

THE
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VOL. XXVIII TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 1

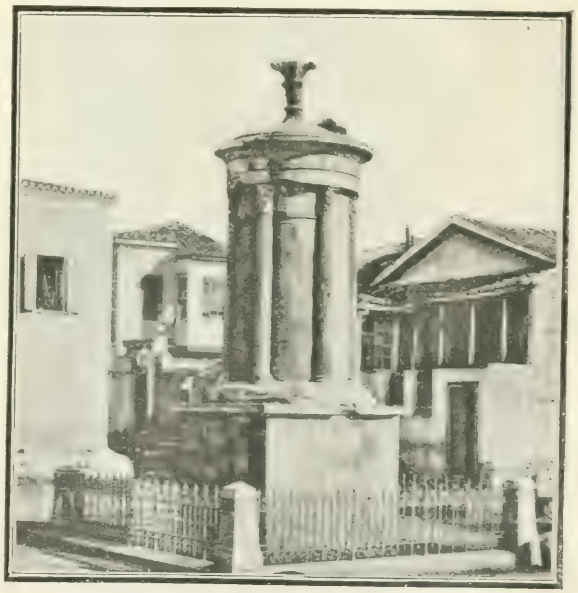
Athens—Ancient and Modern

By E. L. HOWE

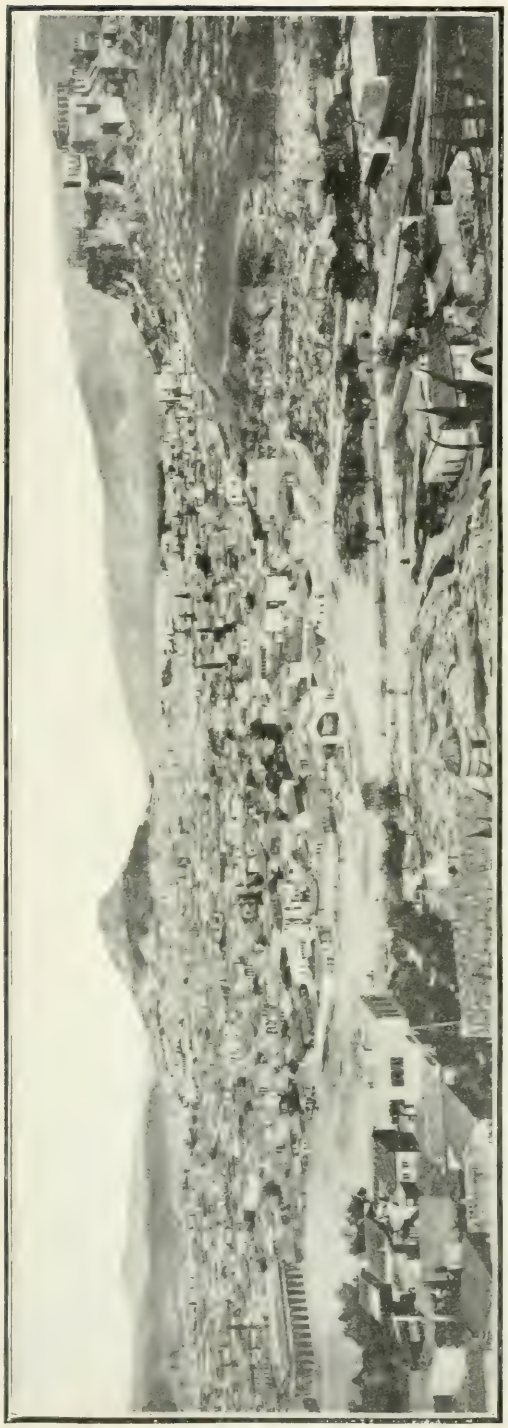
THE charm of travel around the Mediterranean lies in the historic splendour of the past. On and near its shore are many battlefields of the world's greatest generals—Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar; the home of philosophers—Socrates and Plato; of poets and orators—Homer, Virgil, Cicero and Demosthenes. Nowhere is this more felt as when approaching the "Isles of Greece."

The harbour of Piræus, protected from the sea by nature, is a picture of the ancient and modern side by side. The unreflecting grey of torpedo boats, cruisers, and the gleaming white of warships on parade, is in strange contrast with the tomb of Themistocles hewn in the living rock, and the Bay of Salamis to the left, where the Persian fleet was destroyed by Athen's proud leader. The Bay of Piræus would be exceedingly interesting in itself were it not that the eye has already caught sight of the distant Athenian Acropolis. From the ship's top deck you command a view of wide compass stretching far inland. To the left lies the Bay of Eleusis, and to the east the waters of Phaleron. In the distance the Hymettus Hills shut off the view to the north-east, while nearer, in solitary grandeur, Mount Lycabettus stands as sentinel over Athens. To the north of the Attica Plain, Mount Parnes forms the boundary, and next to it lies Pentelicus with its inexhaustible supply of the finest white marble. There being little to attract the tourist's attention at the seaport city, we started in one of the small compartments of a train, passing along the road once famous by the "Long Walls" towards the "City of the Violet Crown."

The first surprise you meet on the Grecian coast is to see the number of classical Greek words in everyday use. The familiarity of a daily paper "ΧΡΟΝΟΣ" (*The Times*) thrust at you through the car window with its advertisements, head lines, and locals, carries the mind back to the Greek Grammar of the High School, while the words "ΟΔΟΣ" (Hodos) on the street corner, "ΠΙΡΑΕΥΣ" (Piræus) on the station front unite the dead



THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES



ATHENS—A PANORAMIC VIEW

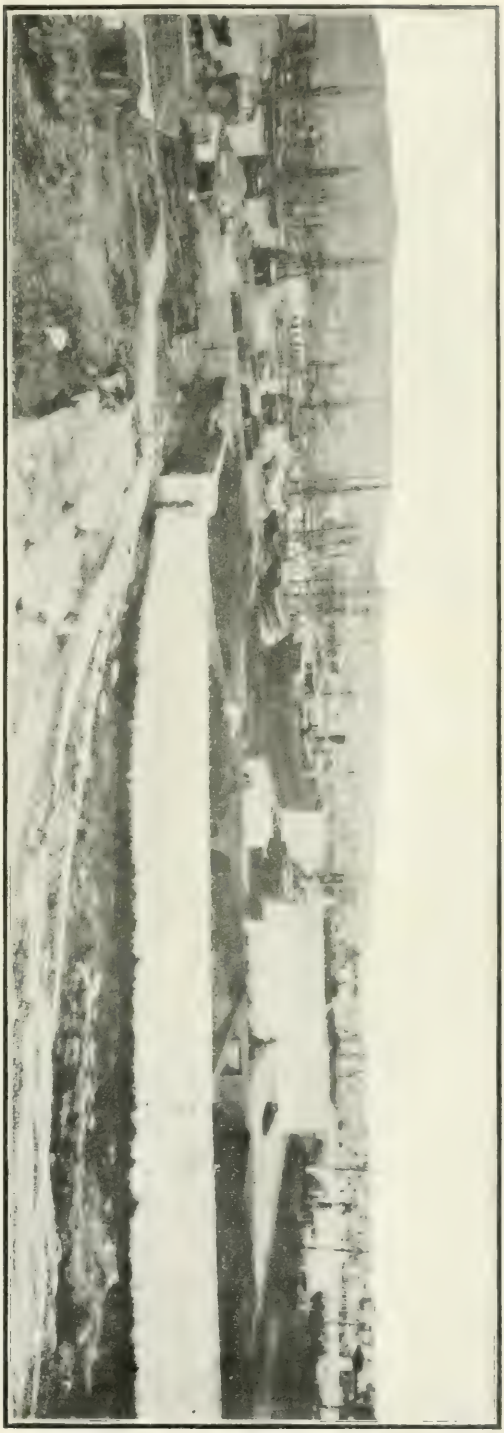
past with the living present. Lazily the little siren-screeching engine brought us through olive groves, past little hamlets showing traces of classical beauty in their tumble-down condition, a Greek guard at some wayside station, and yonder a horse turning an old-fashioned waterwheel bringing up buckets of water to irrigate the gardens. None too soon did we reach the capital, the one-time home of the world's culture.

The general aspect of Athens is that of a white, glittering city. Marble buildings stretching out over the Attica Plain are intensified by the beauty of olive trees and gardens circling around. The streets are broad and clean, similar to those of Southern Italy, but cleaner. The centre of life is around the Place de la Constitution, where fine hotels, tourist offices and stores at once attract the stranger. Lunch at the Hotel de la Grand Bretagne is thoroughly Athenian. The butter is fresh like rich whipped cream, and the honey of Hymettus is so tempting that a can must be bought to take home to friends. Under trees and awnings, on the pavements and in doorways, little groups of people seem to be continually drinking coffee out of small white cups. Here is the King's Palace, a huge white structure of limestone having a beautiful garden in the rear. The Academy of Science, a noble building of Pentelic marble of classic Greek style, the exterior adorned with sculptured figures and containing an interesting gallery of mural paintings. In front stands two lofty Ionic columns bearing statues of Athena and Apollo, and sitting figures of Plato and Socrates adorn the main entrance.

To take in the full proportion and beauty of Athens it is well to view the modern city,

encircling the historic ruins, from Lycabettus Hill, 1,000 feet high, and then, driving in a carriage round the Acropolis and its vicinity, both position and detail can be more correctly ascertained. It is hard to describe one's feelings when seeing for the first time the Parthenon crowned Acropolis. This is certainly the centre of ancient Athens. It is a ledge of limestone about 200 feet high, a thousand feet long, and over four hundred feet wide, lying on the south side of Modern Athens, and overlooking the site where once stood the old city. The outer wall of rock is to-day very nearly perpendicular, with the exception of the south-west, where the approaches were built. Leaving the carriages, our party conducted by an intelligent and painstaking guide, we ascended a flight of steps and entered the Propylæa, the true portal of the Acropolis. Nearly five hundred years before Christ, Athens, under the mighty rule of Pericles, rose to the highest point of the splendour of the Golden Age. No longer used as a fortress the Acropolis was chosen as the site for the most lavish expenditure to celebrate the triumph of art and the mystic rites of Pagan worship. Of that magnificent pile, the work of Phidias, these pathetic ruins survive for the admiration and ideal model of artists and builders the world over. Here was set up the wonderful statue of Athena, wrought of ivory and gold, a reduced copy of which is an object of admiration in the National Museum.

The Propylæa has a front of 175 feet, containing a central gateway occupying the west of the Acropolis. You can see through five openings in the central structure, and on each side were the colonnades, originally crowned by a frieze and



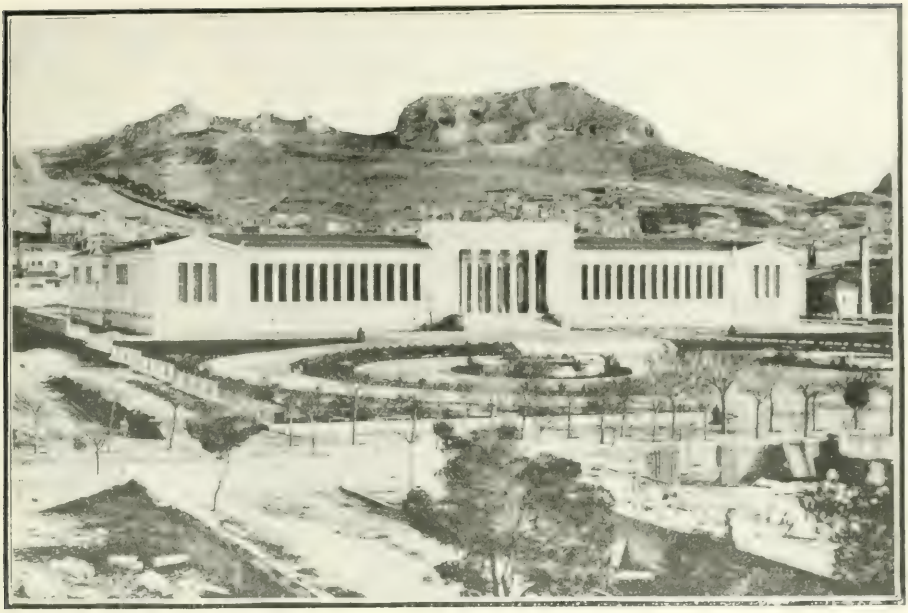
ATHENS—THE PARTHENON

ATHENS – THE ACADEMY

pediment, now destroyed. On the left is a chamber in the north wing intended as a gallery for votive offerings. On the right one may ascend a flight of marble steps to the temple of Nike. Once within the Propylæa you hurry across a gradual slope of rock and pass through fragments of statuary, overturned bases, broken shafts, one time belonging to that "forest of statues" when Athens in her zenith was a dazzling splendour, but in her fall left lessons to the world. In vain you wish to break off a piece of frieze or coloured decoration of column lying prone upon the ground, but some vigilant Greek guard is liable to appear at any moment to prevent carrying away souvenirs. The modern spirit of Athens has recovered from the plundering and bondage of the Turk, and is aiming to render her name still more immortal by restoring to some extent the glory of former days.

Crossing to the right the lovely and majestic beauty of the Parthenon fascinates the gaze. Going up three steps to a platform 225 feet long, 100 feet broad, you are surrounded by columns. Forty-six in all decorated the exterior, seventeen on the side and eight on each end. The front and back of the temple were surmounted by triangular pediments in which were groups of marble in high relief. In the fifth century the structure was changed into a Christian church and Byzantine mural paintings of that time are

THE ARCH OF HADRIAN
This was 60 feet high and 45 feet wide



ATHENS—THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

still traceable. In 1460 it was transformed into a mosque by the Turks who added a minaret at its south-east angle. Subsequently, in the struggle between the Mohammedans and the Venetians, the Parthenon, being used as a powder magazine, was blown up by sacrilegious hands, leaving in shattered ruins the revered temples, shrines and colonnades. In the accompanying picture the reader will notice the corners of the marble blocks broken off in order that the Turks could gouge in and take out the lead used for cement, to make ammunition.

Close to the Propylæa on the north side of the Acropolis rose the Erechtheum, the most venerated of all Athenian sanctuaries and connected with the oldest religious history of the city. The ruins still exist sufficiently to allow us to form a very correct idea of its external structure. Its architecture being Ionic was different from the Parthenon. Instead of porches there are wings or vestibules. The celebrated portico of the Caryatides, or female figures in place of columns, is renowned in the history of art as one of the most charming creations of its kind. The roof of the portico is supported by six figures of maidens, on whose heads are basket-like ornaments bearing the entablature. One of the statues was carried off by Lord Elgin and placed in the British Museum. In consequence part of the roof gave way. It was replaced by a terra-cotta Caryatide, as was also the arms and head of another figure. Our guide pointed out two memorable spots within the Erechtheum, the one where Athena, the chosen tutelary divinity of the young city, planted the olive tree, and the other where the salt spring gushed forth when Poseidon smote the earth with his trident.

Another interesting ruin lying on the south side of the Acropolis is the Theatre of Dionysius, the cradle of the Greek drama. The Auditorium, capable of seating 30,000 people, rose gradually in semi-circular form. A low balustrade of marble separated the spectators from the stage. The lowest tier of marble seats, deftly curved and shaped, was reserved for their respective occupants whose chiselled names still show. Sitting in one belonging to some aristocratic "*IEPOKHPYKOΣ*" (Hierokerukos) and looking down upon the marble base in which stood the chair of the Emperor

THE RUINS OF THE PARTHENON

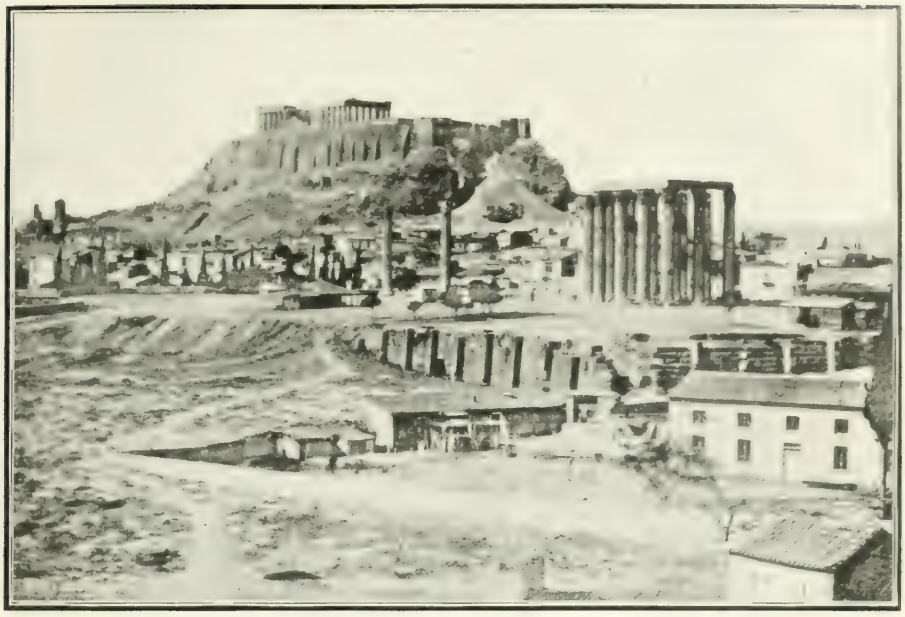
In the fifth century it was changed into a Christian church; in the fifteenth into a Turkish mosque; subsequently it was used as a powder magazine and blown up

Hadrian, I allowed a friend to take a snapshot.

Returning to our carriage we crossed a bridge over the Ilisus, and came to the entrance of the Stadium. This was the famous athletic ground planned by Lycurgus about 330 B.C., and renewed in 140 A.D. by Herod Atticus. Mount Pentilicus afforded glistening white marble for rows of seats on all sides of a natural hollow, accommodating 50,000 spectators. During the dark ages the marble was burnt for lime. A wealthy and patriotic Greek has immortalised his name by restoring the vast stadium at a tremendous cost. The picture with its thousands of people in holiday attire gives a good idea of the present hereditary love for athletic games. The length of the course is a stade (600 Greek feet).

No one ever seeing the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, near the right bank of the Ilisus, can forget the lonely grandeur of its massive time-stained thirteen columns, guarded by two sentinel columns that stand solitary and apart from the rest. In size, splendour and beauty, this Temple excelled all other Athenian structures. As far back as 530 B.C., Pisistratus planned it in Corinthian style and with immense sums of money, one architect succeeding another till the building called "A Struggle with Time," was finally completed by Hadrian in 130 A.D. Aristotle speaks of it as a work of despotic grandeur, and equal to the Pyramids of Egypt. The exterior was decorated by about 120 fluted columns over sixty-one feet high and more than five and a-half feet in diameter. It is 354 feet long and 171 feet broad, and contained the celebrated statue of the Olympian Jupiter in ivory and gold, the work of Phidias.

Another Temple of significance, which must not be omitted, is the Theseum, a short distance from the upper railway station. It is the best preserved architectural monument of Greek art in the world. It was both a Temple and subsequently the tomb of Theseus. This structure is of Doric style, showing dignity as well as solidity and strength. Time has stained its columns in brown and red. For centuries it was a Christian church,



THE ACROPOLIS AND THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS

"Aristotle speaks of it as a work of despotic grandeur, and equal to the Pyramids of Egypt"

and was dedicated to St. George, the chivalrous hero of the "dark ages," as Theseus had been of the "dark ages" of Attic history.

Not far from the ruins of Jupiter there stands the Arch of Hadrian, which formerly marked the boundary of the ancient city from that which grew up in the time of Hadrian. The gateway is 60 feet high and 45 feet wide, with an arched passage 20 feet in width. Above this is a second story of Corinthian column supporting an entablature and pediment. Hard by is a beautiful white statue of Lord Byron, whose enthusiasm and love for Greece led him to plead her cause and sympathy in verse before the world.

It would become tedious to mention all the ruins that speak of Athens' ancient glory. It is sufficient to say that not in any land were gods honoured more. Her strong faith in mythology turned her religion into art and monumental splendour.

Besides these wonders of art, we must visit the hills of the Pnyx, a quarter of a mile to the west of the Acropolis, a place of public assembly of a large semi-circular area. This is faced with a limestone wall, black with age, having a pedestal carved out of the rock. Ascending broad and wide steps we stand upon the spot, our minds recalling the time when some six thousand Athenian citizens here assembled to hear a Demosthenes.

Close by is a grotto or small room hewn out of the face of the rock to which tradition sadly points as the prison of Socrates. The little room, now furnished with an iron door, has a circular opening leading up to the top, around which the youths of Athens, it is said, congregated to listen to his words of wisdom.

The last place we visit is Mars Hill, a rocky eminence at the western end of the Acropolis. Up a flight of steps cut in the almost precipitous sides, we reach the top, bare, flat, and without a vestige of the Areopagus—the highest court of Athens. It was here St. Paul stood when he delivered his address recorded in Acts 17. Standing there alone, the ambassador of a crucified, but resurrected, Saviour of the world, he could see the whole city given over to idolatry. That was nineteen centuries ago. To-day, how different!

Then the Epicurean and Stoic listened

curiously to Paul of Tarsus, asking "What would this babbler say?" But, to-day—Palm Sunday morning of 1904, when over eight hundred Christians of Canada and the United States, representing the Sunday schools of the New World, on a cruise to the Holy Land, gather together upon the Hill of Mars to honour the memory of that fearless Apostle of old, and to worship the same "Lord of Lords and King of Kings"—the steps to the summit were filled, and below the carriages with their occupants stood near to hear. The Athenian vendors, soldier, idler, and children, gathered through curiosity, as of old, when Paul preached. The opening hymn of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was sung in devout thankfulness of the manifold blessings of God Incarnate. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, whose words of eloquence and power moved many hearts. There was one theme to speak about and that was St. Paul's—"Jesus and the Resurrection.'

When Cupid Sailed

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

IT was the fairest day of all the year,
A morn of cloudless sky of deepest blue,
And gentle, whispering, perfume-laden wind,
And dew-bathed woods of brightest verdant hue.

We sailed upon a sun-kissed sapphire sea,
In Cupid's boat with Cupid at the helm,
Our snowy sails unfurled before the breeze
That blew us into Love's unknown realm.

On, on we sped along our gilded course,
'Twas Cupid's first long cruise with Jack and me,
Before he merely stood upon the beach
And waved us *bon voyage* across the sea.

But now the love-god was in full command,
As o'er the foam-wrapped dancing waves we went,
Not heeding passing hours nor fleeting time,
But lost in rapture, buried in content.

So all day long we sailed the summer sea,
Until the gold glints faded from the sky;
Then swiftly turning, homeward bound we raced,
We three good comrades—Cupid, Jack and I.

And when the gentle, white-faced moon arose
From somewhere, far behind the wooded hill,
The little winged sailor slipped away
Into the violet distance, calm and still.

And we—we two alone—just Jack and I,
Stood on the beach, beside the silver sea,
And sighed because the cherub-god was gone,
And we were *only* two, instead of three.

"Eight light olive and red and lilac spotted eggs almost filled the well-woven basket"

In the Haunts of the Rail

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author

FROM far-off Southern States, where the warm, lazy days should have tempted the Virginian Rails to remain, north to Rice Lake in this good old Canada of ours, where the waters were still covered with their icy coat, is a long migration and a sudden change, but the Otonabee River was in flood, and the early bird gets the best nesting place. So over its honeycombed riven surface, past the many islands in mid-lake, they sped, and dropped down with a hoarse croak of satisfaction—right beside my canoe, hidden amid the tall dry rushes on the bog edge.

I watched a pair of richly-marked birds, a study in browns, pick up a few tiny snails, and after peeping here and poking there run in under the cover of the rushes. Evidently this piece of floating bog was their old stamping ground, for they examined it all over as we do our summer cottages after a winter's absence, each

"Going!"

taking a run to the top of a couple of spring muskrat houses, then returning and telling one another in rail-bird talk that everything was in good shape. Their communicating was done with a variety of notes unusual in any one bird, some clear and reedlike, others as hoarse as a bullfrog's bellow, but all too great for the small plump body that uttered them. Suddenly they ran out on the little black point of mud against which my intruding canoe lodged, and eyed me with many a start and a croak, turning their bright eyes and sealing-wax red bills from side to side. They evidently thought the long, olive-green canoe was some great living thing, half fish, half animal, for they darted into the rushes and were lost to sight.

This piece of bog had given me many pleasant scenes and good snapshots in my interesting work of photographing the feathered game in their natural haunts, for this patch of black mud and standing dry rush was teeming with life. The two large muskrat houses, with their colonies of "kittens" squealing inside, adorned one end; across on the other, scarce ten yards distant, numbers of marsh wrens were building their tiny, dainty, round homes, with a circle left in each for entrance, and ever as they worked they creaked out their harsh notes and held up their little tails at a most ridiculous angle. In a frantic over-working rush of energy these busy wives build several more houses than they need. Oh! if there were a matrimonial agency in the bird kingdom, what an excellent advertisement this would be!

Many of those scarlet-tipped sentries of the marsh—the red-winged blackbirds—were uttering that rich rolling call of theirs from every tree and bush and stump in all these "drowned lands," while the females, plainly clad, as all females should be, were busily building the roughly woven homes amid the standing rushes. It is deeply impressed on the mind of students of the feathered game that the females not only do the housework and tend the little ones, but they save their brilliantly-clad lord and master all the worries of house-building

and providing for the table, while he, care-free soul, is daintily picking tit-bits of the marsh, and smoothing his beautiful plumage. I fear to apply this fable to a larger race of bipeds—lest the females would copy the bird kingdom, and the whole countryside be covered with houses.

A mudhen sat watching me across the swarmed in countless millions, providing many days' good feeding for all the industrious marsh-dwellers. With a "whirr" a Hooded Merganser flew up, dropped gracefully into the water, stared at me for a moment with his black and white "hood" quivering with attention, and then with alarmed quack, rose and sped over the

"Going"

little pond while I mentally wandered as above; a corn-crake ran in and out collecting wild rice straw, crimping it by passing it through her bill, while her mate, with his dapper little body as brilliant as a paint box, lazily watched her, and occasionally refreshed himself with a juicy snail. (I believe I will join this matrimonially perfect kingdom). Everywhere, from rush root to tall swamp maple top, the snails marsh, the bright April sun flashing in points off his beautiful plumage. All Nature was astir this bright day, and earth, air and water were fairly alive with her many animated wonders.

Many a day as the canoe wound in and out through these long marshes, stopping here and there to snap a rare sight, or driven far in amid the rushes, when time exposure, concealed floating camera and

"Gone!"

unique results were the order of the day, it has stopped beside the bog island on which the Virginian Rails had selected a nesting spot. Look ever so closely no sign was there to indicate its position. Of all the birds that carefully conceal their nests by thoroughly matching them with the surroundings, these rank the highest. A clump of rushes, with the tops interwoven by growth and wind, had been chosen and the entire centre carefully cut and pulled out. In this standing, hollow column was woven a nest, fitting so exactly and matching the rushes so perfectly that it was passed without knowledge time after time, until finally the female ran out of the two rush stalks that formed the entrance and located it for me. I found she had daily laid an egg, until now eight light olive and red and lilac spotted ones almost filled the well-woven basket that held them. At my close approach she again ran off the nest, calling in harsh gutturals for her mate, whose ready, bold answer sounded close at hand. More bold than she, he stopped for a moment, uttering low notes, then walked into the nest, and after being satisfied the eggs were intact, he emerged and eyed me with great steadiness, deeply interested in the camera "hide" I was arranging.

When it was all concealed I withdrew into a neighbouring clump of rushes, lighted my pipe and awaited the female's return. In a few minutes the long red bill and bright eyes, and the golden brown body appeared from behind the rushes and she stood nervously examining the camera. With dainty steps she walked into focus, "clang" rang the curtain and I present you with the camera's impression of her. A long time elapsed, after my paddling up to reset the floating machine had driven her away, before she returned. First the long red bill and bright eyes poked out as a comedian does from the "wings," then she came gracefully, shyly, right out in front of the nest—again the shutter clanged and she turned and sped for cover, giving me a picture with an excellent reflection in the water.

Again, after a wait that used up a large

stock of patience (for fully two hours elapsed before the little plump brown and buff beauty put in an appearance) she sedately walked out along the bending rushes that wetted her greyish brown legs, and stepped between the rush pillars of her home. I got her when just the tail and a retreating foot remained behind. This completes the set of pictures called "Going, Going, Gone."

Three weeks later it was hard work to push in as far as the floating bog that held her nest. We did, but it was empty, and seated on the sunny muskrat "draw-up" was her ladyship and five yellowy, greyish, browny little darlings, that fled with a rapid pattering of feet over the lily pads and floating rushes and flags. With many low calls the mother quieted them, evidently not greatly fearing the familiar long olive-green monster, with bobbing head and paddling arms. Then through long mosquito haunted hours I waited for a "snap" The mosquitoes got it, not I, for just as the family assembled on the black mud in focus, the little ones a downy line, the mother alert and watchful, the male bird, well fed, dozing in the sunlight (I feel I must join this perfect circle of well-kept homes and busy wives), all fair for a good picture, out plunged a muskrat "kitten" from its subterranean home, and came to the surface right beside the Rails. Away they sped, and with a laugh at the scurry of the birds I picked up my camera and poled off.

An Autumn Offering

BY MARTHA E. RICHARDSON

I'VE wandered to-day on the hillside,
Seeking rest after hours of toil;
I have ravaged each nook and rillside,
To bring you the flowery spoil.

Here are stars of the purple aster,
Nodding plumes of the golden-rod,
Clusters white of the plebeian yarrow,
Late plucked from the yellowing sod.

Velvet cones of the crimson sumach,
Brittle boughs from the russet oak,
Scarlet leaves of the piebald maple,
From the forest's gay autumn cloak.

Modest blooms of the sweet red clover,
Latest born of its honeyed kin;
With a spray of bright-tinted creeper,
From the wall of a rustic inn.

As they stood in desolate beauty,
As they tossed in the north wind's breath,
Were they waving farewell to summer,
Or flinging a challenge to death?

DR. BENJAMIN RAND

Canadian Celebrities

No. 75—BENJAMIN RAND, PH.D.

BENJAMIN RAND, PH.D., was born in Canning, Nova Scotia, July 17, 1856. His father was Ebenezer Rand, Esq., who for more than a quarter of a century held the office of Chief Collector of Customs for King's County, and was one of its most prominent citizens. His mother was Ann Isabella (Eaton), daughter of Ward Eaton, Esq., a gentleman of superior ability and of the highest standing in the same county. The Rands, of Nova Scotia, are descended from Robert Rand, who emigrated from England to Charlestown, Massachusetts, before 1637; through a great-grandson, John Rand, who, five years after the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, removed from Nantucket Island to that province and received an extensive grant of land in the Township of Cornwallis.

Dr. Benjamin Rand, eldest son of Ebenezer Rand, received his early education at Horton Academy, afterward going to the University of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, by which institution he was given the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1875, and Master of Arts in 1879. From 1877 to 1879 he spent at Harvard University, where he again received the degree of B.A., and in 1880, of M.A. Between 1882 and 1885, he held the Walker Fellowship from Harvard, and during this period studied philosophy at Heidelberg University, under the dis-

tinguished historian of philosophy, Kemo Fischer. In 1885 he received from Harvard the degree of Ph.D. in Philosophy, the distinction having been given only one person by Harvard before. From that time to the present he has been intimately, and with the exception of a short period, officially, connected with the Philosophical Department of this greatest American University. In 1888-89, however, he occupied the post of Instructor in English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

If Nova Scotia has a son of whose scholastic and literary attainments she may justly be proud, it is the subject of this sketch. The range of his scholarship has, perhaps, been wider, and the literary work he has done more laborious, than that of any other living Canadian, at home or abroad. This range includes history, economics, philosophy, and biography. In history, he first discovered and made known the extent and importance of the New England migration to the Maritime Provinces in 1760, which movement had previously been overshadowed by the Loyalist migration of 1776 and 1785. On this subject Dr. Rand read a valuable paper before the American Historical Association in Washington, and also published several articles. Among other interesting monographs he has published a life of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, and articles suggested by his own travels in countries about the Mediterranean and Black seas.

In economics, Dr. Rand is the author of "Selections Illustrating Economic History since 1763," a work that has already reached its fourth edition, and has become widely used as a college text-book. It was the first work to appear with the title "Economic History," and it thus gave the name to a new department of economic thought and prepared the way for a new subject in the curriculum of American university education. In this department Dr. Rand has also made contributions to the study of Canadian railways.

In philosophy, besides an "Abstract of Ferrier's Greek Philosophy," he has issued some important works. As the result of several summers spent in examining the treasures in British archives, he published in 1901 "The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony, Third Earl of Shaftesbury," the author of the well-known "Characteristics." Shaftesbury's "Philosophical Regimen" was discovered by Dr. Rand in the archives of the Record Office in London. It embodies a philosophy which the discoverer characterised as "the strongest expression of stoicism since the days of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius;" and its author he described "as both in theory and in practice the greatest Stoic of modern times." On the appearance of Dr. Rand's work the British press declared that, by the many American scholars who were then devoting themselves to the examination of English unpublished records, no discovery had been made "comparable in literary value to these unpublished letters and ethical doctrines of Shaftesbury."

More comprehensive in scope than the preceding works, the result of years of incessant labour, is Dr. Rand's lately published "Bibliography of Philosophy." This great work comprises bibliographies of the history of philosophy, systematic philosophy, logic, æsthetics, philosophy of religion, ethics, and psychology. The mere recital of these subjects suffices to indicate how vast has been the domain of knowledge Dr. Rand has explored.

During the past year, in continuation of the notable work of the late Mr. John Langdon Sibley, M.A., he has prepared for publication a fourth volume of Biographical Sketches of Harvard graduates. He is now engaged on a fifth volume of the same work.

One of the most important extensions of the ever-developing work of Harvard University has been the recent erection of Emerson Hall, to perpetuate the name and influence of the great New England sage. In that hall will henceforth centre all the distinctively philosophical interests of the university, and there has already been gathered a large library bearing on philosophical subjects, for the purpose of original research. Of this library Dr. Rand has

lately been made the official head. The appointment of Librarian of Philosophy has been given him in recognition of his great service as a specialist in the bibliography of philosophy, and it is the first appointment of the kind ever made.

Dr. Rand belongs to numerous learned societies, among which may be mentioned the American Historical Association, the American Folk Lore Society, and the American Philosophical Association. He was a member of the International Geographical Conference held in London in 1895, and a delegate of the American Historical Association to the celebration in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1897, of the discovery of America by John Cabot.

Although Dr. Rand's work for years has been pursued in the United States, he has never renounced his Canadian citizenship. It is probable, also, that no Canadian who has ever been connected with Harvard University, has done so much to render available to his own land the great resources of this notable university. Through his influence the late Mr. Frank Bolles, of Harvard, was induced to visit Canada and write his well-known book, "From Blomidon to Smoky." At his suggestion Professor M. L. Fernald, the chief botanist of New England flora, was led to devote his attention to the study of Acadian flora. At present Dr. Rand is honorary president of the Harvard Canadian Club. With Canadian cabinet ministers he has always been in close touch. Thus in many ways he is a binding link in this ancient university, between the two great countries which divide the North American continent.

John Eliphaz Chapman

Some Phases of Student Life

By A. F. B. CLARK

THE death of Henrik Ibsen has removed the most uncompromising radical of a radical century, and reminds us that it is now indispensable to approach a social or political or educational question with the gravity and mercilessness of a surgeon approaching his *corpus vile*. Writers who wish to convince their readers of their own sincerity can no longer hover over their subjects in the high ether of artistic detachment, and obtain of them a bird's-eye view in which there are no blots on the landscape. They must rather, like the lava or the water-spring, force their way up to the light through the underlying earth, must mine underneath their subject and surprise its subterraneous piers and passages with their picks and miners' lamps. This is my apology for approaching what may seem a very unassuming subject in a very radical way by asking, why student life, as it is understood at a university, should exist, why universities exist, how they justify themselves? These questions, be sure, are being posed every day by people who have heard wise men say that books are the university of the future, that if we closed all our university buildings except the library, we would lose nothing, and who ask themselves why young men should spend four precious years, of which thrice four months is enforced holiday, in listening to men articulating in a class-room words which can be found by anyone in a good book of reference. Then the social life, the athletics, the theatre nights, the parades, the hustles—are not these things merely glorifying the animal? What relation have they to success, material or spiritual, in this world of men? If some comments on some of the most intimate phases of university life, as seen specifically in the University of Toronto, can enlighten those doubting Thomases in the outer court, they may serve a higher object than mere description.

I am still orthodox enough to believe that the most important duty of a uni-

versity is to give an intellectual training. But I recognise in the atmosphere of a university quite a different determining medium through which this training is given from that which surrounds the solitary self-made student. And it is this very atmosphere—an exhalation, perhaps, partly from the intellectualism of university life, yet separate from it—which constitutes the unique and indispensable value of a university course. What do I mean by this atmosphere? I do not mean the atmosphere of culture, that vague element so glibly recommended as one of the assets of university education. I mean a kind of rarefying medium which relieves study and erudition of their utilitarian density, which prevents them from falling *mole sua*, which enables a student to wear all his "weight of learning lightly like a flower." It is commonly observed that the self-made scholar has the defect of looking upon learning as the sectaries of the Ptolemaic astronomy looked upon this earth—as the centre of everything. He fails to relate learning to life. This is probably the result of a divorce between study and social duties in his life. Hence when he acts the man, he is not a scholar; when he acts the scholar, he is not a man.

This defect is obviated in two ways by assimilating learning through the university medium. In the first place, the student body is a small society in itself, demanding certain social responsibilities from each member. The diverse interests of this university society—study, athletics, dances, debates—are interwoven into a kind of tapestry in a single morning's work at the university—not kept for separate periods of the day. At ten minutes to nine, the rotunda begins to fill with conversing groups—the last Rugby game, the new Students' Parliament, the Insurance Investigation, the play at "the Princess" are being discussed—the bulletin board presents its multifarious notices. As the hands of the clock move to 9.10, the groups disperse, professors in gowns and with sheaves of paper in their hands pass to the lecture-halls, and for fifty minutes these youths whose conversation has been ranging "from Heaven through the World to Hell," concentrate their minds on some single, narrow field of scholarly discussion. Then, at the end of the hour, come another ten minutes of general interests—or perhaps a student has a spare hour which he spends in the "Union," discussing the morning newspaper over a pipe, or playing a game of billiards. Not only does this alternate expansion and contraction of the mind, comparable to the diastole and systole of the heart, give mental elasticity and readiness; more than that, it is evident that in this life learning takes its place as an incident—the most important incident, perhaps; still, only an incident in the business of life. Learning is given an immediate frame of organised human existence; the study of the solitary student has no such frame. In a university one has constantly before one's mind study in close juxtaposition to social activity, to life's machinery; and even though it is but the mimic machinery of student life in this case, it fulfils its purpose.

Some words on the true significance of athletics and "scraps" and "hustles" are appropriate here, because they are a phase of this medium, this frame into which study is put at a university. From one point of view, they are simply the inheritance of the Hellenic ideal which brought the poet and the athlete into the same arena at the Olympian games, and which made the great artists of the Renaissance like Michelangelo rejoice in billowing muscles as much as in prone brows, in the brawny arm and the masculine beard of Moses as much as in the Book of the Laws which he holds. Then the corporate contests—those between one college or faculty and another—have a peculiar value of their own; they tend to preserve the sense of clannishness—a measurable preservation of which in the world is not unwise—amid the individualistic, the cosmopolitan tendencies of learning. But perhaps the greatest value of the hustles and scraps is that they place in juxtaposition with grave and ascetic study the pure physical joy of living. In after life, this joy is sharply separated from working hours. Men of affairs turn the

key in the door of their warehouse or bank office, and make for the yachting club or the bowling alley. They would never dream of profaning the inviolate atmosphere of mahogany desks and green-shaded incandescent bulbs with the odour of healthy sweat and the sound of pulsing hearts. But, as we have seen, the university is a world of sharp contrasts. The Retail Merchants' Association invading the offices of the Bank of Commerce with paint pots and making palettes of the tellers and ledger-keepers, while the latter retaliate by means of the emergency fire-equipment, is an almost inconceivable image. But I have seen many an analogous scene in the august corridors of my Alma Mater, where dwells a race as dignified and serious as the men down town. I have seen men issue from the contemplation of Plato's Republic to a bath of cerulean blue paint at the hands of embryonic C.E.'s. Five minutes later I have seen those corridors full of a surging mass of learned youth rejoicing that it has arms to strike with, legs to kick with, lungs to roar with, and bones that will resist high pressure. Finally I have seen one party conquer by driving back their foes at the point of the fire hose. And I maintain with Sir Walter Scott,

> "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array!"

Indeed, if you know your Scott, you know what a benefit the university confers on the country by winking at these pranks. He was a scholar, an artist, an indefatigable worker, a man of the most refined and gentle spirit; yet how dearly, amid all his antiquarian lore and love of natural beauty, did he adore a good physical tussle! That is what makes his novels and poems an eternal fountain of youth. And especially in this age of mechanical efficiency, when spontaneous joy is proscribed even in so-called amusements, it is well that the university should renew the youth of the world by combining the "wild joys of living" with the quiet delights of study and meditation, by letting men on the threshold of life "see that life steadily and see it whole."

But there is another way in which learning is kept elastic in a university, and in this case within its own universally recognised domain. According to the curriculum, instruction is given by courses of lectures. Well, in the first place, it is an open secret that there is a growing scepticism, not only among students, but among teachers, as to the efficacy of cut-and-dried lectures. Ruskin once remarked on the absurdity of expecting a man to deliver in one hour the results of researches which might have occupied him for weeks or months; but he added that much good might be got from the personal commentary of a teacher on a book or picture or natural object which a class might be studying. The wisdom of his remark is shown by the fact that this method is obtaining increasing favour in the teaching of all subjects that can possibly be treated in such a way. Thus a student learns that information may be procured in irregular ways that do not permit it to be jotted down in the note-books. He accustoms himself to receiving gratuitous information in side-remarks, as well as in premeditated expositions.

Outside of lectures altogether, university life—on its purely scholastic side—does much to mellow learning. The Departmental Societies, each of which devotes itself to some special branch of studies, such as the Classics, Natural Science, Semitic Languages, Mathematics, allow students and professors to meet and express informal opinions on an equal footing. Here professors, after their summer holidays, may communicate to the students some enthusiasm they have caught at some convention abroad, or describe some country or scene of historic or literary fame easily connected with some special study. Here professors from other departments may be invited to speak on one of those subjects which lie in the inexactly delimited borderland between different sciences, thus emphasising the underlying solidarity of learning and counterbalancing the extremes of specialisation. Less academic are the small exclusive clubs to which the *entree* may be won only on the presentation of an acceptable personality, and which meet for fraternal

and usually post-prandial discussion on all subjects whether they be classifiable under university studies or not. Here subjects are discussed without reference to text-book or authority, but entirely from the personal standpoint—little coteries of Hamlets, ever ready to track an idea to its lair, are these circles, speculating amid a haze of blue smoke and an incense of hot coffee which conduces admirably to a feeling of mild-eyed toleration towards all kinds of heresies and heterodoxy. Sometimes professors, or interesting strangers visiting Toronto, are invited to address these clubs. Still other societies hold meetings at the residences of prominent citizens, where students and professors are brought from poring over musty books into immediate dramatic contact with the leaders in practical life, with physicians, clergymen, princes of finance and captains of industry. Thus, even within the confines of instruction and mental culture, the organisations of a university do much to give learning its orientation in the world of men.

This use, then, at least, we have found for a university course as against self-culture—it sets learning out in the world of men, makes it less self-conscious. I have only treated those phases of student life which contribute to this end. Some will ask if university "politics" do not take their place here. I would answer, No. It will be observed that all the elements which have been adduced as tending to mellow learning have been realities—athletics, dances, societies, meeting at prominent men's homes—all these things are phases of real life. But university "politics" is playing at real life, just as much as a little girl's fussing with her doll's house is playing at real life. And university students ought to be above playing at reality. No word of disparagement is meant against the value of debates, the adoption of parliamentary procedure in the Lit., etc.; it is only claimed that the "peanut politics" at present rampant at the university have no relation whatever to intellectual training or to the mellowing of that training, and sometimes come dangerously near damaging the dignity of the *status* of students.

A very interesting phase of student life as it exists at our university—a phase which deserves far other than the frivolous consideration usually given to it—is co-education. To the intellectual and social idealist co-education is full of attraction. Its possibilities recall the famous Parisian *salons* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where brilliant ladies and gentlemen met as intellectual equals, and discussed scientific and philosophical questions, the clash of the masculine and the feminine mind giving a pungency and variety to the deliberations of those select coteries unknown since in the same degree. The attempt to introduce such a variety into modern university life is still in the experimental stage, and no judgment can be given upon its success. But whatever opposition to the experiment exists can only come from the unreasoning prejudice which for centuries has made a mock of the easy, superficial gallantry of men, and which has perhaps done more to retard the spiritual progress of humanity than will be appreciated until a purer air is reached.

The Last Turn of the Screws

A Story of Modern Merchandising

By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH

G. FRASER stood behind his counter gazing thoughtfully about his shop. For forty years he had been shaking the tree of business—shaking it hard. And if now, while the fruit lay thick about him, he was vaguely conscious that his hold on it had lost something of the old-time firmness and confidence, it was little wonder.

Just forty years ago he invested every cent of his hard-earned savings in the grocery business. At that, his capital was small enough in cash, but he helped it out with perseverance, honesty and courteous manners—and the business grew. Stern, hard, consistent work, giving one hundred cents of value for every dollar taken in, and above all, keeping always at it, morning, noon and night, spring, summer, winter, fall, brought him customers and then more customers, and then more customers still. At first, he took his own orders, delivered his own goods and hired a girl to look after the shop while he was out. Now he had several clerks, three delivery waggons, and a book-keeper, and his shop was far and away the largest one in town.

It was right in this same building that he had opened up, too—with all the buoyant energy of youth. As he looked back, it seemed scarcely possible that it had been forty years ago. It was a modest little business in those days, but bit by bit he had built it up, adding a department here, making some improvement there, putting into it all he had of virility and strength. As the years passed on, the thing had become a part of him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. It had taken the place of friends, and home, and wife and children, for he had been so engrossed in his business that he had had time for none of these. Gradually he had come to love it as a mother does her first-born. It was the expression of his whole life's work.

Suddenly, as he stood there, the door swung open and a fresh, energetic traveller entered. Setting down his grip, he walked up to the proprietor confidently.

"Mr. Fraser, I believe?" he said, offering his hand.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Chancellor. I am representing Turnable and Co."

Fraser frowned.

"Yes," he said. "Some of your travellers have called before."

Turnable & Co. stood for the mightiest power in the Canadian grocery world; most storekeepers, indeed, including Fraser, considered them to be a menace. Their coming marked the beginning of a new era of things—the day of package goods, a movement regarded with great consternation by storekeepers of the old school, who saw their long profits gradually being divided between themselves and the manufacturers. Turnable & Co. put up jams, pickles, sugars, syrups, rolled oats, tea, rice, flour—everything, in fact, capable of being converted into a neat and attractive package. They advertised freely, packed first-class goods, sold them at a fair price and allowed the retailer the smallest profit of any firm in the business.

Turnable & Co. had been an American concern in the first place. Latterly they had invaded Great Britain and pretty well overrun it. Now, they were turning their attention to Canada, a small business area as yet, but rapidly increasing. At first, they had been merely manufacturers; later on, when the trade refused to handle their goods on the small margin of profit allowed, they became retailers themselves; until now their stores were scattered through every town and village in the United States and Great Britain. Fine, airy, city-like shops they were, with splendid fixtures, obliging clerks, prompt service and close prices. And they were successes—everywhere.

Many an anxious eye watched Turnable's coming to Canada, for they showed

no mercy to any man. Their entry into a new town was invariably the signal for such ruinous selling that the other store-keepers were forced sooner or later to either go out of business, or to handle Turnable's products exclusively—in other words, to become mere agents of the big company. The opposition having been disposed of, prices usually went up. It was such high-handed proceedings as these that had gained for them the fear and hatred of every independent store-keeper in the country. And yet they were spreading out slowly, ceaselessly, relentlessly.

"We have never been able to sell to you, Mr. Fraser."

"No," smiled Fraser.

"May I ask why?"

The traveller unbuttoned his overcoat and threw one foot up on the stool before the counter, resting his chin on his hand. Fraser leaned back nonchalantly with elbows on the shelving.

"Oh, I don't know! I've always been stocked up in your lines, I suppose."

The traveller shook his head.

"Mr. Fraser, we carry two hundred and twenty-seven different lines, and our travellers have called on you twelve times. It is impossible that you have not been out of any of them in all that time. And I do not see one of our articles in the place."

And he swept a comprehensive look around.

"Do you know that you are the only grocer in Renshaw who handles none of our goods?" he went on.

"No, I was not aware of it."

"What is the matter, anyway? You know what our brand stands for. Whenever you see the 'Little Joker' on a package, you know the goods are right and the prices are right. The packages are attractive. We advertise freely. What more do you want?"

"Profit," said Fraser, laconically.

"How big a margin do you expect? The progressive merchant, Mr. Fraser, has ceased to figure percentage. Amount of goods turned over and profits accrued, are his method. Every time you sell a package instead of bulk goods, you save one down weight, one paper bag, one string and several minutes of your salesman's time, and your customer gets a better article in a more attractive form. I don't need to tell you that a smaller profit with those savings pays you better than the old one. You, as an up-to-date business man, know these things. Our ways are satisfying every other merchant in Renshaw, and I know they would suit you, if you once tried them. Let me show you some of my lines, anyway."

And he reached down for his grip.

"No," interposed Fraser, suddenly. "It's no mortal use, Mr. Chancellor. I can't buy from you under any consideration. It's not the package idea that I object to—I am handling goods in that way now. It's your invasion of the retail field that I oppose."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chancellor, and Fraser was sensible of a certain subtle change in his tone. "You stand on principle in this matter."

"Exactly," said Fraser. "When you withdraw your retail stores from Canada, then, and not until then, will I buy from you."

"Now see here, Mr. Fraser," he said, adopting a friendly tone, "I'm going to tell you something, though I have no right to do it. This is just between ourselves, you understand. Turnable & Co. are thinking mighty seriously of starting a store right here in Renshaw. They wanted to do it two months ago, but I stood them off. Why? I'll tell you. We're doing a good business here now, and, as I said, we are selling to every other store in the city and it seems just a trifle—well, treacherous—after they have patronised us so long, to open up here and strew their blood and bones along the street. Now doesn't it?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" smiled Fraser, grimly. "You are far too tender-hearted, Mr. Chancellor."

"Well, but it does. I hate to see a friend's throat cut. But Turnable & Co. say they are not yet getting a big enough share of the Renshaw business. Now I have a good deal to say in the management of the Canadian branches, and I'll tell you what I'll do." And he tapped a forefinger impressively on the counter and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I'll guarantee to keep them out of Renshaw for a

year. Guarantee it, mind! How does that catch you?"

"And your terms?" asked Fraser, rather contemptuously.

"Oh, terms! We won't speak of terms. I'm no blackmailer. I've told you this in a friendly way. Of course, I should like you to help me out by an occasional order. You do a large business here. Couldn't you give us, say, ten thousand a year of it? If the firm should wholesale that much more in Renshaw, I think I could persuade them not to retail here at all."

"No thanks," said Fraser. "It's not good enough."

"Turnable & Co. make a strong opposition, Mr. Fraser."

"And an unscrupulous one, I am well aware. But they are welcome to do as they please for all of me. I'll go on doing business right here."

"We are now firmly established in thirty towns of this size in Canada; have you considered that by raising the selling price only three per cent. in each of these places we could lower it in Renshaw at least twenty-five per cent.?"

"Maybe you could. I am not interested in that. And I'm busy now. You will have to excuse me."

"This makes our thirteenth call, Mr. Fraser. Thirteen is an unlucky number. You are sure there is nothing I can send you?"

"Dead sure."

"Good-bye, then. We'll call it off."

"Good-bye," said Fraser, turning on his heel.

He had carried himself through the interview with bold and careless ease, but he walked into his office with a sinking heart. Turnable & Co. were evidently coming at last. He had suspected it some time ago when their travellers began calling upon him so persistently. For months he had watched them spreading out over the country like some great lava stream, relentlessly licking up the smaller stores and leaving behind them a broad trail of desolation, but his innate hopefulness had almost blinded him to the fact that they must in time reach Renshaw. Now they were actually at his door, and his general disapproval of their methods changed to a sharp personal resentment. He was evidently going to be their special mark, and he had heard much of the ends to which they were prepared to go to get rid of an objectionable opponent.

It did not take the new firm long to act. Just a week later, the local papers announced an important real estate deal. The store property of McDonald Bros., confectioners, two doors from Fraser's, had been purchased by Turnable & Co., of Montreal, who intended remodelling the premises immediately, with a view to establishing a branch of their business in Renshaw.

Whereat Fraser drew himself up and squared his shoulders. Let them come. They would find him the very toughest proposition they had ever been up against. He had done business in Renshaw for forty years, and it was funny if he could not keep it up a few years more.

The days passed on. Turnable & Co. took possession. A band of workmen came and departed, brightening the old store like the sweep of spring across a winter landscape. An imposing expanse of shining plate glass, heavy brass plates, quarter-cut oak finishings, long glittering show cases, glass counters—everything showed power, confidence and solidity. The new firm had obviously come to stay.

Then came opening day, heralded by news of a great cut-price sale. Large advertisements in each of the papers, handbills glaringly stamped with the firm's name adorning every city door-knob, huge pla cards at the store front, and well-dressed, well-ticketed windows announced the fact to the public. The savoury aroma of grocery bargains, dear to the housewife's heart, hung heavy on the Renshaw air. The new store did a land-office business for the first few days.

Fraser looked on cheerfully. He had seen this kind of thing before. The store was a novelty yet. People went there to see the sights, as though it was the fall fair or a church bazaar. After about a week business would settle down to its normal flow and it would be time enough then to see how much would run in the new channel.

During the first week, Fraser's sales were obviously lessened. The second

week his business swung back pretty much to the old level, in spite of the fact that Turnable & Co.'s prices were practically cost and Fraser had made no attempt to meet them except on one or two lines. After all, he reflected perhaps there was going to be room for both of them in Renshaw.

But a month later he was undeceived in the hope that there was to be anything of a friendly business rivalry between them. Whatever their attitude might be to the others, with him it was to be a death-feud—no fair fight in the open, with an honest handshake at the start, and the spirit of good-fellowship mingled with the lust of battle, but a deadly, silent grapple in the dark, a hacking, stabbing and throttling in blind hatred, with only murder in the heart.

It began when Turnable & Co. issued their new price-list making a further reduction of 10 per cent. all round. Fraser read it over with dismay. The prices were away below what he was paying for his goods.

A week or two more passed. Then, for the first time, it became obvious that something was going wrong. His business began to dwindle quite suddenly, a depression the more alarming that it happened at a time when such a change was not justified by local trade conditions. Cash purchasers who had dealt with him for years began all at once to buy next to nothing. Even credit customers, who may generally be depended upon to stay with a merchant through all changes, were lessening their purchases in an alarming manner. Yet there were no complaints. His solicitors were still calling at all the old places for orders. No one had left him. They were simply buying fewer groceries than they used to do.

As the days passed on and the change became more marked, he began to be seriously uneasy. Some great unseen force appeared to be at work about him, making for his downfall. Day by day his sales kept falling, yet try as he would he could not find the cause, and the forced inactivity was the most trying ordeal he had ever known. If this kind of thing kept on, he saw nothing but ruin ahead of him, and that phantom haunted him day and night. His face began to carry a worried, haggard look. For the first time, people began to notice how old a man he was.

A few weeks later, the cause of the trouble came to light suddenly, when Stuart, his head clerk, came to him in deep dejection.

"Look here, Mr. Fraser," he said. "See my order book. My sales have dropped off twenty-five per cent. And I can't help it. I call at all my old places, but the people simply won't buy, and I have not been able to make it out until to-day. It's Turnables. They are getting after us hotfoot. They had a man around at every one of our customer's doors this morning with the new price-list, offering to sell them a 100-lb. sack of Redpath sugar for $3 with every five dollar order. That's equal to a further cut of 20 per cent. at least."

"It's ruination," said Fraser. "They can't keep it up."

"They are not advertising this. They are offering it to our customers only."

For the first time then, some sense of the futility of the contest he had entered upon came to Fraser. But he put it by him resolutely, determined to fight it out.

Then suddenly, as if to show their versatility, Turnable & Co. completely changed their plan of campaign. Hitherto, they had devoted their attention to crippling his selling powers. Now they struck their first blow at his buying, a mode of attack much more effective, as the event proved.

For years, Fraser had bought his lard, bacon, ham, and other pork products from the Riverside Packing Co. Their goods were the recognised standard of quality in Western Ontario, and he had known their traveller, Milner, for twenty years or more. He put implicit trust in Milner's word and judgment.

This week Milner called as usual.

"Fraser," he said, "buy lard. It's got to go up. Absolutely got to. Listen. The packers' operations are mighty limited just now—practically at a standstill. Pork is 45c. higher on the street market at this minute. The packers have advanced live hogs to $7.85 F.O.B. in this

country. That means mighty high lard. Prices are going up nearly 20 per cent. in the near future. I tell you this is the straight tip."

Fraser had not followed the provision markets as closely lately as he should have done. He had so many weightier things to think of just at present. Besides, as I have said, he had positive faith in Milner.

"Look here," the traveller went on, "the regular price is 12¼. I'll lay you down 200 tubs at 11½c. Right at your door. It's a snap, sure. And no one else in Renshaw will get a single pound. You can have a go at Turnables on that."

"Send them along," said Fraser.

Three days later, Turnable & Co. advertised the best Riverside lard at 10c. a lb. retail.

Fraser dropped the company a line to see how it happened.

Their answer was disconcerting, to say the least of it. Turnable & Co. had recently acquired a controlling interest in the Riverside Packing Co. They should always be glad to supply Fraser at the regular wholesale rates, but must reserve the right to retail the products of the company at their own figures.

Fraser was dazed. It was the deadliest blow he had received yet. It was not that the Riverside products were placed beyond his reach—he could get others; and it was not the monetary loss on this last deal—that was trifling. It was Milner—Milner whom he had known so well for twenty years, whom he had trusted so implicitly, whose honesty he could have vouched for with his life. Milner had simply knifed him. There was no getting around that fact, for it was inconceivable that he had not known.

That night Fraser was as nearly disheartened as he had ever been in his life. The vast, inexorable might of the big company was brought home to him at last. What could he, one puny man, do against a huge power that reached out above, below, and around him? A force that could thus, at a word, make traitors of his best loved friends?

A few days later, he had a call from Woods, of Woods, Marshall & Co., the great wholesale house in Toronto. This firm had practically started Fraser in business. They had backed his note for five hundred dollars when he was just beginning, and trusted him to any amount of goods he cared to order, and that meant a strong supporting arm to him in his early struggles. Now that his business was on a good substantial footing, he still bought the bulk of his goods from them, as was right and proper.

"Well, Fraser," said Woods, "I hear you're fighting Turnables."

"Yes," smiled Fraser. "Trying to."

"It can't be done, my boy. They're too big for any one retailer, or one wholesaler, or even one manufacturer to buck against."

"But what am I to do?" asked Fraser. "I didn't want to fight them. I simply wanted to be left alone. Surely a man is privileged to mind his own business and sell whatever goods he wants to, without being dictated to by every manufacturer that comes along."

And he told him the tale of the struggle up to date.

"Well," said Woods, "it's imposition of the worst kind, I admit. But it can't be helped. We're up against much the same proposition the Indians were, when the white man first came around. They had right and justice on their side all right, but it didn't cut much of a figure against the paleface guns. The Indians went down and out, and I guess we'll follow suit. We are beginning to feel the touch of the thumbscrews ourselves, up at the house. The fact is, they've given us a gentle hint that if we keep on selling to you, they'll smash our credit. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"It's a cursed outrage!" exclaimed Fraser.

"Exactly. But you'll have to submit. So will we."

"You mean that you have agreed not to sell me goods?"

"We haven't yet, but it's coming to that. Man, man, can't you see you're beaten? You've *got* to give in. What harm can you do such a corporation as Turnables when the little loss they sustain by this struggle in Renshaw is more than made up by an imperceptible raise in prices in twenty or thirty other towns? When I was a rebellious little kid they

used to lock me up in a dark room and I used to raise Ned in there and kick my hardest at the door, but it never did any mortal harm to anything but my own toes. I learned to submit in those days, and the experience has been useful to me since. You've got to learn it now. They've got you beat, Fraser, I tell you. The Turnable power is too great for any one man."

"Submit?" thundered Fraser. "Submit to such an imposition as that? What do you take me for? Not as long as I have a single breath in my body or one dollar to chink against another will I yield to any such damned, unmitigated tyranny. Why it's an outrage! It's a disgrace to the business methods of the nineteenth century!"

"Well, maybe," said Woods, as he rose to go. "But don't say I didn't warn you."

It was past closing time and the clerks had all left. Fraser paced like a tiger up and down the shop, every fibre of his being in revolt at the injustice. It was not the financial loss he would sustain either by selling out or becoming an agent for the big company that disturbed him; he would have faced that as bravely as he had many another trial. It was the thought of seeing his cherished business pass into other hands, of having his shop degenerate into a mere storehouse for Turnable goods that seemed as bitter as the death of a dearly beloved one. It would be a gross ingratitude to so defile the business that had stood by him through good and evil days. And he would not have it so. Sooner would he face death itself.

So he strode back and forth with blazing eyes, white face and clenched hands. It was the same light that had burned in many another Fraser's eyes in days gone by, at Flodden and Killecrankie and Culloden, and many a hard-fought clan battle and fierce foray. And from far back among those Highland forbears, born of their turbulent life among the grey hills and wild heather-clad moorlands, came down to him, clear and strong through the generations, the same bold intolerance of oppression, the capacity for sustained vindictiveness, and the fierce-burning Scottish pride that deigned to ask quarter from no man, nor knew any commerce with an enemy but the skene-dhu beneath the fifth rib. At that moment Fraser was a thoroughly dangerous man.

Morley, the Renshaw manager for Turnable & Co., had surely never chosen so inopportune a moment for an interview with a beaten adversary.

"I've called to see if we could not come to some agreement about handling our goods, Mr. Fraser," he said. "You see, even though the commencement of hostilities cannot be laid to our door, we are willing to make some little sacrifice to ensure peace. While of course Turnable & Co. have by no means come to the end of their resources, they are aware that any commercial strife necessarily entails considerable loss. Now we have thought the matter over very carefully and we have a proposition to submit to you. We are willing to agree to adhere to any reasonable scale of prices which you may arrange, if you, in return, will pledge yourself to handle our products exclusively. We are confident that you will, upon reflection, see the expediency of embracing this offer, which is, I can assure you, much more generous than Turnable & Co. are usually disposed to make. Personally, it would give me the greatest pleasure for us to work together in harmony and —and—"

His voice died away in dismay when Fraser turned upon him with a snarl like a timber wolf.

"You are willing to make some sacrifice, are you, you damned, good, pious soul? And I began the hostilities, did I? Well let me tell you, I will be in at the death. I will be in at the death. D'you hear, you smirking villain?"

In a paroxysm of rage he sprang forward and seized the other by the throat. Morley was a young man and muscular, but he was an infant in that grasp. The abnormal excitement of the last few minutes had momentarily hardened Fraser's flabby muscles into sinews worthy the hind leg of a stag.

"Now, will you hear my answer?" he shouted. "Turnable & Co. can go to the devil with their generous offer, and so

can you. I wouldn't sell a single can of your cursed preparations to keep my soul from burning in everlasting hell. D'you understand that for plain, downright English? It's damned seldom that you can hear any straightforward talking around Turnable & Co.'s premises, I'll be bound. And if you ever dare to show your face again about my place, I'll wring your sparrow's neck. D'you understand that? Eh? Do you?"

And with every question he gave his man a shake, finally dropping him contemptuously, a limp figure, leaning heavily against the counter.

"Bah! I suppose it's no use talking to you, who are only a sort of half-bred spaniel after all, trained to retrieve your master's game: I must see Turnable himself. He is the man to answer for this insult. And he shall," he went on, bringing his fist down with a bang on the counter, "he shall, by heavens!"

Morley retreated to the door and stood there, white to the lips.

"You had better take time to reflect, Fraser," he said, in a voice that floated thin and weak upon the air after Fraser's bellowing thunders. "You are not yourself to-night."

But Fraser had already turned his back upon him.

"Get out! Get out!" he said.

W. H. Turnable, the president of Turnable & Co., in the course of a motor tour, arrived at Niagara Falls, N.Y., accompanied by his wife and daughter. They stopped at the Cataract House. It was the very night of Morley's ignominious ejection from Fraser's store, and the next morning Fraser himself strode into the Cataract House office. His clothes were disordered, his face was very white and his eyes were still blazing. The clerk looked at him curiously, when he searched the register. Men labouring under similar mental excitement at the Falls are apt to be watched, as possible pilgrims to Suicide's Point.

At 9.30, a lady and gentleman came down the stairs on their way to the entrance. Fraser inquired of the clerk who they were. Then he called to them.

"Mr. Turnable, I want to see you."

The gentleman paused and stepped forward to the office door.

"My name is I. G. Fraser. I am a grocer in Renshaw, Ont. I am probably the last one you have ruined, and I am determined that I shall be the last one you ever will ruin. Mrs. Turnable," he went on, for the lady, too, was now standing in the doorway, "I am very sorry that your husband's rapacity has made you a widow."

And he suddenly produced a revolver and fired. But during this speech the clerk had had time to realise his intentions. He had reached for a box of cigars and now hurled it at Fraser's head. It struck him full in the face just as he fired, and destroyed his aim. The bullet harmlessly shivered the transom.

Mr. Turnable seized his wife and swung her into safety in the hall. The occupants of the room dashed forward at Fraser. He fought them off and sprang back against the farthest wall, then backed slowly into the billiard room, where, for the moment, none dared to follow him. His victim had escaped him after all.

"They've got you beat, Fraser, I tell you. The Turnable power is too great for any one man." Woods' words came to him now. They had been true, even at the last.

The men were making ready again for a rush into the room at him, but Fraser merely glanced at them. Then he turned the revolver upon himself. When he fired this time he did not miss his aim.

An Editorial Rainbow

The Strange Experience of a Canadian Free Lance

By G. M. L. BROWN

THIS is the story, as I have heard Saunders tell it over and over again. Unfortunately his modesty has not permitted him to repeat it before authors or newspaper men—for fear of publicity, I suppose. To me this has seemed a great pity, as it should encourage young writers—especially Canadian writers—to persevere; hence I give the story myself.

After Saunders had been a few months in New York, he decided to confine his literary endeavours to short stories, for which he had a tolerably sure market with seven popular magazines. Toward the end of his first year in the city, in fact, he found that he had sold exactly four stories to each of these publications, and had consequently received therefrom twenty-eight goodly checks. Not content with such an excellent record, however, he resolved to round out the year with seven more acceptances, and forthwith settled down to his task.

After two weeks of strong coffee, gaslight, and cigarettes, he had the satisfaction of mailing the seventh and last manuscript; whereupon he not unwisely decided to take a rest. The title of the stories, as well as I can remember, and the names of the magazines he sent them to, are as follows:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—McPherson's.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Crandall's Weekly.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Anybody's Magazine.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Purdy's.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Achievement.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—The Ladies' Delight.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—The Universal.

Saunders had weighed the matter so thoroughly before making this allotment, that he smiled in anticipation of speedy returns. As a matter of fact, the returns came promptly enough, but were not of such a nature as to gratify a rising young author. The MSS., in short, were rejected—all seven of them—with a unanimity and dispatch as admirable as it was disconcerting. Nothing daunted, however, Saunders readjusted his list and sent the stories out in the following order:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Purdy's.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Achievement.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—The Ladies' Delight.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—The Universal.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—McPherson's.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—Crandall's Weekly.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Anybody's Magazine.

This combination was no more successful; moreover, Saunders noticed with dismay that the manuscripts bore evidence of rough usage in the mail. But his faith was in the quality of the fiction, not in outward embellishments, so he straightway prepared for a third editorial invasion. The stories were now directed:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—The Ladies' Delight.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—The Universal.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—McPherson's.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Crandall's Weekly.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Anybody's Magazine.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—Purdy's.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Achievement.

The results were no better; again the MSS. were flung back at him, their corners doubled, their edges frayed, all their crispness gone—truly a sorry lot, thought Saunders, as he surveyed them. Steam and hot irons, however, have a wonder-

fully reviving effect upon crumpled paper, as has old Scotch and Vichy upon a discouraged writer; so that in half an hour's time Saunders had seven tolerably respectable looking manuscripts ready once more for the mail. And this was the disposition that he made of them:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Crandall's Weekly.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Anybody's Magazine.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Purdy's.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Achievement.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—The Ladies' Delight.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—The Universal.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—McPherson's.

Back they came again—"like so many homing pigeons," Saunders observed to his room-mate, who had taken no slight interest in the enterprise, and had proffered the advice and sympathy usual in such circumstances.

"But I can't say they don't work," he continued, "for they bring back nice little printed messages every time. I hope I'm not exercising them too hard!"

And he sent them out again, as follows:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—The Universal.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—McPherson's.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Crandall's Weekly.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Anybody's Magazine.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Purdy's.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—Achievement.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—The Ladies' Delight.

After the return of the last straggler from this expedition, Saunders began to find the arrangement of further combinations a difficult matter.

"I don't think there are many more combinations to make," he remarked.

His room-mate laughed. "There are exactly two more—can't you see that?" he asked. "Unless, of course, you want to send them around a second time."

Saunders gritted his teeth and turned to the problem before him. When he had solved it, he stamped and addressed seven new envelopes; and the manuscripts went out in this order:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Anybody's Magazine.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Purdy's,
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Achievement.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—The Ladies' Delight.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—The Universal.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—McPherson's.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Crandall's Weekly.

With the septet again arrayed upon his desk, Saunders became so discouraged that he began to think of forsaking literature for the surer paths of commerce. He had recently been offered a position in the Klondyke, and the more he thought of it the less distasteful the proposal appeared. After some reflection he decided to give the recalcitrant editors one final chance, and let the results determine his course of action. Surmising, however, what the outcome would be, he craftily made capital of a probable event to render the same improbable. In short, he enclosed farewell letters with each manuscript, hoping thereby to lessen materially his chance of going. There was but one remaining combination to adopt, so the stories were directed:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Achievement.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—The Ladies' Delight.
THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—The Universal.
PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—McPherson's.
THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Crandall's Weekly.
A MAY DAY WEDDING—Anybody's Magazine.
AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Purdy's.

When the unlucky missives were safely on their way, Saunders breathed a sigh of relief. He had played his last card, and he defied Fate to do her worst. Consequently his face wore the smile of contentment that generally comes at such a crisis. If he couldn't live in the East there was a home for him in the West, so the editors be —! In this frame of mind he began to speculate as to which story would be back first. The "Wolf" had generally been in the lead, but he now favoured the "Buccaneer," even to betting

half a dollar with his room-mate on that manuscript. On the eve of the anniversary of his arrival in New York, he began to pack his trunk.

The day following, as if by appointment, the stories came trooping back, the "Wolf" again in the lead, but the other six close on its heels. Saunders received them with a good-natured laugh and placed them in his open trunk. After handing fifty cents to his room-mate, however, he decided that the waste basket was a better place for such material, and accordingly tossed them out upon the floor. There they lay, seven disreputable, useless documents with an aggregate postage charge against them, as Saunders estimated, of seven dollars and eighty-four cents. It was exasperating.

Seizing a broom he began to sweep them into the corner, hastening the operation by an occasional well-aimed kick. No words could so well have expressed his sentiments. As he did so, however, he noticed that a slip of red protruded from one of the envelopes. He stooped to investigate and found it to be a check from McPherson's for fifty dollars. The editor informed him in the accompanying note that he deeply regretted Saunder's change of plans, and wished very much to procure another story from him before he should leave. "Perkins of Sheep Ranch Fame," unfortunately, was too similar to a story they had recently accepted to prove available, but if Mr. Saunders could return to them "The Howl of the Wolf," which they had inadvertently let slip through their fingers, they would gladly pay him the sum of fifty dollars, a check for which they begged to enclose. If Mr. Saunders had already parted with that admirable story, could he not write them another on similar lines? Furthermore, should he reconsider his trip to the West, they were in a position to promise him several valuable commissions in the near future. In any case, they desired Mr. Saunders to run in and see them that they might have the pleasure of discussing the matter with him.

Well, you may believe it or not, just as you choose, but the other editors had done the very same thing—returned the last MS. and asked for the story that Saunders had submitted in the first place. Each editor, moreover, enclosed a check, and the seven checks totalled exactly three hundred and fifty dollars. It was a tremendous triumph for Saunders, being, as his room-mate pointed out, no less a tribute to his judgment and diplomacy than to his persistence and grit.

But the most unique part of the affair has yet to be told, and, really this might seem to savour of the improbable. Each of those seven checks, it appears, was of a different colour, and the more Saunders looked at them the more puzzled he became. After he had re-directed the MSS. to their final destination, he arranged the checks on the desk and gazed hard and thoughtfully. Then a light broke upon him. The checks were of the seven prismatic colours—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

"A perfect rainbow!" he called excitedly to his room-mate, his eyes fastened on the bits of colour; "I take that as a promise of a great career."

The Fallacy of the Young Nation

THERE are two British writers of the present day whom it would be both dangerous and untrue to term "common-place." They are George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton. We may declare of the latter what we may not of the former: he frequently cheers and never irritates. In his essay on the subject of young nations, falsely so-called, Mr. Chesterton makes some startling assertions which are of immediate interest to Canadians as well as to the many millions popularly called Americans:

"I wish to speak of a general delusion. It pervades the minds and speeches of all the practical men of all parties; and it is a childish blunder built upon a single false metaphor. I refer to the universal modern talk about young nations and new nations; about America being young; about New Zealand being new. The whole thing is a trick of words. America is not young, New Zealand is not new. It is a very discussable question whether they are not both much older than England or Ireland.

"Of course we may use the metaphor of youth about America or the colonies, if we use it strictly as implying only a recent origin. But if we use it (as we do use it) as implying vigour, or vivacity, or crudity, or inexperience, or hope, or a long life before them, or any of the romantic attributes of youth, then it is surely as clear as daylight that we are duped by a stale figure of speech. . . That America was founded long after England does not make it, even in the faintest degree, more probable that America will not perish a long time before England. That England existed before her colonies, does not make it any the less likely that she will exist after her colonies. When we look at the actual history of the world, we find that if there is a thing that is born old and dies young, it is a colony.

"The colonies may have given England a new emotion; I only say that they have not given the world a new book.

"Touching these English colonies, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not say of them, or of America, that they have not a future, or that they will not be great nations. . . All the absurd physical metaphors, such as youth and age, living and dying, are, when applied to nations, but pseudo-scientific attempts to conceal from men the awful liberty of their lonely souls.

"There are three main shapes or symbols in which a nation can show itself essentially glad and great—by the heroic in government, by the heroic in arms, and by the heroic in art. Beyond government, which is, as it were, the very shape and body of a nation, the most significant thing about any citizen is his artistic attitude towards a holiday and his moral attitude towards a fight—that is, his way of accepting life and his way of accepting death.

"When we come to the last test of nationality, the test of art and letters, the case is almost terrible. The English colonies have produced no great artists; and that fact may prove that they are still full of silent possibilities and reserve force. But America has produced great artists. And that fact most certainly proves that she is full of a fine futility and the end of all things. Whatever the American men of genius are, they are not young gods making a young world. Is the art of Whistler a brave, barbaric art, happy and headlong? Does Mr. Henry James infect us with the spirit of a schoolboy? No; the colonies have not spoken and they are safe. Their silence may be the silence of the unborn. But out of America has come a sweet and startling cry, as unmistakable as the cry of a dying man."

But has Mr. Chesterton read Mark Twain?

VIEW OF FORT WILLIAM HARBOUR, SHOWING C.P.R. ELEVATOR B

The Port of Western Canada

By J. R. LUMBY

From the flash of the Indian paddle, to the throb of the steamer's screw;
From the halting steps of the old days, to the rush of the busy new;
From the mart of the trapper's peltry, to the port where back and forth
Ply the laden treasure-vessels of the Empress of the North.

A SEA-PORT in the centre of a continent, lying almost midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, the spot where now stands the town of Fort William, has long been the rendezvous and starting-point of all who journey westward beyond the Great Lakes into the grassy plains of the western prairies. It was here that the two great rivals for the trade of that then unknown empire planted their most important trading-posts. Later, when the North-west Fur Company combined with its powerful rival (anticipating, by nearly a century, the methods of modern trusts), it was near the mouth of the Kaministiquia River that the Hudson's Bay Company of adventurers established the fort that for years witnessed the annual foregathering of the traders, whose army, scattered for twelve months from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, from the Missouri in the south to the Mackenzie river in the north, once a year swept in their bales of furs to this pivotal point, and received the supplies which would carry them through the twelve months of barter and hunting which must elapse before the next re-union.

Side by side with the trader came the other great pioneering force of the white man. Almost as soon as the men of commerce had built a fort, the black-robed Jesuit Fathers were establishing a mission, taking possession of the south bank of the river, upon one of the islands forming a delta at its mouth. Subsequently they re-located their church, their convent, and their schools upon the mainland higher up the stream, where they remain to-day, soon however to be removed to further the plans of the remorseless commercialism of the twentieth century. A span of only thirty years divides the old order of things from the new. It is only thirty years ago that the Canadian Government, after the planting of a straggling settlement of farmers in Manitoba by Lord Selkirk, and the rise and fall of the first half-breed

KAKABEKA FALLS, SIXTEEN MILES FROM FORT WILLIAM

rebellion under Louis Riel, decided to connect the east and the west by a line of railway, and took the initial steps which have resulted in making Fort William the centre of the railway systems which radiate through the Western provinces as it formerly was the focal point at which the trails of the voyageur converged.

With the Hudson's Bay Company the past of the town was intimately bound up.

EMPIRE ELEVATOR AT THE MOUTH OF KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER. FIRST INDEPENDENT ELEVATOR BUILT. CAPACITY, 1,500,000 BUSHELS

and the changes which have revolutionised the old company are mirrored in the transformation of their fort from trading-post to city. The building up of a modern industrial civilisation in Western Canada has turned the Hudson's Bay Company post to a replica of the departmental store of the east, and replaced the leather-shirted, moccasined factor by a staff of well-groomed clerks and damsels. In like manner it has torn down their stone fortifications on the river bank to make room for the terminal works of a great railway system, built elevators and huge freight sheds in lieu of the old warehouses, while the last remaining relic of the fort is converted into the offices for the coal plant of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where over half a million tons of coal are annually passed over the docks to be used up in the industries of the West.

It was, after all, the same natural advantages which made the banks of the Kaministiquia River the trysting place of the fur traders which has made them the terminal point for the great trans-continental railways. Given a deep, wide stream, readily made navigable to vessels of the deepest draught, the natural depth of the river being thirty feet, place tributary to this a hinterland as illimitable and with such possibilities and actualities of wealth as the Canadian West, and the combination is bound to give rise to an important city. It is this which convinces Canadians that the western port of Lake Superior must of necessity become a rival in size, wealth and commerce of any of the American lake port towns which have been fostered by the settlement and development of the Western States. The growth of this port is not a matter of merely local concern, it is one of national interest to the whole Dominion, and the increasing expenditure of public money upon harbour works and improvements shows that the fact is recognised at Ottawa.

As the lake terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Fort William moved slowly forward, keeping pace with the slow development that marked the first decade of Western settlement. A second trans-continental railway was projected and came into being, and, under the skilful management of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, the Canadian Northern became a factor in the building up of the West. Their lake terminal was at Port Arthur, on the shores of the bay about four miles from Fort William, their line of railway

CANADIAN PACIFIC COAL DOCKS ON SITE OF HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT

GENERAL VIEW OF R.C. MISSION

The property on which the Grand Trunk Pacific will have its terminals. It contains 1,600 acres

traversing Fort William, with a spur track tapping the river frontage. But the movement westward acquired such impetus that a third railway became a necessity, if Canada were to keep control of her own trade, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government launched the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway project, which is now on the high way to becoming an accomplished fact. For the lake port of this third railway, the management chose Fort William, and acquired a tract of sixteen hundred acres on the south bank of the river, opposite to the river frontage of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They have purchased their lands from the Indians, of whose reserve they formed a part. This has rendered necessary a second exodus of the Mission, with its churches and convent, to a point farther down the lake where, for a time at least, the priests and their little flock of Christian natives can rest undisturbed by the insistent demands of modern industrialism. Already the new homes for the Indian villagers are being built, and in a year from now the house of the priests will have passed from the possession of the Jesuit Fathers, and become the office quarters of the new railway.

Fort William pays three hundred thousand dollars to the Grand Trunk Pacific when their terminal works are completed, these improvements amounting to more than a million dollars, and in return for this the whole of the area purchased by the railway company is added to the limits of the corporation. It is taxable for school purposes, becoming liable for all taxes in the event of its being used for anything but terminal works, and in any event becoming taxable in every respect after fifteen years. This arrangement has in some quarters been characterised as a hard one for the town, but few of the people would alter it, if any proposed change involved the establishing of a rival town on the southern bank of the Kaministiquia River.

While the interest of two powerful trans-

CONCRETE PIPE 10½ FEET IN DIAMETER LEADING FROM INTAKE TO FOREBAY OR RESERVOIR

portation companies was turned to the upbuilding of this port, other agencies were not lacking, tending towards the same end. Sixteen miles from Fort William lie the famous Kakabeka Falls, over which the whole of the waters of the Kaministiquia tumble, with a potential energy of probably 200,000 horse-power. For many years capitalists have had in view the harnessing of this power, but it was only in 1905 that the work was undertaken by Messrs. Hosmer, Holt and Thompson, who organised as the Kaministiquia Power Company, and set to work with such vigour that there is now available 14,000 horse-power delivered at the company's central distributing station in the town of Fort William. Part of this is bespoken, but the greater portion is still on the market at reasonable rates for the use of manufacturers. Cheap electric power, together with the low freight rates by water on raw material from eastern points to Fort William, form a combination that will have, in fact is now having, a powerful effect in attracting manufacturers to a point where they have the expanding markets of the whole of the Canadian West brought in touch with them by three lines of railway which converge in Fort William, at a point where the three tracks almost coincide. The Canadian Iron and Foundry Company have commenced work on a large plant for the manufacture of car-wheels, iron waterpipe, and heavy castings, and other works are in contemplation, while the building by independent grain companies of terminal elevators is adding yearly to the storage capacity in the town, which now totals 12,000,000 bushels.

The turning on of the electric current by the Kaministiquia Power Company marks an era in the history of the town no less important than those ushered in by the turning of the first sod of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Fort William, or the similar ceremony which took place, thirty years later, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier turned the first sod of the Grand Trunk Pacific. By special arrangement with the power company it was left to President Cockshutt, of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, to press the button which started the first wheels moving by

TWO SEVEN-FOOT PENSTOCKS FROM FOREBAY TO POWER HOUSE, 180 FEET OF HEAD

the new power. At the luncheon given to the visiting manufacturers by the town, a small printing press was installed in the room, and arranged so as to be driven by an individual motor supplied with its motive power from the new source.

When the President completed the connection, badges commemorative of the occasion were printed in the sight of the company and distributed to the guests as mementoes of the completion of this great project. Nothing could have been devised that would more thoroughly impress upon the minds of the interested spectators the fact that fresh opportunities for manufacturing were now being opened up at the head of lakes and at the gateway of the newest West.

Across the Kaministiquia, just below the intake, a dam has been thrown, 20 feet in height, there being already a depth of 14 feet in the river at this point. The design of this dam is such as to admit the passage of the maximum flow of water, without materially affecting the levels of the upper reaches of the river when it is in flood, while retaining enough to keep the big flume filled to its capacity even when the stream is at its lowest.

From the point of intake to the outlet into the main reservoir, which is on the brow of a steep ridge overlooking the site of the power-house, 180 feet below, this pipe lies practically level for a distance of 7,000 feet, and after being discharged into this reservoir the water is divided and flows through two seven-foot penstocks that run at a steep incline to the waterwheels on the bank of the river.

The reservoir into which the flume discharges is a massive structure of concrete and steel, from which are fed two steel penstocks leading direct to the turbine wheels, 180 feet below. Each of these wheels will be capable of developing 7,000 horse-power, the initial development which is now under way being thus 14,000 horse-power. The plans are, however, being prepared, and the work laid out so as to permit of this being doubled at any time by the building of a second flume and providing two

additional penstocks, all the rest of the plant being capable of working to the double capacity.

Meantime the town itself, recognising its responsibilities, has not been backward in municipal improvements. An alarm of typhoid fever in the latter part of the winter of 1905 and 1906 has caused the construction of a gravity water system from a lake behind Mount McKay, whence, from an elevation of 350 feet, an ample supply of pure water, under great pressure, is obtained, sufficient to supply a city of 100,000 inhabitants. This water system, electric lighting, telephone and all public utilities, are owned by the municipality, with the result that the public is served at a minimum cost, and any profit accruing therefrom is for the benefit of the entire community.

With the enormous increase of population now taking place in the newer west of Canada, an increase which has not yet reached its maximum speed, and with the wealth which is being accumulated, creating new markets and a demand for every accessory of civilised life, it is only reasonable to conjecture that at some point convenient to this territory there must be established a manufacturing and distributing centre from which the whole Western Territory will be supplied. Despite the fact that adventitious circumstances have built up important cities inland, it still seems more than probable, almost certain, that the largest portion of that trade will be done at the head of navigation, at the point indicated by the natural facilities which make Fort William the common gathering place of the earliest pioneers in western trade.

Although for a time the chance action of men may direct commerce from its natural channel, yet in the end the laws of nature will demand that it shall follow the line of least resistance; and then the Canadian city at the head of Lake Superior will occupy the position which has been secured by ports similarly situated on the inland lake frontage of the United States. Nothing can now check the progress of the West, and no place is more intimately bound up with and more sensitive to the welfare, or the reverse, of the West than Fort William.

Prosperity demands both the opportunity and the man. The resources may be golden, but he who makes use of them must have the wit to recognise their auriferous possibilities. In Canada, the occasion has usually brought with it those who have the facility for development, and this has been the history of the fort-named town. By the irony of fate the harnessing of Kakabeka Falls has fallen into the hands of parties totally unconnected with the two original contestants for the right of ownership.

The forecast made by Lord Dufferin concerning the West was considered wildly extravagant thirty years ago. But the great diplomat was a seer as well, and his words have been amply fulfilled. There is nothing tentative or experimental about the preparations being made to meet the demands of a large and vigorous population in the region between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Wherefore, Fort William may at no distant date find itself in a prouder position than ancient Venice, holding both the East and West in fee.

Sisters of Sorrow

BY INGLIS MORSE

WHEN daylight fades
The stars appear;
When Sorrow bides
Then Faith is near.
When dark Despair
Sits by the tomb,
Then Hope dispels
Th' enshrouding gloom

A GLIMPSE OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND CHICAGO

The Linking of Montreal and Toronto

Fifty Years of Railroad Communication

By W. ARNOT CRAICK

ON Monday, October 27th, 1856, an event occurred in the history of the Canadian people, which was heralded by the press of that day as "undoubtedly the most notable in the annals of our country."

For the first time rail communication between the two foremost cities of Canada —Montreal and Toronto—had been definitely established and trains had traversed the entire length of the line in both directions with safety and despatch. The inauguration of this service on that day by the Grand Trunk Railway Company marked the culmination of the labour of years. It was an event which was as epoch-making to the people of Canada then as was the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to a later generation.

It was in 1852 that the Grand Trunk Railway project was decided upon, and the work of construction begun, with Messrs. Jackson, Peto, Brassey and Betts as contractors. At first money was procurable at the low rate of two and one-half per cent., and the work was carried along expeditiously. Unfortunately the outbreak of the Crimean War raised the rate to seven per cent., and the outlook became very dark. In this emergency the Government was appealed to, and, by means of large subsidies, succeeded in keeping building operations going. Finally, after a great many obstacles had been surmounted, the last rail was spiked down.

On October 20th, the first train to make the through trip from Montreal to Toronto reached the latter city, having on board Mr. A. M. Ross, the chief engineer of the company; Mr. Betts, one of the contractors, and several officials. Though the work of ballasting had not been completed excellent time was made, a speed of forty, fifty, and, at times, sixty miles an hour having been obtained.

On the following Monday all was

STANDARD GRAND TRUNK LOCOMOTIVE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

in readiness to inaugurate the regular through service. In accordance with the notices, which had been inserted in the newspapers of both cities during the preceding week, a train left Toronto for Montreal at seven o'clock in the morning, and half an hour later a similar train was despatched from the eastern terminus, en route for Toronto. Both trains were made up of three first-class and three second-class coaches, and both carried a goodly number of passengers and the mails. Among those on board the Toronto train were Sir John Beverley Robinson and Mr. A. M. Ross.

All things considered, excellent time was made. District headquarters at Belleville and Brockville were reached very nearly on schedule, and about two o'clock the two trains steamed into the depot at Kingston. After a stop of half an hour the journey was resumed. There was an absence of demonstration along the line, and only a few curious spectators were to be observed at the various stations.

Towards nine o'clock in the evening a crowd began to congregate at the Don Station, then the terminus of the railroad in Toronto, in order to welcome the first passengers to arrive in the city by rail from Montreal. The train was due at half-past nine, but it was after ten before the headlight of the locomotive was descried coming down the Scarboro hill. Considerable

STANDARD 10-WHEEL PASSENGER ENGINE OF TO-DAY. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

enthusiasm was manifested when the cars at length came to a standstill at the station, and the satisfaction of the crowd was still further enhanced by the news handed out from the telegraph office, that the Montreal train had also reached its destination at Point St. Charles in safety. In the newspaper offices, editors were rejoicing in the novel pleasure of reading the Montreal morning papers of the same date.

Celebrations in honour of the opening of the various sections of the road had been held from time to time during the preceding months. These jollifications usually took the form of a complimentary excursion over the completed line, a luncheon or banquet at the terminus, and frequently a big public ball. In November of the preceding year there had been just such a celebration in Montreal in honour of the opening of the line to Brockville. On December 20th of the same year, Torontonians had celebrated the completion of the Hamilton and Toronto Railway.

On August 29th, 1856, Oshawa had been the scene of a demonstration, and on October 8th, Stratford had celebrated the entrance of the road from Toronto.

When at length the three hundred and thirty-three miles lying between Montreal and Toronto had been opened and trains were running regularly over the new road, it was deemed fitting that something a little more elaborate should be provided in honour of the event. In anticipation of the completion of this important link in the country's railroad system, a committee of Montreal citizens had been appointed to evolve a plan of celebration. At their first meeting the sum of £3,000 had been subscribed, and this was subsequently largely augmented.

The dates set for the celebration were November 12th and 13th, and thousands of invitations were sent out, not alone to the leading citizens of Canada, but to many prominent people in the United States as well. In each case free transportation to Montreal over every necessary railroad was included.

In the glowing words of a scribe of that day, "The celebration was of the most brilliant and magnificent description, rivalling, in the opinion of all the American citizens who were present, the grandest demonstrations which have ever taken place on this side of the ocean." With due regard to the writer's sense of proportion, the event was undoubtedly one of much importance. Fifteen thousand visitors augmented the population of the city, which was lavishly decorated with flags, bunting, arches and inscriptions. The Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, and his suite, honoured the occasion with their presence and many distinguished gentlemen accepted the proffered hospitality of the railroad company.

The contingent from Toronto and Western Ontario, occupying a train of fifteen cars, arrived at Point St. Charles late on the evening of the 11th, and were driven into the city beneath illuminated arches and between huge bonfires. On the following morning a trades procession formed up in Commissioner (now Victoria) Square, and paraded the principal streets. At the conclusion of the parade a huge banquet was tendered to the visitors in the railroad sheds at Point St. Charles. Accommodation for five thousand guests was provided and the ten long tables groaned beneath the weight of the fruit, fowl, sandwiches, sherry and champagne, which was heaped upon them. Above the Chairman's table, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes were intertwined, while bunting and flags in profusion turned the dismal shed into a place of light and beauty.

The toast to the Queen was responded to by Sir Edmund Head, who in turn proposed the health of the President of the United States. To this Senator Wilson replied. The toast to the United States guests was responded to by ex-Governor Kent, that to Canada by Judge Day, and that to the Grand Trunk Railway Company by the Hon. John Ross, President of the company. The only incident to mar the pleasure of the occasion was the refusal of the St. Patrick Society to drink to the health of the Governor-General.

In the evening a most elaborate torchlight procession was organised. On the following morning an excursion was run by boat to the Victoria Bridge, which was then in the initial stages of its construction. After the visitors had inspected the works they boarded a train of twenty-one cars and were taken to see the new wheel-

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION, TORONTO, 1857

Painted by W. Armstrong

house of the Montreal waterworks at Lachine. The afternoon was occupied with a military review at Logan's farm, while the celebration was brought to a close with a mammoth ball that evening in the Bonsecours Market and a brilliant display of fireworks from the island wharf. Thus ended the inauguration of the railroad from Montreal to Toronto.

The passing of fifty years has wrought wondrous changes in the operation of the railroad. Probably no more striking object lesson of the progress that has been made in Canada during this period could be afforded than by instituting a few comparisons between conditions of railway travel and equipment then and now.

So far as speed is concerned the journey between Montreal and Toronto has been cut in two. It took the first train fifteen hours to cover the distance between the two cities, while to-day the International Limited completes the run within seven hours and a half. In 1856 one passenger train each way per day was found sufficient; to-day the demands of the travelling public require four, in addition to numerous local trains.

In 1856 the Grand Trunk's most powerful locomotive weighed only a few pounds over twenty-eight tons. Its driving wheels measured five feet in diameter, and, with tender coupled, its entire length did not exceed forty-five feet. An average engine of the present day, on the other hand, is over three times as heavy; its driving wheels have a diameter of six feet, and, with its tender, its length over all is sixty-seven feet.

The cars were of American construction, small and light as compared with the rolling-stock of the present day. Even under these circumstances, the best freight engine had a capacity for hauling only fifteen loaded cars. To-day trains of forty and fifty cars are no uncommon sight.

The improved accommodation for passengers can best be demonstrated by a reference to the sleeping cars. To-day, notwithstanding the usual run of complaints, a passenger can board his Pullman in Montreal at ten-thirty in the evening, retire in comparative comfort and seclusion and wake up next morning in Toronto soon after seven o'clock. When the first sleeping car was put on the run in March, 1857 (after considerable opposition from a number of directors, on the ground that it would be liable to be infested by bad characters), it was practically a box car, fitted up with benches running its entire length. The luckless traveller had to go on board in the middle of the afternoon. There was no seclusion whatever, the only comforts being a rug and a small pillow for each passenger, and the long night journey was veritably a weariness to the flesh.

Be it said, however, to the credit of the Grand Trunk that soon after, vast improvements were made in sleeping accommodation on the line. A British traveller, touring America in 1859, was so delighted with the service that he writes:

"On the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada, the sleeping cars are the most comfortable of any we have seen; almost in every respect like the berths of a first-class cabin in a steamer,—all enclosed with the conveniences and comforts of a good bed, washstand, etc.,—so that travellers going between Montreal and Toronto during the night can go to bed and rise in the morning at their destination much more refreshed than if they had sat up all night. This luxury can be enjoyed by paying $1.00 extra."

Despite the fact that the first trains over the road performed the journey without mishap, this was not the usual experience during the early years of the road's operation. The rails were light and many of them were imperfectly made. The result was that runs-off were frequently occurring, and a traveller's chances of reaching his destination without serious delay were very slim.

Terminal facilities in 1856 were most inadequate. Both in Toronto and Montreal, the stations were located outside the limits. The deficiency was soon remedied in Toronto, for in June of the following year the tracks were extended from the Don along the south side of Front Street to the intersection of Bay Street, where a union station was built, but in Montreal the terminus remained at Point St. Charles for some time, necessitating the establishment of an omnibus line to convey passengers to and fro between the city and the depot.

A FLIGHT TO FLAMELAND

BY E. P. MEDLEY

Illustrations by Emily Hand

CHAPTER I

JOSH LAMBERT lay on the grass with his hands clasped under his head, winking harder than he had ever winked in his life, when he was startled to see the Flamniverous Flamingo looking down on him and saying, "Well, I can take you there if you want to go so much."

"How do you know where I want to go?" asked Josh.

"Birds don't have long necks like mine for nothing," said the Flamniverous Flamingo, wriggling his head.

"What has your long neck to do with it?" asked Josh sharply.

"Well, it must be neck or nothing," said the Flamingo; "and I have certainly more neck than nothing."

"More neck than anything you should say," corrected Josh grandly.

"Oh, that is grammar!" said the Flamingo. "I have no time to go in for grammar, besides it would stick in my neck and choke me." And he wriggled his head faster than ever.

"I want to go to Flameland," said Josh.

"Yes, I know that," said the Flamingo.

"I don't see how I am to get there," said Josh, "as I cannot fly."

"But I can," said the Flamingo. "Jump on my back and hold on by your eyelids."

"All right," said Josh. "It will be a spree."

The Flamingo bent his long legs and Josh climbed on to his back. He was a thin boy of thirteen, with no fear of anything or anybody. He laughed with joy as the great bird rose high in the air, but instead of holding on by his eyelids he spread his arms out and waved them as if he were helping to fly too. Unless you have tried it you cannot realise how delightful it is to fly, and next best to flying yourself is to ride on the back of the Flamniverous Flamingo, flying like the wind.

In due time they reached the summit of Mount Flameland, a celebrated volcanic mountain, which everybody can find in the Atlas if they look long enough. It is the kingdom of the mighty Salamandar, who for power and strength is a regular scorcher.

"Are you coming with me?" asked Josh, as he scrambled off the Flamingo's back.

"Not I," said the bird. "It is several shades too hot for my feathers. It makes them too curly. You will be all right. Ta, ta, keep warm!" And away he flew, leaving Josh to explore the strange land of the Fire-king.

He climbed one of the highest rocks to look round, and saw a curious being evidently waiting for him. He was short and broad, and dressed in an uncommon kind of leather garment, mountain leather it is called, which never burns; on his head was a helmet of the same, and right in the middle of his forehead was one large, bright, glittering crimson eye.

"Hullo!" said Josh. "I guess you are

one of the Cyclops gentlemen. I have heard about your family eye."

"Right you are," said the Cylcop. "You seem a bright boy." He winked his crimson eye and chuckled.

Josh laughed and winked too. "I know a few things," he said. "I can see further than you, as I have two eyes."

"But my eye is as large as four of yours," said the Cyclop, "and I am better off than you for I never get dust in my eyes."

"How is that?" asked Josh.

"Because I have only one," said the Cyclop, chuckling again.

"You are a joker," said Josh. "But now show me your wonderful Flameland."

"This way to the crater; follow me," said the Cyclop.

Josh was only too glad to follow him and began walking fast.

"Stop, stop! you must come to our tailor first," said the Cyclop, "and have a suitable suit."

"I don't want any more suits on; it will be too jolly hot," said Josh.

"You will be too jolly hot if you don't," said the Cyclop. "You can take off your coat if you like."

At that moment another man came towards them, also one-eyed.

"Are you a tailor?" asked Josh. "What is your name?"

"Smith," said the tailor.

Josh laughed loudly. "I have heard that name before," he said.

"I expect you will hear it again," said the tailor hotly. "Do you want a suit?"

"This chap says I must wear it," said Josh. "So hurry up and put it on for me."

They put him into the most extraordinary suit he had ever seen. It was made of a stuff called asbestos. It covered him from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head and there were two little clear windows for him to see through. Then they gave him a pair of gloves with gauntlets.

"There," said the tailor, "that is one of our best asbestos suits. You might mention my name to your friends."

"Let me see," said Josh; "Smith, I think you said; I won't forget."

"He *is* a bright boy," said the Cyclop.

"Now, I am ready," said Josh. "Good day, Mr. Smith." The tailor bowed.

"Here is the Crater Gate," said the Cyclop. "We will go in the lift."

He blew a blast on a pair of bellows and immediately the lift appeared.

"Where to?" asked the Cyclop who worked it. "Step in, please."

"I want to see everything," said Josh.

"Even with two eyes you cannot do that all at once. We will begin with the kitchen," said the Cyclop.

Josh thought the lift would never stop, but at last they reached the kitchen. It was so immense that no walls could be seen anywhere. Scattered about in every direction were pots and pans and kettles, and gridirons of all sorts and sizes. There were countless stoves, with fires burning in them, and at each stove stood a one-eyed cook. As the Cyclop passed them Josh heard him say, "Hullo, Polly!" to each one who was putting a kettle on the fire, but if she were taking it off he said, "Hullo, Sukey!"

"They all look alike," said Josh. "How do you know which is Polly and which is Sukey?"

"Polly puts the kettle on and Sukey takes it off again. It is quite easy to know. Presently they will all have tea."

"Ah!" said Josh. "Who are those funny creatures dressed in black and holding sieves?"

"Those are char-men," said the Cyclop.

"You mean char-women," said Josh.

"No, I do not," said the Cyclop. "You are a very bright boy but you are sometimes wrong; they are char-men, and they have a busy time in Flameland amongst the cinders at our grand Flare-up."

"What is your Flare-up?" asked Josh.

"You won't want telling when you see it," said the Cyclop, mysteriously.

"Why a duffer might know that," said Josh.

"Yes, you are pretty cute for a boy," said the Cyclops, but did not explain.

While they talked they had been walking a long distance and at last they came to a row of grill stoves stretching for miles. At each stove stood a Cyclop, frying bacon as

fast as possible and packing it into iron boxes which were fastened down tightly and carted away on trucks.

"What are these chaps doing?" said Josh.

"They are putting things to rights," said the Cyclop. "Cooking everybody's bacon. To-morrow they cook everybody's goose. They never get a holiday from one year's end to another."

"May I fry some bacon?" said Josh. "I know how."

"Fry away," said the Cyclop, winking at one of the cooks. "But you cannot do it."

The cook stood aside and Josh took hold of the frying-pan and put a large piece of bacon onto it. In a twinkling it fell over the side into the fire.

"There, you see, out of the frying-pan into the fire," laughed the Cyclop. "Try again."

This time Josh was more careful and kept dabbing at the bacon with a fork to hold it on the frying-pan, till at last he had torn it into little shreds, which sputtered about in fat.

"Now, you have made a hash of it," said the Cyclop. "I knew you could not cook bacon—I told you so."

"It is the fault of these silly gloves," said Josh. "How can a fellow cook bacon with gloves on?"

"Well, I told you you could not do it," said the Cyclop, "but—

> 'If at first you don't succeed,
> Fry, fry, fry again!'"

"I shall not," said Josh. "I have had enough of it."

"We must get on now," said the Cyclop, "if you want to be in time for the snap-dragon party."

"I am jolly good at that game," said Josh. "I can beat anyone at it. I can pick out more plums in a minute than most people."

"You don't boast at all, do you?" said the Cyclop. "You don't think yourself very superior, do you?"

"No," said Josh.

"Well, it seemed to me you did not require anyone to blow a trumpet for you," said the Cyclop; "but perhaps that comes of being such a bright boy."

"You are chaffing," said Josh. "Hurry up to the snap-dragon party."

On the way Josh scarcely felt properly dressed for a party, but when he saw the guests he forgot to think about his best clothes.

"Well I'm blowed," he said, and stood still.

"That will keep you cool," said the Cyclop. "As a rule we do not manage to be blowed in Flameland."

"It means I am surprised," said Josh. "I never saw such a funny party. Who are they?"

"The party is given by Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy. Shall I introduce you?"

But Josh was much too important to wait for an introduction. He pushed past the Cyclop and marched forward.

"I am come to your snap-dragon party," he said.

Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy did not reply, but glared at him with steely eyes.

"Can anybody tell me"—Josh began.

All the company looked at him in amazement. He turned to ask a question of the Cyclop, but he had disappeared. Conceited as Josh was, he felt rather uncomfortable, as he suddenly understood what a terrible mistake he had made, for not one of the party had a body! Some had very small heads and two long legs, and others small heads and only one leg.

"Good gracious! they look like pokers and tongs," said Josh.

All at once a tremendous din began. Such a chattering and banging, Josh felt deafened. Then he saw that Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy and the hundreds of friends they had invited were all moving at once, and as they moved beside each other they jangled and hit one another, but quite in a friendly way, it appeared. Josh followed the crowd for some distance, till everyone stood still; and as he felt rather tired he thought he could sit down, and plumped onto the ground with a bang. Immediately every steely eye was turned on him in surprise. Then it struck him that in all that huge crowd he was the only one who could sit down. All the others leaned against railings or lay down straight with their heads on iron rests. So for a time he walked about,

"Birds don't have long necks like mine for nothing," said the Flamingo

plumping down at intervals, to show how grand and clever he was, but he got tired of that game and wished the snap-dragon could be brought in.

It took a great deal to surprise him, but he had not been prepared for the sight of the awful creature which at last appeared. Flying above the heads of the crowd, with widespread wings, came the monster. Its eyes were burning and its mouth wide open, showing cruel teeth and fangs, while flames poured from its throat. It hovered overhead for a while, then the crowd parted in a wide circle, making space for the dragon to settle down in the midst of them. Then Josh saw on its spread wings a large flat dish full of something burning. He was glad the Cyclop had disappeared, for in spite of his boasting he could not join in the game which began. It was perfectly marvellous to see how the one-legged guests hopped on to the burning dish and kicked off flaming lumps, at which the two-legged guests rushed, to catch them between their feet and throw them to a friend. The jangling and clattering increased till they were maddening, and Josh had to keep dodging away from the flying, burning lumps, which whizzed and spluttered faster and faster, till he could stand the heat and noise no longer; and even he, brave as he was, looked round for a way of escape from the fearful wild game they called snap-dragon.

He tried not to appear too relieved when he saw his friend the Cyclop signalling to him about a quarter of a mile away. He was waving a flaming torch and Josh ran quickly towards him, wondering what was to happen next. When he reached him he saw beside him an immense cannon.

"Make haste, I have engaged an inside place for you," said the Cyclop. "Jump in."

"What do you mean?" asked Josh. "What do you take me for?"

"There is no charge outside," replied the Cyclop. "They make the charge inside. Get in quickly."

Josh walked to the mouth of the cannon, but it was high above him, he could not reach it.

"What a bore!" he said.

"Yes, it is a large size," said the Cyclop gravely, "one of our largest bores."

"Joking again," said Josh. "How do I get inside?"

"Here come the steps," said the Cyclop, and as he spoke a waggon came along drawn by an iron ram and on the waggon were the steps. Josh soon climbed into the cannon's mouth and turned to look for the Cyclop, when suddenly he felt himself dragged forward and then pushed along far into the tube.

CHAPTER II

"YOU are in my charge," said a voice close to his ear.

"Am I?" said Josh. "Well, just get me out of this as quick as you like and leave off holding my arm, I object to it." He shook himself roughly.

"I will see you shot first," said the voice politely.

Josh had become accustomed to the dim light and looked at the little object who was holding him. Its eyes were heavy and dull and its hand lay as heavy as lead on Josh's arm.

"You will see me shot first," repeated Josh indignantly, "will you? I like that."

"Yes, it won't hurt you; I hope you will like it."

"You are a queer chap," said Josh. "What is your name?"

"Cartridge. It is a double-barrelled name—Blank-Cartridge. Now, if you will allow me, I will see you shot first."

"You do say cheeky things politely," said Josh. "But get me out of this; fire away."

"Do not be afraid, you are our only passenger to-day and you will travel quickly."

"Where am I going?" asked Josh.

"To the Smiths," was the answer.

Josh laughed. "The same old Smiths, I suppose?"

Without a smile Mr. Blank-Cartridge replied: "I refer to the Black-Smiths who live in Vulcan Valley. Now, if you will shut your eyes we will discharge you."

"Oh! that reminds me," said Josh, "tell me what have I to pay—"

"*Attention!*"

There was a terrific bang, and Josh felt himself hurled swiftly through space. He had thought the ride on the Flamingo fast enough, but this beat it altogether. It quite took his breath away and he became so excited he did not care what happened next. Before he could say "Jack Robinson," he was dashed against something soft and springy, which stopped him suddenly.

"You buffers! What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"So you recognise us," said the first of a band which came to meet him with round, pleasant faces. "Our family name is Buffer."

Of course Josh did not explain that when he had called them buffers he meant to be rude, so he nodded to them and smiled.

"We always receive visitors to the Vulcan Valley, but we cannot ask you to stay with us as we are very busy, on and off again."

"Are you?" said Josh. "You look rather knocked about, certainly."

"We have a great deal to put up with," said the Buffer; "but it is nothing when you are used to it."

"Can you tell me the nearest way to Mr. Smith's?" asked Josh.

"Of course you mean Mr. Black-Smith's?" said the Buffer. "He owns the Valley and all the forges."

"Is he cousin to the Village Black-Smiths, and does he make horse-shoes?" asked Josh.

"I never heard of them," said the Buffer. "His business is in tempers."

"Tempers? What humbug!" said Josh.

"Yes, tempers. He supplies tempers of all sorts and sizes. Will you travel by the Rocket Rail? There is the station."

Josh ran in the direction shown him, but before he was half way two strong men came to meet him and lifted him quickly.

"Just in time," they said, as they ran with him to the station. There they placed him on a large, flat iron plate, tell-

ing him to keep calm and he would be all right.

Josh had never felt so happy in his life. He hated to be dull, and all this flying about from place to place was lovely. So when the men pressed a spring and he was again shot away into space, he shouted with delight. He only thought the ride far too short, but at last he had reached the Temper Forges.

It was a wonderful scene which met his view. There was one forge in which was a fire as high as a mountain. Round this forge were hundreds of smaller fires and forges, the further away they were from the big fire the smaller they became. The clang and the clash of the anvils cannot be described. Josh found himself standing close to one of the smaller fires, and as the worker at it did not seem busy he spoke to him.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives?" he asked.

"I am Mr. Smith," was the answer. "Mr. Black-Smith is my name."

"Are you the Mr. Black-Smith who owns this valley?" asked Josh.

"All the same family," said Smith. "Would you like to look round? My tempers are cooling off just now."

If there was one thing Josh wanted to do more than another it was to try his hand at a forge, so he said pleasantly:

"If you like I will stay and watch your tempers while you take a walk."

"Thank you," said Smith. "But don't you meddle with them. They are cooling nicely, but the least thing is apt to put them out of shape."

"All right," said Josh, anxious to be left alone. "I promise."

Once more telling him not to touch anything, Smith went off.

As soon as he was out of sight Josh thought he had kept his promise long enough, so he gently blew the bellows and the fire began to glow. For a little while this amused him, then he lifted a hammer and struck a blow on the anvil. The first sounded so fine he tried another, and then another.

"It would be jolly to make one of those tempers red-hot," he thought to himself. "I can easily put it back, and Mr. Smith will never know."

He found a pair of tongs and carefully took up one of the curious looking things which were lying on shelves. It was like a large watch-spring coiled evenly round and round a wheel.

"It looks harmless enough," thought Josh, as he put it in the flames.

He watched it for a few minutes, and as it remained just as he first saw it, he laid it aside and took up a coil of a different shape.

If he could have been frightened at anything, he would have been so then. In one minute the wheel in the coil was red-hot, and the coil itself began to unwind and wriggle and twist and twirl till he could scarcely hold it. Instead of being afraid Josh screamed with laughter, and the louder he laughed the more the hideous thing twisted and twirled and grew and grew till it looked like a huge snake. At last it had grown so enormously that he had to drop it into the fire.

"Mr. Smith will be jolly angry," he said to himself. "But how was a fellow to guess it would grow like that? I must let the fire down and see what happens. I hope Mr. Smith will be back soon; I want to see how he works the tempers down."

When he looked up, there was Smith gazing at him.

"Hullo!" said Josh. "Do you see anything?"

Smith shook his head sadly.

Josh had expected him to be very angry, and was prepared to say all sorts of sharp things.

"Young man," he said; "do you know what you have done?"

"No," said Josh, pertly. "It seems to me I have undone a lot."

"That's just it," said Smith. "You have undone the work of years. That temper has been first in our forge and then in another, and it was just ready for use, nice and quiet and cooled down, and now from rough handling it is all out of shape and will have to be worked all over again."

"Oh! that does not matter," said Josh, "what about this one?" He pointed to the even coil.

"That," said Smith, "is of no use. It

does not suit anybody. Lots have tried it, but they say they might as well have no temper at all as one with no go in it."

"I thought you would give it me hot for meddling," said Josh.

"Not I," said Smith. "I always keep a good temper for my own use. Here is a motto for you: "Never keep your temper if it is a bad one."

Josh immediately wanted to argue.

"If you can keep your temper it must be good," he said.

"Not at all," said Smith. "It is because it is not good that you cannot keep it. You must lose it."

"Rubbish!" said Josh angrily.

Smith smiled.

"Would you like to go to our warehouse to try on a few?" he asked.

"Fry, Fry Again," laughed the Cyclop

Josh was glad of an excuse to get away from such a good-tempered man, so said he would go for the fun of the thing.

"It is not the first store you come to," said Smith. "Everything is second-hand there. Tempers which have been lost. We get them back by the ton. The warehouse is the next building."

Josh passed many forges before he reached it. The din of the hammering was tremendous, and he was feeling very irritable from trying to make the motto come right.

"If a chap has a good temper it cannot be bad, if he can keep his temper it must be good," he repeated to himself, and yet that fellow Smith says: "Never keep your temper if it is bad."

"A chap always loses his temper when it is bad as a matter of course." He could not get the argument right anyhow, and was glad to reach the warehouse. Over the door was written: "*Tempers, Good, Bad and Indifferent.*"

"Who but a silly would buy anything but a good temper?" thought Josh as he went inside.

A polite assistant came forward. "Are you out of temper?" he asked, bowing respectfully.

"No, I am not," said Josh sharply.

"What can we do for you?"

"Nothing," said Josh, still more sharply.

"Thanks," said the assistant. "I see exactly what is wrong. Step this way."

Josh was too astonished to reply, and followed meekly.

"This young gentleman has shown me his temper," said the assistant to another. "And it is a trifle short for him."

"Nonsense! Shut up!" said Josh, quite rudely.

"There," said the assistant. "You see how it is, short and a trifle hot."

"Bother! leave me alone, I tell you," said Josh; "and my temper too, there is nothing wrong with it."

"Do you wish to keep it, then?" asked the assistant.

"Yes, of course I do," said Josh, and burst out laughing.

"Ah!" said the assistant, "I recognise it now as one of our best make, but slightly out of order."

"It is the heat," said Josh, more pleasantly.

"Quite so, quite so. The heat does affect even our best tempers. You think, after all, you prefer to keep yours. You only have to keep it as cool as possible," said the assistant.

At that moment Josh heard a most extraordinary crackling sound.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

"It comes from our Wild-fire factory. The Wild-fire has to be kept in water."

"What a likely thing!" said Josh, who thought he was being made fun of.

"Come and see it," said the assistant.

He led the way to huge tanks full of water, and Josh would scarcely believe his eyes when he saw great fires burning brightly in the midst of the water.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "How do you do it?"

"It is quite natural," was the answer.

"What nonsense!" said Josh. "Do you think I am a fool? It is not natural for fire to burn under water, I tell you. You don't know what you are talking about."

He looked quite as angry as he felt, especially as the assistant only smiled.

"It seems wrong again," he said. "I wish you would let me see to it."

"What are you talking about?" said Josh.

"Your temper. I don't fancy you will ever be able to keep it. If it gets out of order so quickly you are apt to lose it."

He spoke so seriously and anxiously that Josh thought he was quizzing for a moment, and then it struck him as being so funny that he laughed loudly, at which the man looked happy again and said:

"Not much wrong with it after all; but, as I said before, just a trifle too short."

"All serene," said Josh. "What do you use this Wild-fire for?"

"Nearly every temper we make has a dash of it. Of course we make some without it, as it does not suit everybody, but they don't last. Now, perhaps you will hardly believe it, but quite little babies enjoy a dash of Wild-fire; it helps them to scream when there is nothing the matter."

"By jove! they do, too," said Josh, thinking of the baby at home. "But see what I am going to do for a lark."

In an instant he had plunged into one of the tanks, and as he could swim like a fish, they saw him diving and rolling about and being well protected in his asbestos suit, he ran through the fires and into the water again delighted with his new game.

"Have you seen a bright boy?" said a voice suddenly; "because I lost one a little while ago, and as he has to get on to the Salamandar's Palace, he must hurry up. Ah! there he is. Bravo, bravo, my bright boy, you are a plucky, bright boy!"

It was the little Cyclop, and he clapped his hands as Josh went on with his strange bath; but when he caught sight of his one-eyed friend he leaped out of the water and stood beside him laughing.

"Never had such fun in my life," he said. "I would not have missed it for anything. The joke is, I am neither wet nor burned. As fast as the water left off being wet the fire left off burning. I am glad I came here."

"You have plenty more to see," said

the Cyclop. "I am ordered to take you to the Palace at once, or sooner, if possible."

"All right," said Josh. "I will come like a shot."

"So you shall, bright boy, just like a shot."

Josh was beginning to have no surprise left, he thought; but on his way to the Palace, and when he got there, he found he had still plenty for immediate use; it seemed to grow as time went on.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"OUT WHERE THE DEAD MEN LIE"

THE Galbraiths were at Narrawan. Rain had fallen plenteously; the drought was completely broken; creeks were running; the lagoon had risen flush to its banks. Ah Sin's garden was a mass of young, succulent green; the plain beyond the slip-rails no longer looked thirst-stricken; even the mournful gidyas had brightened. Immediately round the head station there seemed a curious blending of autumn and spring. The leaves of the vine from which Susan had plucked grapes on that night of Wolfe's coming, only two or three months back, were now yellow and red, and a stephanotis twining one of the posts shewed clusters of white blooms, blending a heady perfume with the fragrance of orange blossoms—for the two mandarin trees at the end of the house were in flower and green fruit together. Susan herself seemed to be in the curiously brooding condition that may be observed in Nature before she blossoms forth into fresh life—a condition that may result in any wild, wonderful or delightful change. But whereas Nature is in all her phases sublimely interesting, poor human Susan, tossed and worn by doubts as much concerning her own feelings as those of her two lovers, and with the canker of her brother's fate and her father's remorse preying upon her, was sadly lacking in that dignity which Nature shows even in her most crabbed humour. Susan's mood had indeed been very crabbed and freakish since the return from Acobarra. At times she would sit silent and brooding over book or needlework or else would show an irritable temper not common with her. When rallied by Patsy she would attribute her own melancholy to the depressing influence of Mr. Galbraith's wordless regret after his missing son.

For, notwithstanding the reward which Mr. Kirby the lawyer was instructed to offer for information of Harry Galbraith, nothing more had been heard at Narrawan of him or of Flash Sam, about whom Mr. Kirby had also been asked to make enquiries.

Good Patsy was puzzled by Susan's fitfulness, and could only account for it on the supposition that her love affair was not going smoothly. But Patsy could not very well see how that was possible, for she had arrived at the conclusion, during those last few hours before they left Thursday Island, when the First Lieutenant of the *Clytie* had given them tea on board the man-of-war and had returned to spend the evening with them at the hotel, that Susan meant to accept Brian Cordeaux. Certainly Brian himself had left no room for doubt as to his intentions. Directly he could get further leave, he declared that they would see him at Narrawan, but he thought it best, he said, not to press the point at the moment.

As for Oora, she held herself more or less aloof from the family interests. She

was taciturn and self-absorbed in her manner, while, though nobody expected Oora to be like other people in her doings, she was odd and more erratic even than was her wont. Strength had come back to her, and all her former power of endurance. Most of the time she lived out of doors and would go long rides on any pretext that presented itself—carrying rations to a distant shepherd or fencer, tracking lost sheep or strayed horses, or making the excuse of asking for telegrams, in order to ride across country to Wooralba. As her father did not consider a revolver sufficient protection for her, she was under honour never to go on a long excursion without taking Pintpot or one of the tame black boys from the camp. As Pintpot was the most venturesome of these, he was the one who usually accompanied her.

The great, grim wild had for Oora something of the fierce joy of the sea, something of the compelling fascination that had drawn her to the Stranger Man. The sight of those endless gum trees, gaunt, hag-like, often lightning-blasted—was to her as the sight of a great company of friends. The voiceless mid-day hush of the Bush had a dreamy influence upon her, soothing the heart pain by which she was continually tortured. The mysterious stirrings and whisperings in the forest towards evening spoke to her of Destiny and of Fulfilment. As she rode along through dreary stretches of gidya and ironbark, and over plains that had been arid desert a little while back, she would see here and there decaying carcasses or bleached bones of beasts that had been destroyed by drought or poison-bush, knowing perfectly well that they might have easily been the remains of some hapless wanderer killed by a black's spear, or dead of thirst. Yet Oora was never afraid of blacks herself; she had been too much with them and knew too well their language, customs and superstitions. But the thought of the wanton destruction of life, of the inexorable cruelty of the bush, would bring her an odd sense of consolation, for it made her realise better what the Stranger had meant when he spoke of the callous indifference bred from the brutalities of out-back diggings. The life of a man or of a beast, one more or less, what did it matter in the whole? Supremely little in comparison with the welfare of the living; and weird imaginings would sweep into the girl's mind, and she would think she heard elemental voices and would seem to see visions of ghosts haunting this same great, grim wild. Though she sometimes scoffed at her sister's poetic interpretations of Australian Nature, Oora had her own taste in poetry, an uncommonly ghoulish taste, and sometimes she would repeat aloud scraps of wild verse like "Boake's" lines:

"Out in the wastes of the Never-Never,
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the heat-waves dance for ever,
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the earth's loved sons are keeping
Endless tryst: not the west wind sweeping
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping—
Out where the dead men lie!

"Only the hand of night can free them
That's where the dead men fly
Only the frightened cattle see them—
See the dead men go by!
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,
Bidding the stockman know no leisure:
That's where the dead men take their pleasure;
That's where the dead men lie!"

The weather was warm still, scorching at noon, but getting fresher in the early morning and towards evening with a foretaste of winter, which made reptiles and insects sluggish and more than ordinarily pertinacious in their onslaughts on beasts and humans. It was cooler than usual one afternoon, yet even soon after luncheon the flies were bothering Patsy considerably as she sat in a rocking chair in the verandah, darning stockings, with the baby on her knee. Notwithstanding this small grievance, however, and the larger one of some secret worry concerning her husband, Patsy's kindly face and bountiful form seemed to radiate satisfaction. She was so delighted to get back among her own beasts, her own blacks, and beyond all, her own children, once more. The unusual swarms of flies which Patsy laid to the Milligan's carelessness in not having kept the meat store verandah in a properly scoured condition, and in having allowed the dogs to carry their bones to the front garden, as well as

sundry other reprehensible practices which she had discovered by their results, were minor considerations to Mrs. Galbraith. Half-caste Charlotte had resumed her regular duties as nurse, and was resplendent in a new skirt and jacket of turkey-red twill. She now hovered at the edge of the verandah, superintending the children's play. Jacky was making hideous music with the jew's-harp, and Polly had emptied from Charlotte's dilly-bag a carefully selected heap of small round pebbles, with which she was playing a game of knuckle bones, having discarded the genuine article because the bones were too big to go between her fingers. She had made "Cubby House" with her little brown paw arched and the fingers wide apart, but even still, one or two refractory pigs, in the shape of bigger sized pebbles, would not go in.

"One feller; two feller," Polly was counting in her black's lingo. "Piggy go to bed! Three feller!—Ba'al budgery (no good) that one—Four feller! My word, three feller stop outside—Damn Mr. Piggy (very sweetly and deliberately). Mine cobbon coola (very angry) belonging to you!"

The Picaninny looked up at her mother out of her black eyes, having a hazy remembrance that such expressions were prohibited. But Patsy was busy slapping her hands at a vicious red and yellow Father Mason fly, whose spouse was hovering in front of their clay nest, just above Patsy's head.

Just then the dogs started barking, and to avoid Patsy's gaze Susan got up and went to the end of the verandah to see who was coming towards the slip-rails.

"I expect it's Oora back from her ride," said Patsy.

"No, it's not Oora," Susan answered, "It's a man."

"Oora ought to be back," Patsy went on. "She was taking some blue-stone and rock-salt and things your father wanted to go to the Iron Bark Camp. My word, she has been a long time! There's nobody to look after *her*, Su, if Pintpot makes off to the blacks' camp and she's thrown and breaks her leg!"

"Oora isn't such a fool as I am," answered Susan with curious self-scorn.

"Well, it would take more than a pig-jump to throw Oora," placidly observed Patsy. "Who is it at the slip-rails, Su?"

"The mail has come," answered Susan.

"White's a whole day late and your father's been worrying so that he wouldn't go out himself to the Ten Mile. I shouldn't wonder if it was the creeks coming down that had kept White. Now, Jacky, be done with that beastly jew's-harp like a good boy and find Dada and tell him the mail has come at last."

But Mr. Galbraith, hanging about the head station on pretext of superintending some repairs at the Woolshed, was returning across the home paddock and, spying the postman, galloped up and met him within the slip-rails. Susan heard her father accost him:

"Hello! Good-day, White. What makes you twenty-four hours over time? River up, eh? It's been coming down a bit here, though we've had no rain to speak of this week."

"G'day, Boss. There's been plenty of rain up at the heads of Narra, my word. You know what these rivers are out west, coming down a banker from a thunderstorm you dunno where, for the country may be as dry as a bone lower down. I hed to go round by Gidyee Crossing, and I'd close up to gev up that, if it hadn't been that one of the Gidgee Downs stockmen come along and swum my horse for me and helped me over a log. I was pretty sure you'd be wanting your mail, sir, and so I made a try. But you see, boss, Government don't arsk of me to go over my saddle flaps, eh?" and the man, who was whitey-brown, all legs and arms, his knees bowed inward from riding—a colonial born—gave a laugh that seemed a faint echo of the laughing jackass' chuckle.

"All right, White. Come ben to the house and have a glass of grog."

"Thankee, Mr. Galbraith. Had to make a swim at the Bean-tree Crossing, and got soaked to the skin. Mail's a bit damp, sir, but you won't mind that."

Susan watched White dismount and unstrap from his saddle the pile of brown leather bags, each tied up and sealed with the big official splotch of red wax that caught the sun. White continued to

talk, as he remounted and rode up to the headstation, quickening his horse's pace to that of the one ridden by Mr. Galbraith.

"My word!" said the mail man; "looks as if the Government didn't expect police sergeants nor troopers to go in over their flaps neither. There was a party of them round by Gidgee just afore I come, the chap told me that helped me over the log. They was after some cove they wanted to collar—I bet he'd have swum the river before them and got away most like—though he might have been drowned doing it. You know when the Narra's up she runs pretty strong and there's a nasty current in the middle. Now, d'ye think *they'd* risk it? No fear—afraid of rusting their carbines and spoiling their uniforms, —so they made a round of fifteen miles to get a better crossing. A set of white-livered funks, I call the police of this district. It's a wonder, sir, that the squatters stand it. That's why there's never a cattle or horse duffer caught in these parts nor any dashed spieler that nabs a shearer's cheque like that Flash rouseabout there was such a talk about last shearing—you reck'let, Mr. Galbraith?"

But Susan saw that her father was not paying much attention to the mail man's discourse. He had begun at once to cut the string of the mail bag with the knife he drew from his belt. Then before the two turned the corner of the Chinaman's quarters and were lost for the moment to Susan's view, he sorted the letters from the newspapers, examining the superscription of each in eager search for the one he wanted, and which when found, he tore open and started hurriedly reading.

Patsy went into the dining-room to get the decanter of rum for the mail man's customary nip, and presently the usual compliments passed.

"Thank ye. Here's to you, Boss!" And from Mr. Galbraith:

"A safe trip to you, White," and the mail man departed for further refreshment to the kitchen before resuming his journey.

Susan, stepping out to the back verandah to get her own letters, met her father and step-mother coming through the dining-room with the mail in their hands. Mr. Galbraith looked agitated and excited. He held an open letter, which showed at the corner of the sheet the address of Mr. Kirby's, the solicitor's, office.

"I'm in two minds, Pat, to get on my horse and ride down at once to see what they're up to," Mr. Galbraith was saying.

"No, no, Duncan," she answered. "It's safer you'll be to wait a day or two. Kirby says he'll let you know directly anything comes of his telegram that's anyway definite. You see, he told us that he's traced Harry to that new rush along the Yellaroi and Flash Sam, too, but it stands to reason you can't rake up news in that wild country in a day."

"The Yellaroi Rush!" repeated Mr. Galbraith thoughtfully. "Do you mind how Wolfe said he'd been in that? And it looks as if Harry must have taken a false name or he'd have heard of him. If only I could get hold of Wolfe now, he might tell me something about the lad."

Again the little stab which always came with the mention of Wolfe, went through Susan's heart.

"But what does Kirby mean by his hints and all the while telling me nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Galbraith angrily. "Why not let me know straight what he's after —for weel or for ill?"

"But if he's found out nothing certain, where's the sense of putting you off your head, Duncan, old man, expecting good news that mightn't come off or else something bad that likely as not isn't true either? What I'm thinking is that Kirby might have had the gumption to keep quiet until he'd made sure he could set our minds at rest."

Susan came swiftly to her father's side and put her hand on his.

"Dad, you've got news of Harry. Tell me what Mr. Kirby says." She spoke tremulously, roused out of her self-absorption by that spasm of mingled dread, repulsion and pained affection which had been a frequent sensation in the troublous days of Harry's youth at Bundah, and which recurred invariably at any suggestion that tidings had come of her twin brother.

Old Duncan Galbraith looked at his daughter yearningly.

"My bonnie lassie!" he began. His

face worked, the eyelids twitching and moisture showing on the shaggy red-grey eyelashes. Susan had never seen her father so moved since the day when he had solemnly disowned Harry. Now it was as if the natural affection of a parent, kept rigorously pent since then, were forcing a way of itself. He crushed the girl's soft hand in his great brown one. "I've sinned against my own flesh and blood, girl, and the Lord has punished me."

"Dad, you mustn't say that. It was Harry who sinned against you and against the good blood that ran in him," she said, frightened and stirred to the depths of her heart. "Tell me what you have heard from Mr. Kirby, father; I want to know. You're not the only one who has minded. I've minded dreadfully, too."

"Yes—yes, Su. He's your twin brother, and blood counts. Ah, well! Kirby's news doesn't amount to so much after all; but he says he's got a straight clue to what's become of Harry. You heard Pat telling that the lad had been traced to that Yellaroi Rush, which it seems duffered out to nothing and the place is all deserted now. Kirby had been telegraphing up Cooktown and the Palmer way—he seems to take it for certain that Harry's there—and he says that he hopes in about a week's time at most, he'll have something definite to tell us. That would mean a week from the day he wrote, and White's a good twenty-four hours late with the mail. I'm sure Kirby wouldn't have said that much unless he'd been fairly certain of things being right. Only, why the de'il couldn't the man have said what his clue was!" Mr. Galbraith's indignation flared up for a moment, then flickered out, and he went on energetic but irresolute: "What's the best thing for me to do? It's the suspense that I can't stand—never could stand doing nothing—and so I did the wrong thing—struck out when I should have waited. Pat, you can tell Tommy George to run up the horses. I'll take Gipsy Girl—she's got racing blood in her—and staying power, too—she'll do the distance best. If I ride sharp all night I might catch the morning train and get to Kirby's office first thing Thursday."

"No, no, Dad. Patsy is right. It's far better to wait. Stop until to-morrow at least. Perhaps Mr. Kirby will telegraph, and there'll be somebody bringing it from Wooralba."

"Well, well! There's something in that. It was Saturday last Oora rode over to Wooralba and there was nothing come then. Well, I'll see when to-morrow's here. You're a braw lassie, Su. You take after your grandmother. And you were always the one that tried to beg Harry off a thrashing." Mr. Galbraith groaned as though the memory hurt him. "You were fond of Harry, weren't you, Su? Though you didn't always get on so well either. But there's aye a fondness between twins. Well, it's you and me now, that's going to try and keep the lad straight. Rough treatment didn't answer before. Poor boy! I'll wager he's had worse roughing since. Now we'll see how kindness works. Maybe if it hadn't been for the thrashing—and that time I chained him up—the laddie was in the right of it. It wasn't a Douglas or a Galbraith that 'ud have submitted to a murdering blackfellow's treatment—and from his own father! Aweel! that's past, and you and me, girlie, we'll pull the boy through, if anything will do it, and make a straight man of him yet. You'll help your old dad—eh, lassie, eh?"

"Yes, father, indeed I will," she was sobbing, electrically touched by his emotion, so foreign to his reserved Scotch nature. "Oh, I hope, for all our sakes, that Harry may be found! I'll do anything—anything to make him good again. Oh! he *must* respond. It wouldn't be possible that he shouldn't. Let us try and wait in patience and not fret ourselves until we know what Mr. Kirby has done."

Patsy, who had been looking on at the scene, her homely face troubled and perplexed, gave her step-daughter a grateful glance.

"Sure that's the right way to look at it," Patsy put in.

Patsy turned away half laughing, half crying, to sort the letters she had laid on the table. "There's a heap here for you, Duncan, and the store list has to be made out this mail, for we are running short of several things," she said, with a purpose-

ful change of tone to the brisk and practical. "You'll want to go over these, as there's a chance of your starting off on a sudden to Townsville. Will you go along to the office, and I'll come to you as soon as I've got through the others?"

Mr. Galbraith took the pile of documents. "Ah! well, maybe I'll be readier by myself, Pat, for a bit," he said, and went off, still agitated, but looking ashamed of the feeling into which he had been betrayed. Mrs. Galbraith turned to the contents of the mail bag, which she spread out on the dining table—letters, papers, small parcels, and among these a packet marked "garden seeds," for Ah Sin.

"It's queer all the seeds they get—those Chinamen," observed Patsy.

"It was only a fortnight ago that Ah Sin had a parcel of Indian shot seed—such a lot of them—like so many teeny bullets!"

Susan glanced up quickly from the inspection of her own correspondence and caught her breath in a quick little shiver. There rose before her a vision of the bough shade verandah at the Bore humpey—now empty—and of Wolfe arranging the 'possum rug on the settle and of the smile that had played on his mouth as he asked about Ah Sin's mail. But she said nothing to her step-mother.

Her eye was attracted by a letter from Brian Cordeaux, last in her budget, which was mostly from Sydney friends, with the exception of an envelope of thin common paper, addressed in poor Mr. Meiklejohn's laboriously even writing. There was a letter, also, from Brian for Mrs. Galbraith. Patsy, leading the way to the front verandah, opened hers first, exclaiming to her step-daughter as she read it, in a tone of pleased surprise:

"There now, Su! I hope this will shake you out of the dumps—and faith! setting aside poor Harry, I haven't been able to make out what's put you into them, for there never was a nicer young man than Mr. Cordeaux, nor one more ready to make you a devoted husband, if that's what you have been fretting over. He's got his leave, and he'll be up here almost as soon as this, he says, if he can catch the same boat that's brought it. I'll just go and talk to Ah Hong and see whether they're going to kill that sheep this evening. Oora did say she'd shoot some wild duck when she was out and bring them home, but there's no depending on Oora. What room shall I put Mr. Cordeaux in, Su?"

Susan lifted her eyes from her own letter, which was a little longer than Patsy's. The lids were red, more from the tears she had suppressed than those she had shed. The traces of emotion were clearly marked on her face, but it had an expression of girlish anticipation, which Patsy noted with satisfaction, for Patsy distinctly favoured Brian's suit.

"I'm sure I don't know, Pat. Put him anywhere—he won't mind."

"He *is* coming, isn't he?" asked Patsy, glancing at Susan's longer letter.

"Oh, yes, he's coming," Susan answered with a tremulous laugh. "Of course he's coming."

"Do you think the verandah room, where Mr. Wolfe slept, would do?" asked Patsy.

"No, no; he mustn't have that room!" Susan exclaimed, with an energy that puzzled Patsy. "Let him have the one at the other end of the verandah."

"Sure, it's a bit bigger, but I wouldn't say it was as comfortable," said Patsy, considering. "You know the lining is loose from the wall and the centipedes and scorpions do make a horrid scrabbling inside the canvas. Still, if he's been in other Bush places he'll know they can't get out, and that you've got to expect white ants and centipedes in old slab houses."

Susan made an impatient gesture. "It's all nonsense about the centipedes, and if they are there, he won't bother about them."

"No, he'll be bothering too much over a two-legged creature," laughed Patsy, and betook herself to her consultation with Ah Hong.

Susan read Brian's letter over again. It had in its tone a certain restrained excitement, as though the writer were bursting with some intelligence that prudence or other considerations made him refrain from telling. There was, however, one piece of news which he had just received by the English mail, on which he ventured

to be communicative. After remarking that Susan would perhaps understand his not feeling at liberty yet awhile to go into full details concerning his future prospects, he went on to say that one bit of luck had fallen to his share and that, *whatever happened*—the words were underscored—he would at least be in a position to make a small settlement upon his wife, should he ever be fortunate enough to win the one woman in the world he wished to marry. For, he related, it had been found that a few days before starting on that fatal railway journey, Lord Ellan had had a new will drawn up in Chicago, under which Brian inherited the sum of £15,000 —not a fortune, but sufficient to make him independent of the Navy. It appeared from a letter written by Lady Inverell—the late Lord's only other child—to Brian's mother, who was also a beneficiary, that this last will was the result of a quarrel between Lord Linne and his father, the son having declared his intention of marrying the undesirable lady of his choice. For that reason Lord Ellan, infuriated, had left everything he could, outside the entailed property, away from his heir, between Madge Inverell and the family of his second brother, Brian's father.

Susan was contentedly digesting this information when there came the sound of horses' feet cantering down from the gidya forest at the side of the house furthest from the slip-rails, and presently Oora, coming through a side gate in the garden, stepped from behind a thick lagerstromia shrub towards the verandah. She looked pale and excited and her eyes were large and eager.

Seeing her sister alone, she beckoned her to the end of the verandah.

"Su, put on your hat at once and come out with me. I've got something to tell you that I don't want the others to know about until I'm quite certain. I want you to help me."

CHAPTER XXII

SUSAN ran down the verandah steps and out into the shrubbery, where Oora waited, her habit gathered up, showing her shapely foot, on which was a lady's spur.

"What is it?" Susan exclaimed. "What do you want me to do?"

"I'm going out again at once," said Oora, "and there are some things I want you to get me in the house. I'll tell you presently."

Susan glanced towards the belt of forest that curved towards the head station. "Why is Pintpot unsaddling your horse up there among the gidgee trees?"

"I told him to let her go and run me up Gipsy Girl. My mare's gone lame and there'd be a fuss that I don't want just now, if father saw it. She put her foot in a paddy-melon hole four miles this side of the Iron-Bark. I was going to cut across to the Range country, but there was no use in going on and I'm afraid I've spurred her pretty badly, poor creature, to get her home in time."

"In time for what?" asked Susan. "You've left the blue-stone and things at the Iron-Bark?" For she saw that the pack-saddle on Pintpot's horse was unloaded.

"Yes, yes. I took the things to the Iron-Bark, and I should have been miles away by now, if the mare hadn't gone lame. Perhaps it's as well, though, for Gipsy Girl is a better goer and I want a better horse than that old ration-carrier for Pintpot and a quiet hack besides."

"But what for?" said Susan, puzzled by Oora's manner. "Are you going to fetch anybody here?"

"Perhaps—I hope so. Oh! Su, don't ask questions—and you are not to say a word to Dad until I come back, for it would drive him wild if he knew. He'd want to be rushing off and perhaps, after all, there's nothing in it. And I'm afraid something dreadful may have happened for Harry to be out like that with the blacks."

"Harry out with the blacks!" repeated Susan in amazement.

"He must have been wandering with them for ever so long—if it's he—and his head is wrong they say—I don't know how."

"But what do you mean? Who has told you this?"

"I met old King Birraboi and Marianne this side of the Iron-Bark as I was

coming back. I believe they were coming in to get opium from Ah Sin—the wretches! All the other blacks are camped at the foot of the range. Birraboi said they'd been having a big *woolla* (council) and most of the strange blacks have gone away. One set of them was a Bundah tribe, and Birraboi said they had a white man with them very like Harry, but 'white man altogether black fellow now,' he said. And then he began to tell me that Billabri—that's one of their debil-debils—had made the white man 'plenty sick long-a cobra-head—scrub madness they call it—so that they couldn't eat him, because, of course, the blacks think mad people sacred. Besides, Birraboi told me, some of the Bundah blacks called themselves brothers belonging to the white man, and wouldn't let the others eat him."

Susan stared bewilderedly at her sister, unable to grasp the possible significance of this apparently wild tale. Her own mind was in chaos. She almost ridiculed the suggestion which seemed to her impossible and fantastic.

"Really, Oora, I think it is you who are crazed. As for Birraboi, I believe his fancies are generally due to opium. If there *is* a white man among the blacks, it cannot be Harry. How could you imagine it could be? Harry was not at all likely to go mad, and if he were sane, he certainly would not live with black fellows. But of course you didn't know—there was a letter in the mail bag from Mr. Kirby saying he'd got a clue up north and was following it. He'd telegraphed to Cooktown and the Palmer and expects to let us have definite news directly. Harry can't be in both places at the same time. Your idea's perfectly impossible."

"Very well, think so. Anyhow, I'm going to find out," answered Oora doggedly.

"Going where?"

"To the camp."

"Going to the camp of a lot of cannibal blacks! Do you think I shall let you do such a wild thing and not tell father to stop you? You might be killed and eaten yourself."

Oora's answer was to pull out of the breast of her riding jacket the chain with the shark's-tooth amulet.

"Why, you have got your charm again!" cried Susan in astonishment, for Oora had said nothing about the recovery of her treasure. "How did you find it? Who got it for you?"

"If you wish to know, it was Mr. Cordeaux," replied Oora unguardedly, and too impatient to consider what her admission might lead to. "He brought it back to me—but I can't be worried now with questions."

Susan's face changed. Her former vague jealousy began to work again, though if she had reflected reasonably for a moment, she would have seen that there was no foundation for it. But Susan was not reasonable. She was far too much wrought up to take a reasonable view of anything. She was like a leaf tossed by the gusts of a tempest. Brian Cordeaux might, however, have augured well for his suit from the chill resentment in her tone as she answered:

"Certainly, I don't wish to pry into your's and Mr. Cordeaux's secrets."

Oora shrugged her shoulders in petulant contempt, and Susan, nettled, went on:

"I suppose you know that he is on his way up here?"

Oora stopped in her walk a second—the two were pacing along the fringe of gidya scrub. "Oh! I am glad of that," she said impulsively. "He will be such a help and comfort."

Susan misinterpreted the gladness. The pendulum of her mood swayed anew towards Brian. Now Oora stopped again and spoke impetuously to her sister.

"You don't seem to mind much about Harry, Su—but he's *your* twin, and I thought you cared for him almost more than for anybody."

"Yes, I care for him," Susan answered in a stifled voice. "I feel about Harry in a way you could never understand."

"It doesn't matter how one feels!" Oora exclaimed. "The thing is to act."

"Yes, when there's anything sensible to do, but you are bent on a useless chase—useless and dangerous."

"No, perfectly safe—for me. The

most savage black wouldn't harm me if I showed him that charm. It's as sacred to them as a Bora message-stick. And, anyway, there's nothing to be afraid of. The Myall tribes are getting bunya-bunyas, and the Bundah one is camping with ours—the white man with them, Birraboi told me. If it comes to that, Birraboi and Marianne can be kept here to-night as hostages—they'll be found camping outside Ah Sin's garden, probably smoking opium, so you see I'm quite safe."

Susan assented. There was something in that. She remembered again what Wolfe had said, and she had never told her father about the opium traffic with the blacks. Oora continued eagerly.

"I know exactly where the blacks' camp is—just at the entrance to Razor-Back Gully. Pintpot has been there. I could go and be back—easily, allowing for the led horse—by midnight. It's full moon. I've got my revolver and plenty of cartridges, and it isn't the first time I've done the same sort of thing. Now, will you help me Su, and hold your tongue? Don't you see, if you go and make a fuss, Dad won't believe me any more than you do, because of Kirby's letter, but he'll get out his guns and make no end of preparation, as if he were going forth to battle, and perhaps not start till to-morrow. Then the blacks will get warning, and as they've probably been spearing cattle and stealing sheep, they will be frightened and make for the gorges; and the opportunity—for whatever it may be worth—is lost. Whereas, I will ride over quickly and quietly with Pintpot, talk to them in their own language, show them my charm, and if there are any Bundah blacks there the whole thing will be plain sailing."

Susan had to confess that Oora's arguments were plausible, and moreover, the girl was overpowered in spite of herself by Oora's strong will, though as to the object of the enterprise she remained incredulous.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. Go back to the house and get me some food that I can easily carry—sandwiches and some of those meat lozenges Patsy got for me when I was ill—they might be useful. And get me a flask of brandy, and if you can manage it, an old suit of Dad's. I expect that is about all you can fetch. And will you bring the things to the bunyip's water-hole? It is by the road to the Iron-Bark, and I told Pintpot to lead the horses down there when he'd got them run up and saddled. He said he could catch them and saddle them up among the gidgee, for it won't do to run them into the yard. I'll be waiting at the water-hole." Susan went back to the house and Oora proceeded alone to the bunyip's water-hole. The afternoon was advancing and Oora grew impatient. While she waited, her quick ear caught the sound of horses cantering from the direction of the lower slip-rails towards the head station, and then came the faint noise of dogs barking. But for the dogs barking she might have supposed that Tommy George was running up riding horses from the larger paddock. As it was, she fancied visitors must have arrived at the head station. There was nothing strange, however, in that, for travellers often passed by. But she thought both Pintpot and Susan must have lingered needlessly, perhaps, to see the visitors, though in reality, neither could have come so soon. Now she fancied that she heard a horse trotting in the distance from the opposite direction, and she stood still on the bank of the water-hole, peering into the bush with her long-sighted eyes, her ears strained to listen. No ordinary person would have heard the faint sound, but Oora was always said to be as good a tracker as a black fellow.

She was not deceived. A man, urging a tired beast along the track saw her, but not till after she had seen him. He thought that his eyes dazzled him. She was standing with her back to the sun, in the shadow of a great glossy-leaved tree, through which shone shafts of golden light. Tinged by the foliage, they seemed to surround her with a yellow-green flame that instantly recalled to him a certain dell in the shrub at Acobarra and a girl standing against the background of setting sun and serpent-like creeper withes. A thick-stemmed, curiously mottled climber hung

close to her now, coiling about a branch. The girl did not wear ethereal white and green garments, but a bush riding-habit of greyish-brown, with a brown cap on her rough dark hair, yet there was something of the sinuous grace and witchery that he remembered so well.

He rode towards her like a man in a dream, and she, recognising him, watched his progress with a wrapt, triumphant gaze. As he drew nearer she saw that his horse was jaded and that its coat was marked with mud and wet that had caked and dried as if the animal had been ridden fast, and had recently swum through flooded waters. The man, too, was travel stained and unkempt, and his face was of a ghostly pallor.

As he came down to the stream, his horse, feeling its rider's attention diverted and the reins relaxed, stooped to nibble the green grass at the water's edge. The stranger stared at Oora in the wild manner of one who is not sure whether he sees a vision or a reality. Then a hoarse cry came from his lips: "Sea Witch! Oh! little Sea Witch, is it truly you?"

She stretched out her arms to him from the bank above the water-hole.

"Oh! come to me. Yes, it is I—Sea Witch. Did I not tell you that we should soon meet again? Come and tell me how you have found me here."

He spurred his tired horse through the water and slipped off its back at Oora's feet. He was almost too exhausted and too dazed to speak. The reins dropped from his hand, and the horse jerked its head, neighing, and moving a step. Oora caught the bridle, seeing at the same time that the beast had the Narrawan brand, and knowing that it would make for the yard, she buckled the bridle round that same sapling to which Wolfe had fastened the same horse a few months before.

Then she turned to him in surprise. "How did you come to be riding The Outlaw?" she asked.

Her simple question brought him back to a sense of everyday life.

"I—I took him," he stammered. "I found he was in the paddock at the Terminus. My own horse was knocked up. I *had* to take him. I *had* to get up here as quickly as I could."

"You wanted to come—to see *me?*"

"No—it was not to see *you*," he faltered, and a wondering look of horror came over his face. "How did you know The Outlaw?" he asked sharply.

"Because I helped to break him in."

He staggered back a step. On her face too was a look of part wonder—part understanding.

"I know now who you are," she said slowly. "You are James Wolfe. I have suspected it once or twice since I came home."

"Since you came home!" he exclaimed. "Then you are—Oh! I was blind not to see——"

"I am Oora Galbraith," she answered. "But it is no matter who or what I am—or you either. To me, always, you are he whom the sea gave to me—my heart's mate; my—beloved."

She uttered the last word in a tone infinitely sweet and caressing, yet in which there was no unmaidenliness, nor did she invite him nearer by look or gesture. He stood gazing at her. The green flame of her eyes shone upon him; her face had its mystic look. His eyes met hers with answering passion.

"And you!—Oh! You are indeed my heart's mate—my best beloved," he said, and taking her hands in his he kissed them with wild tenderness. Yet the pain in his voice made her quiver apprehensively.

"Yes, but it does matter!" he exclaimed. "It matters terribly who we are—it matters cruelly."

"Why cruelly—since I am your best loved? Did I not say from the beginning that Fate meant us to belong to each other? Did I not tell you at Acobarra, when you bade me good-bye, that we should soon meet again? I was not afraid—I *knew*. For you are my Destiny and I am yours. The sea gave you to me first; and now the bush gives you to me a second time."

Again he kissed her hands.

"You told me that there was another woman," Oora went on. "I guess now who that other woman is. Don't mind about her. You won't make her unhappy. She'll tell you herself that it does not matter. For there couldn't have been anything real between you and her, when

all the time, though we did not know each other then, it was *our* two lives that were joined together."

A choking murmur of endearment fell from Wolfe, and still holding her hands, he drew her nearer to him while his sorrowful eyes seemed to devour her face.

"You don't understand—Oh! Sea Witch, dear, true, brave Sea Witch, how can I make you understand?"

Suddenly there came now clearly distinguishable, a nearer tread of horses rounding the curve of the gidya forest, and almost immediately Pintpot appeared mounted and leading Gipsy Girl with Oora's side-saddle and another horse which had a man's saddle, on which a pack was fastened. Though the interruption was unwelcome, Oora was relieved to see by this that the black boy had been successful in catching and saddling the animals unobserved. The Outlaw neighed, straining at his bridle, and Gipsy Girl gave a sympathetic whinny.

"Mine been lookout yarraman (horse), Missee Oora," cried the boy. "You ready to start?"

"All right, Pintpot. Mine close up ready. You wait two, three minute. Sit down there long-a gidgee. You been see Missee Susan?"

"Yowi (yes). That feller come along. My word! I believe that Missa Wolfe back again."

The black boy grinned, showing all his white teeth and cut a caper on his horse's back. Oora silenced him, bidding him wait inside the scrub, and he disappeared from view. Then she turned to Wolfe, but as she did so her glance fell on the mottled stem of the huge creeper that hung in loops and knots over some thick undergrowth beside the path. She saw the creeper shake and recoil violently. Somebody had grasped a loop among the greenery, and Oora guessed that it must be her sister whose approach she had not heard.

"Susan, is that you?" she called. "I had forgotten all about you. Hurry, please, for I must be off."

The greenery stirred afresh and in a moment, Susan, passing swiftly through the fringe of jungle stood upon the grassy space where she had once talked to Wolfe, and confronted him and Oora.

She was very white. Her whole form was quivering with barely suppressed anger. She held herself very straight, her small fair head erect, and all the dignity of Lady Susan Galbraith in her mien. But Oora shrank at the sight of her sister's face. For the first time she began to think that it was Wolfe for whom Susan had cared.

"I am sorry to have been so long," said Susan quietly. "Mr. Cordeaux is here," she went on, the intensity of her emotion forcing her to take refuge in conventional speech lest she should betray too much. "It was he who kept me; he has just ridden up with a stockman who was coming from Woorral and who showed him the track."

"Oh, that's all right!" faltered Oora, awkwardly. "Look here, Su—I'd better tell you——"

"There is no need to tell me anything," Susan answered haughtily. "I have seen and heard enough to understand what your relations are with this gentleman."

Her eyes swept coldly past Oora and rested full on Wolfe. There was a passion of wounded tenderness and indignation, and of something deeper-seated still—something that looked like scorn—in their troubled blue depths. But Wolfe returned her look straightly with one of tragic solemnity.

"I am glad you are here, Miss Galbraith," he said in tones that he tried to render very gentle, "for I must speak to you, though I don't know how to word my intense regret for the manner of this meeting. But whatever I say will count for nothing when you know the truth. Miss Galbraith, I have come on a terrible errand. I came because I promised you that I would do so, and it seemed the only mark of gratitude and respect that I could show you. Believe me, I had no idea that I should see your sister here. I didn't even know that this lady was your sister."

He paused and Susan shivered as she saw the look he cast at Oora, who, her confidence restored at the sound of his voice, stood proudly by, listening to every word. Wolfe continued: "We were to-

gether, as perhaps you've heard, on a raft after the wreck of the *Quetta*, when she saved my life by acts of the most heroic unselfishness—and I—we—" his voice shook, and the shiver seized Susan again. "During that awful time," he went on, "we came to love each other without either of us knowing who the other was. But afterwards—at Thursday Island—I found out what you know I was going up there to learn—that, as I feared, I had the life of a fellow-creature to answer for. Since then, Miss Galbraith, I have discovered who that fellow-creature really was—but still I felt that I was in honour bound to come and tell you the truth before giving myself up to justice, which of course I shall do now. You know the story—and so does your sister."

His tender, tragic gaze turned again to Oora, who drew nearer, her own eyes, full of love and trust, fixed upon his face. Susan turned her head dumbly away.

"I need not go over the whole horrible outline of it again to either of you," said Wolfe, huskily, jerking out his words now in a hard rush that grated upon his hearers. "Only, I must tell you this—and it is best that you should both hear it at once. *She* does not know any more than you, who the man was that I killed. But can't you guess who it was?"

There was silence. Neither of the girls answered him. Susan stood as if turned to stone. And into Oora's uplifted eyes a cloud of apprehension crept.

"You had a brother once," continued Wolfe. "He ran away and was afterwards on the diggings where I was. They used to call him Harry the Blower. He was only a lad—a hot-tempered lad—I should have had patience with him, and never have allowed myself to be drawn into a quarrel. But I'm hot-tempered too, and that night I'd been drinking and and—I saw red——" Wolfe halted and his miserable eyes turned from one to the other of the two women. But neither of them spoke. On the faces of both rose a slow comprehension that seemed to stupefy them. Wolfe went on harshly:

"I've nothing to say in my own defence—except that I didn't realise what I had done. And, of course, I wasn't sure—and at first I didn't want to find out. Then you, Miss Galbraith, in your angelic kindness to an outcast, gave me the glimmering hope of getting back to be something of what I had really once been—a gentleman and a man of honour. You seemed a type of Goddess to me—I reverenced and worshipped you; I shall always reverence you for what you did for me. But now I've got to make this awful confession to you—and to this other dear woman whom I love and whom I can never hope to win. The man whom I struck down with a tomahawk up there in the Yellaroi Range, and then ran away from like a cur through fear that I'd killed him—that man I've just lately learnt was your brother."

The two girls simply stared as if they had not taken in Wolfe's words.

"Don't you understand?" he exclaimed desperately. "It was your own brother!" Then, as they still stared in silence, "The brother that you would not speak of," he said, addressing Susan. "If you had, perhaps I should have known, and then I should have gone away at once most likely, and you would have heard of me no more. I did not know his real name—nobody does know anyone's real name on the diggings. I knew him just as Harry, the mate of a scoundrel called Flash Sam. It is only the other day that I learned who he was. My own mate wrote and told me at Townsville. He found it out through two men who were in the hut at the time, and who, it seems, applied the other day to your father's lawyer for a reward which he had offered for any information concerning your brother. I am trying to explain so that you may understand. But what do details matter? The fact is enough, and everything will be made clear soon. The police are after me. I got ahead of them by swimming a flooded river they wouldn't go into. But I meant to surrender and take my sentence, either for manslaughter or murder—whichever they bring it in. If the worst happens, it will only be a fitting finish to a blundering life. Only I felt that I must come here first, because there was my promise to you, and I wanted to give myself up to your father. It seemed only fair—

for you've both been so good to me and —and I wanted to thank you—if I may."

His voice broke in a groan. He had dragged himself closer to Susan and held out his hands, which were shaking. But Susan gave a smothered cry—she seemed unable to speak—and waved him aside with a shuddering gesture. She had covered her face, but in the fleeting glimpse Wolfe caught of it, he saw that the conflict of her scorn and tenderness was over. Her features had turned to a mask of stone. He looked distractedly from Susan to Oora. But even Oora made no sign. She, too, appeared horror-stricken, and an exclamation of despair came from the man.

"My God! What shall I do? It is more than I can bear."

He staggered towards his horse. But as he passed her, Oora put out her hands to him with a curious yearning murmur. Her limbs trembled, but otherwise she was calm. He caught her hands in his and the strange green eyes smiled faintly at him—the ghost of a smile, but one of steadfast sweetness.

"Courage! courage!" she whispered, "you are mine, remember. Fate gave me your life. I saved you on the sea, and if need be, I shall save you here in the bush. Harry isn't dead. I believe he is not far off. I was just now going to look for him. There has been some dreadful mistake about all this. Trust me to find it out, but don't give up hope."

'Thank heaven for those words," he returned; "thank heaven for your faith in me, Sea Witch. For now I know that in your heart of hearts you don't blame me. And, indeed, I am guiltless of intent, but what hope can there be, my dear? I—I killed him."

"You didn't," she cried. "It may have been someone else, but it was not Harry. Of that I am sure. Oh—I am sure now that my power of thought is coming back to me. You froze it just at first. Hold me—warm me—so that I can think the better. Hold me close to you."

She clung to him, trembling still, and shut her eyes, leaning against his breast. He folded his arms passionately around her, but there was the agony of a last farewell in his look. Neither of them noticed Susan, nor thought of her at this supreme moment of their lives. Oora's tremblings gradually ceased, and presently she began speaking in a rapid undertone. "Listen!" she said. "Some one has been wandering in the bush among the blacks. I heard it from one of them. They think it is Harry, and I am going—now, at once—to see him. It is not very far from here. Suppose you come with me. Then we can judge for ourselves what is the best thing to do." As Wolfe did not answer she looked up at him, wide-eyed and wonder ing. "Don't you see there is just a chance —and we had better take it," she said, raising her voice, "I meant to go in any case, but now we ought not to delay. Won't you come with me, or must I go alone?"

His arms tightened round her.

"My dearest! I would go with you to the end of the world, but—my life is forfeit. It would seem like running away—again."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "And if it were, I would help you to that too. We must find some means of escape out of this." Oora drew herself from his arms and pushed him a little away, while she turned hastily to Susan who, roused by her tone, had turned likewise and faced her with a strained look. She also began to speak, and Oora was silenced before the few white hot words that fell from her sister's dry lips.

"You want to help our brother's murderer to escape? You would do that! Little you care about finding Harry—except for the sake of this man. Ah! it is like you to think only of him. I thought I cared for him too, once," and Susan struck her hands passionately together, "but now—now—" she stopped chokingly. The words strangled her.

"Don't say any more, Su," muttered Oora pityingly. But Susan's control had broken down.

"Don't say any more!" she almost shrieked. "Leave you to ride off with him—to help him to escape from justice? But he shall not. You shall not. It is too cruel. You have no natural feelings. All that you think of is this

stranger—a man whom you scarcely know. You ought to be ashamed—Oora—you—who made love to him out in the sea. Oh! I know! You forget that I heard all your mad talk in the fever. It was *he* to whom you gave your charm—it was *he* who—oh! oh!" Susan was forced to stop again, her throat convulsed. She made a violent effort to regain some measure of calmness, and Oora looked on with growing impatience, while Wolfe tried not to overhear what passed between them.

"You must have had a secret meeting with this man at Acobarra," continued Susan. "Did he bring you back your chain? Did you lie to me about Brian? Brian could never have lent himself to anything false or dishonourable. He at least is true and good."

"Of course he is," put in Oora tolerantly. "But all that is nothing to what we have to consider now. Su, stop raving for a minute and listen to common sense."

"I have listened to enough to-day," said Susan, in chill disdain. "Do you understand that this man murdered our brother?"

"No, he did not," said Oora quickly. "Even if he had killed Harry, it wouldn't have been murder, for he never meant to do it. He struck at Harry in anger, because Harry insulted him—didn't he tell you that? It was an accident. But I tell you that Harry is not dead. I know it. Something inside me says so. It's a voice I sometimes hear; it very seldom speaks, but when it does, it is never wrong. I am going now to prove the truth of what I say. I shall ride as fast as I can, and I shall be back before midnight, maybe." She swung round and laid her hand on Wolfe's arm.

"Will you go with me—or not?"

"Certainly I shall go with you," he answered. "I cannot let you go alone."

"Good! Then we start at once."

She gave her own "coo-ee" and Pintpot immediately responded, appearing from within the curve of the gidya scrub with the two led horses.

"Stop along-a-track," commanded Oora. "I come." She turned to her sister. "Su, did you fetch me the brandy and things I asked you to get? I must not go without them."

"I gave them to Pintpot. They are in the pack," Susan answered still in chill resentment. It seemed to her that Oora was desperately wicked or else quite mad. But Oora did not care what she thought.

"You'll ride the horse I was taking to fetch Harry," she said to Wolfe. "The Outlaw is quite unfit for further work. We can put Harry on the pack-horse, and Pintpot can find his own way home. Come." But Wolfe was looking at Susan, and a spasm of intense commiseration suddenly contracted Oora's heart. She went up to her sister.

"Dear Su! Don't mourn for Harry as quite dead until we have made sure that he is. I don't think he can be myself, but at all events we shall know better in a few hours. Wish us luck—won't you?"

But Susan thrust the sympathetic hand away. She had sunk upon the ground and was crouching under a tree, the cold outline of her face as though carved in clay against its mottled trunk. Fearing another outbreak if she waited for her to speak, Oora dropped a light kiss upon the bent head and, gathering her habit together, scrambled up the bank towards Pintpot. Wolfe followed her. But just at the top where Pintpot held the horses, she stopped and turned. She had heard the sound of someone's tread, quick, brisk, and even. "Look!" she cried, and caught Wolfe's hand in hers.

Brian Cordeaux came down the track from the head station, looking trim and neat as was his wont. His alert eyes were glancing from side to side, but they did not see Oora and Wolfe, for they fell on Susan crouching by the tree. He hurried forward and knelt beside her while the pair beyond watched him. Very gently, very tenderly, with an inexpressibly sheltering motion, he bent over Susan, and she, becoming conscious of his presence, turned suddenly and flung herself into his arms, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"That's all right," said Oora, grimly setting her teeth. "Let 'em comfort each other. Now we'll ride for Harry's

life—and what is more to me—for yours."

Wolfe swung her into the saddle without a word, for it was not the time for endearments. Gipsy Girl was arching her perfect neck and curvetting to be off. She was a black mare of blood stock, and had won many bush races. Now, as Oora shook the reins out she sped off like an arrow through the creek and away over the undulating ground upon the opposite side. Wolfe had never asked Oora where she meant to go, but in a moment he had mounted and was after her, and through the endless lines of gums and bendee he followed, scarcely drawing breath, while Pintpot on the pack horse made the best speed he could in the rear.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A Western Harvest

By MYRA J. WILLSON

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This essay was written by a scholar in the Portage la Prairie High School in competition for a prize offered by THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for the best description of this typical feature of western life. A number of compositions were received, and this one was awarded the prize.

THE farmer had looked with prophetic eye at the swaying golden grain, spreading away in endless fields to left and right. For days he has been watching it, and now goes off to bed with his mind made up that they can't get that wheat down too soon.

Night closes in slowly, the setting sun spreads a rosy glow over the shimmering golden fields and tinges the whole sky with pale transparent pink and blue; fleecy white clouds float over the great fiery ball and soften the glare. Then it sinks below the horizon, drawing with it its shafts of glowing light and its trailing streamers of bright colour. The yellow grain looks duller as though bereft of its crown, but soon the moon rises and there is another coronation, tender and white and pure, symbolic of calmness and plenty and love. A great, calm peace settles over all the wide, wide prairie, which creeps into your soul, and here, where everything seems in harmony with God and Nature, you can bless and love all mankind, and thank the Great Creator for your life and your wonderful country.

It doesn't seem so very long before the great red sun appears above the eastern horizon. He has a soft spot in his warm red heart for this great wheatland, for he rushes back to it and by long, long days of light and warmth fills out the grain and makes the plump No. 1 hard wheat of Manitoba famous the world over. Now brightly he sheds his rays and, flinging his sunbeams over all the land, mingles them with the sunny glancings of the waving yellow sea, that stretches away, away across the prairie.

A diamond dewdrop marks each fairy's footprint where they danced in the moonlight over the nodding grain. This shines and glistens for a moment, when a sunbeam kisses it, then fades from sight. The birds begin to twitter and chirrup, a rooster crows. In the barn the horses stir around in their stalls. The flowers lift their faces to the sun and the trees nod and smile, sleeping Nature is awakened, and then "in less than a jiffy" the whole house and yard is stirring. The doors are thrown open and men are soon busy watering and feeding the stock. In the kitchen there is the hum and crackle of boiling and frying, the swish of skirts and the clatter of dishes.

Talk about the western farmer and his importance; if it were not for the western farmer's stirring wife and clever, hustling daughters affairs would not run as smoothly nor as well.

But very soon breakfast is on the table—

a great, long, wide table it is—with large, steaming dishes of porridge and potatoes, and meat, and maybe plates of hot buns or biscuits on it.

The men come in, and amidst their talk and banter wash themselves, with a great deal of splashing, in the basins on the back porch. There are ten in all; all, very nearly, sturdy sons of toil. Here is a young Englishman, just out, feeling very big and very superior because he has got such a good job in so short a time. He shrank from sleeping in the horse stable, but he was "simply dying" to be "western," and if it were "western" to sleep on the windmill, he would have done it in his present mood. He was very "cocky" just then, and was spouting his views on farming, harvesting and everything in general that he didn't know much about. Old German John eyed him with amusement and disdain, just as an old wise dog would watch the foolish performances of a very young puppy. So when the Englishman had for the tenth time that morning said: "Naow in the old country they, etc.," he turned with a grunt and went into the house. Soon they all followed, two young Ontario farmers, three Galicians, a sandy Scotchman, an Irishman, and the farmer and his son.

With a clatter of heels and scraping of chairs they seated themselves and "fell to" with a vengeance. All was still for about ten minutes, that is, voices were, knives and forks never paused for an instant. Toward the end of the meal the farmer said: "Well, boys, everything in trim?"

"Yes," they answer in chorus.

Then the Englishman chimes in with:

"Gad, you know naow, I think those horses would feel the heat. In London, don't you knaow, they have caps with wet sponges in them, ice cold, you knaow."

The farmer answers: "Oh, we've no need of that here!" and the men mutter in chuckling whispers: "Yes, you knaow, you can have the job of keeping the sponges wet."

"Needs a sponge himself," says another.

"I guess he will be puttin' a sponge in his own hat," cheerfully remarks another.

With this jolly banter they stroll out to the barn. The binders stand out in the yard. Four wonderful-looking machines, needing only the three-horse teams to fit them for the fray. The horses are driven out, sleek and trim-looking, and they start off with a clicking and a clattering. The German leads, then the farmer's son, then a Galician, then the Scotchman; soon a line of sheaves is lying on the ground, and the stookers quickly follow them up and leave behind them the thick, neat-looking stooks.

The binders clatter on, sheaves in plenty. The straw is tall and strong, the heads are heavy and nodding. Click, clack, clickety, clickety, clack. The binders roll on. The long whips crack, the horses switch their tails but never slacken their quick walking pace. The men follow, hot and perspiring. It is just as easy to tell the new men from the old by their clothes as by their work, for each beginner is "togged out" in bran new overalls, new sateen shirt, new cowhides, and new straw hats. The old hands are dressed in a miscellaneous assortment of half-worn-out trousers, patched shirts and disgracefully dirty and torn straw hats, brown faces and brown arms.

Round and round go the noisy binders, round and round follow the men, and behind them grows row after row of golden stooks, springing from the field of golden stubble. The sun shines brightly in a deep blue sky, and when an occasional fleecy white cloud floats over its broad face, a wavering inky shadow goes over the grain that is still standing. A fretwork of shadows, changing, shifting, broadening, narrowing, plays over the stubble.

"Begorra! but me stomach is sure stuck to me backbone," sighs the Irishman, with a hungry laugh. The men pause for an instant to wipe their faces with "astonishingly red handkerchiefs." When the dinner bell is heard, with thankful sighs they turn towards the house. The horses are put up and fed, and very soon there is again heard a great splashing on the back porch. Inside, boiling, frying, dishes rattling and the sound of hurrying, flurrying footsteps.

The men need no second word, but troop in and with as few words as possible are soon trying to get rid of that hungry

feeling. This healthy workingman's hunger quiets even the Englishman for a longer time than usual. His back is sore and his hands are blistered, he feels no interest in the "how" or the "why" of farming or harvesting methods. The uppermost thought in his mind is how to get through the afternoon without being "knocked up."

Heaping dishes of potatoes and a huge round of beef, pies, rhubarb, custard and raspberries disappear as if by magic. Glasses are replenished with milk, plates are refilled with bread and buns, and at last with a sigh of relief the farmer's wife sees them push back their chairs and prepare to go out again.

All through the meal the German has been casting amused and satisfied glances at the Englishman, but when he notices that with the disappearance of the beef and potatoes his spirits have risen, he gets up and with something between a chuckle and a grunt walks out. As he lights his pipe in the kitchen he slyly remarks to the farmer's wife: "You vant to have your sweet cream and your liniment ready vor Meester Algernon Augustus Theodore Sidney Ronald Egbert Vesternan when he says his "Now I lay me,' for he's the boy vat vill be sore this night." Then he strolls on out and stretches himself in the "bluff" for his "noonin'," while the horses feed. The other men come out in a minute or two, and "reckon" and surmise as to how much grain they have knocked down since morning. Poor Algernon Augustus Theodore, etc., lies apart from the rest, very quiet, very sad. But now, with a long-drawn sigh speaks. "Gad! I think, by the feel of me, that I have walked fifty miles and picked up one thousand sheaves of wheat. Wheat! Wheat! Oh, how I wish this human race had never taken a notion to bread!"

"Oh! buck up, old man, the worust is yet to come," cheerfully remarks the Irishman, rising.

Then back to work, the fresh horses are put on the binders, and they start off in the same order. By now the binders are away ahead of the stookers; long lines of sheaves lay upon the ground, emblems of beauty and power fallen to mere usefulness. The men work on steadily, vigorously, and gradually, slowly, gain on the binders.

At four o'clock they go in and again the importance of the farmer's wife is demonstrated in a very telling and beneficial way. No rest is taken this time, all hands rush back and the work goes on. Stooks spring up, swiftly followed by another and another, clouds begin to gather and all hands turn in to put up the sheaves that are already upon the ground. Thunder threatens, and they work swiftly. The farmer turns in, and by nine they have finished. With a partially calm heart the farmer, followed by the men, walks slowly into the house. At the door the farmer turns for one more last look at the sky and notices that the clouds are clearing away and drifting eastward. So with a lighter heart he eats his supper. The men were too tired to wash well, so around the generously spread, lamp-lit table there are seated many grimy faces. The Englishman is thoroughly squelched, and eats in silence. When the meal is finished they file out and before very long are rolled in their blankets, comfortably snoring and dreaming of a country where the sun never sets, and they cut wheat all the year round. In the kitchen the prime movers work on washing dishes, straightening up and getting things ready for morning.

Everything stirs out doors from early morning until dark. Everything stirs indoors from dawn until long after the tired men are sound asleep, and when the women go to bed 'tis very often quite near to the next day.

Out in the moonlight the fairies are dancing over the nodding heads of grain; they do not dream that very soon they will come to dance and find their dancing floor all gone. The wind rises and moans through the bluff around the house, moans in sorrow for the fairies, moans at the downfall of the proudly swaying golden grain. Then at sight of a bright light dawning in the east the little elves skip away and hide themselves.

One day follows another very much the same as the last, only each day brings them nearer the end, nearer the threshing, nearer seeing the results of their

labours. The farmer looks benign and happy. No storm has come to beat the heavy heads to earth, no hail.

The last day comes around. There is just about an easy day's work yet to do, but what great black clouds roll up before the sun! The thunder grumbles and growls, then rolls across the sky with the noise of one thousand horsemen crossing a bridge. Every man is rushed out. The binders go round and round, quickly and steadily leaving sheaves in plenty behind, separate sheaves for only a minute, soon all in stooks.

As the first great drops fall the men turn from the fields toward the distant barn with a wave and a shout. "All's well; let her come now!" says the farmer. Binders are rushed into sheds, horses into stables, the men are drenched and dripping when they reach a place of shelter, but this is soon remedied and soon all are dry.

"Well, sir, that little spurt just saved me about one hundred and eighty dollars," says the farmer with a satisfied smile on his face. "We will consider it a day's work."

The stooks stood for a couple of days, and then one evening at dark up the land comes the puffing engine, and trailing on behind the long, flat-sides red separator and the water tank and caboose. The engineer and fireman, black and greasy, stop to speak to the farmer, then they all go on out to the clear space in the field and set up the machine.

In the grey dawn of the next morning the black figures of the engineer and fireman may be seen busy about the machine. As soon as they have eaten their early breakfast, things are put in full swing. Four teams draw the sheaves to the machine, one man feeds, two teams haul the grain away from the machine to the granary, three or four men are on the stack and four or five in the field loading.

The first team drives up with its load of sheaves to satisfy the insatiable hunger of this red monster. As soon as the first is emptied another drives up and round and round they go, never pausing, never stopping until the shrill steam whistle of the engine announces dinner. Black and grimy the men slip down from the stack. The horses are unhitched, the steam is turned off, the straw fire banked up, and the men troop to the house where the long table fairly groans with its weight of substantial things to eat. With very little ceremony the men all get a seat and then it's every man for himself. The farmer's wife and her helpers hurry and scurry from kitchen to table and back, never pausing, never resting.

This goes on for a week or maybe two weeks. In the house nothing but baking, meals, and dishes; meals, dishes, and baking. Outside, hauling, threshing, firing, drawing water, feeding engine and separator, and drawing grain away. The yield is averaging twenty-eight bushels to the acre, and that is a fair paying yield.

The children revel in the sport; they examine the engine in the noon hour, they slide in the straw and romp, they ride in the waggons and on the tank, they get their eyes full of dirt, and through it all chew wheat.

It is evening again, the pale yellow harvest moon shines again in the same old way, on the same old field, but what a difference! The great monster that has caused this devastation looms black in the night, and far to the right of it and far to the left stretches the fields clearer than the virgin prairie. No wheat swaying and nodding in the pale, shimmering light, no sheaf, no stook, just clear distance of yellow, glittering stubble.

From the sombre shadows of the straw stack a weird chanting song floats out on the still grey night. The Galicians are chanting their evening hymn. The song rises and falls and drifts away into the darkness, weird and fascinating; a cloud drifts over the moon, and all is still.

Some Sidelights on the Life and Character of Benjamin Franklin

By REV. R. F. DIXON

IT has always been my conviction that Franklin, though probably all round the ablest man born on this continent, and next to George Washington, undoubtedly the most influential actor in the American Revolution, was not a man of a high type of character. He was strong-minded, but not high-minded. There was an ineradicable vein of trickery in him, which was continually cropping out. George Washington, on the other hand, though nothing wonderful in the matter of ability, and in mere cleverness outclassed by at least half a dozen of his associates, including his rival, the so-called "traitor" Arnold, was always, everywhere, and with all men, emphatically a high-minded man. Without the moral force of Washington's character behind it, the Revolution could hardly have been accomplished. It was only Washington's personality which prevented the innumerable dissensions that raged among the Republicans from coming to a head, and producing a fatal cleavage. Amid all the plotting and counter-plotting, the mean and underhand caballing, and sordid scheming that went on among the "patriots," he alone remained unsullied, trusted, and trusty. Everyone was so firmly convinced of his absolute integrity and nobility of character, that faction was silenced in his presence. He became a rallying point for every section. He held things together, which, thanks to the imbecility of the British generals who could not profit by their repeated victories or the mistakes of the enemy, was all that was needed. His character was the keystone of the arch, whose displacement would have reduced the whole edifice to a heap of ruins.

There is no finer instance in history of the superiority of character over mere cleverness, than the final triumph of the American Revolution, or a more striking illustration of the saying, that men are great rather by what they are than by what they do.

On the other hand, I cannot divest myself of the conviction that Franklin, with all his wonderful force and genius, was morally of the earth, earthy. He was undoubtedly capable of rising at times to a certain height of public-spiritedness; he was a man of immense moral courage; he was not lacking in benevolent instincts; he could stand by a friend; but, I repeat, he was not a high-minded man, and morally unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath with George Washington, who is the only heroic figure in the American Revolution. Franklin's private morals, again, at all events in his young days, were somewhat disreputable, and probably never entirely above suspicion. And then while Washington was always and everywhere the gentleman in every fibre, Franklin, with all his wide experience of courts and celebrities, never was and never could be.

These impressions have been recently intensified on my own part by the perusal of a long-forgotten work, entitled "Boucher's View of the American Revolution," published in 1797, consisting of thirteen sermons preached by Rev. Jonathan Boucher, an Ante-Revolutionary Virginian rector, on public questions covering a period of about fifteen years (1760-75).

Boucher, who was a native of the county of Cumberland, Eng., came to Virginia about the middle of the century to engage in teaching. For some years, he was tutor to George Washington's step-children, and became his warm and intimate personal friend. He took a very prominent part in the controversy which preceded the actual rupture between the colonies and the mother country, and though a fearless and outspoken opponent, was broad-minded and honest enough to perceive and censure the mis-

takes of the Home authorities. He is said to have officiated for months with loaded pistols on his desk, and to have prayed on one occasion for King George under the loaded muskets of the rebels at the risk of his life. In 1775, his church at Queen Anne's, in Prince George county, was forcibly closed, and he returned to England, where he was subsequently appointed vicar of Epsom. He died there in 1807.

The sermons are prefaced by certain general reflections on the causes of the American Revolution, and are dedicated in very cordial terms to "George Washington, Esquire, of Mount Vernon, in the county of Fairfax, Virginia." Though in some cases disguised in Biblical phraseology, these sermons all treat of public questions, of which the following examples of subjects may be given: "On the Treaty of Peace of 1763" (the first Treaty of Paris and the cession of Canada), "On the strife between Abram and Lot," "On the character of Absalom," "On the disputes between the Israelites and the two tribes and a half," "On civil liberty, passive obedience, and non-resistance." These sermons, as was characteristic of those leisurely times, are prodigiously lengthy, and must have occupied at least an hour and a half in delivery, and with notes, dedication, appendices, and preface, form a goodly volume, each sermon in length being equal to a modern pamphlet. They are what we may call "massive" discourses and display great learning, a wide and close acquaintance with the classical writers, a profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, as well as a keen and intelligent apprehension of the public questions of the day. Although the author makes no attempt to disguise his intense disapproval of the course pursued by the malcontents, the tone of the sermons is remarkably moderate, for those times, at all events.

The allusions to Franklin are to be found in the notes and appendices, and are characterised by a directness and assurance which, in a writer of Boucher's manifest honesty and fairmindedness, render them, to say the least, well worthy of a very respectful hearing. The appendix, by the way, follows the sermons on "Absalom and Ahitophel." Boucher had been accused of fitting the character of Ahitophel (the seducer of Absalom) on Franklin. In the appendix, he denies any special intention of doing this, but adds that he cannot deny a striking resemblance between Ahitophel and Franklin. He then proceeds to show up the "Doctor," as he appears to have been very generally called.

That he was an unblushing plagiarist is, I suppose, very generally known. I need not therefore reproduce the celebrated epitaph named by himself "The author's epitaph on himself," which was simply a translation from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1763, and, which, if I am not mistaken, now appears on his tomb.

Boucher exposes another flagrant instance of the same failing from Franklin's published works entitled "A Parable Against Persecution," which he shows, by parallel quotations, was undoubtedly borrowed from a sermon of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

Of his political career, our author speaks with even greater severity. To quote his words:

"In the affair of the Stamp Act, the duplicity of his character became still more manifest. There is as good evidence as such a case will admit of, that the idea of raising a revenue by means of a stamp duty originated with him. He certainly spoke of such an Act, as likely to take place, long before it did take place. With the promoters of the Stamp Act he had interest enough to procure the nomination of two of the stamp masters, notwithstanding that in America he opposed the Act with all his might."

After an allusion to his little affair with the Post Office Department, and his severe cross-examination by Wedderburn, which doubtless is an old story to nine-tenths of our readers, Boucher continues:

"In this irritated and vindictive state of mind, he left England and returned to America. It was said at the time that the moment that he set his foot on shore, he drew his sword. This was

done to show the people in what temper he returned to them. But in their reception of him there was no appearance of that ardour of affection which they afterwards officiously displayed. This coolness was attributed to their then suspecting that he could be true to no cause, and that, therefore, if he joined the advocates for hostilities, it would probably be with a view of betraying them. He was much affected by these suspicions, and for some time hesitated to which party he should attach himself. For many days this point was warmly debated between him and two near and dear friends, who are still living, and who, it is hoped, will leave behind them, if it should still be thought right to forbear publishing in their lifetime, some account of this and other interesting transactions. Resentment prevailed; every other argument was parried. It was some time before he gained the entire confidence of his countrymen. . . . . There was a littleness or meanness of mind in his paltry sneer when, on the dismemberment of the Empire, he observed that the world had now a practical demonstration of the way in which a great empire could be reduced to a small one. . . . Of the same case was his making a point of signing the preliminaries of peace in the same coat which he wore when he was affronted at the bar of the Privy Council."

Of his electrical researches and inventions, Boucher speaks in another part of this appendix: "Franklin's enemies, however bitter, have seldom been found so wanting in truth and justice as to deny him great merit in his philosophical character. It was in Philadelphia chiefly, if not wholly, that he was charged with having stolen from an Irish gentleman of the name of Kinnersley many of his useful discoveries respecting electricity."

The truth of the matter is that Franklin is one of those men who have been canonised by success. He took a very prominent part, Boucher thinks the most prominent part, in the establishment of the United States, which has turned out to be such a gigantic affair that posterity has lost the true perspective. The actors in what has eventually proved to be one of the greatest of all historical dramas, have therefore assumed proportions, and have been invested with qualities, if not mythical, at all events, hugely exaggerated. Franklin, as one of the chief founders of a nation that promises to become one of the greatest in the history of mankind, shines with a borrowed lustre. He has "grown with the country."

Ready as I am to admit his remarkable ability, and his many minor good qualities, benevolence, zeal for education, a certain public-spiritedness, a strong sense of humour, he is not the stuff that real heroes are made of, and alongside the figure of George Washington, towering in lonely grandeur, he makes a poor appearance.

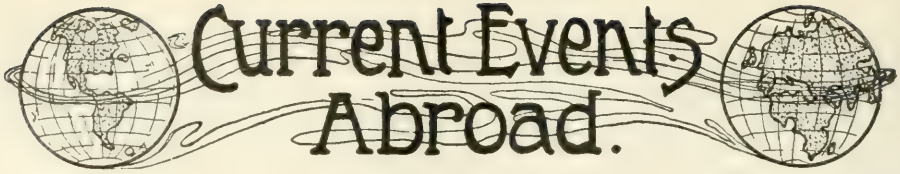
Thoughtlessness

BY DONALD A. FRASER

ONE strained to reach a shining height,
But perished e'er he could attain;
Another o'er his levelled corse
Stretched out his hand; but stretched in vain.

On, on they thronged to gain the goal;
One fails; another follows fast;
His clay but swells the pile that brings
The next still nearer than the last.

Now one arrives, who mounts the heap
And with a bound the height is won;
Then, thoughtless, proud, erect, he cries:
"O World, behold what *I* have done!"



THE readers of "Harper's Weekly" do not often find in that stimulating journal a more candid and refreshing article than the discussion, "Shall We Meddle With Cuba?" by Rupert Hughes. He brings the great American Republic to time in a fashion that may take Uncle Sam's breath away, for that worthy is so accustomed to Fourth-of-July oratory that it is difficult for him to realise that there ever was a time when the American colonies or people were little and unknown.

Of the indifference of the United States to the infant efforts of new republics, Mr. Hughes says: "About the most unbeautiful thing in the general frame of American opinion is its contempt for small republics struggling with internal troubles. When the French people threw off monarchy in their Revolution, they offered their aid to any other people of the same ambition. The first thing our infant nation did was to refuse aid to the French Republic. It was prudent, but it was not pretty.

"On every possible occasion citizens of the United States talk gravely of the necessity of our intervening to save Cuba from internal dissension, as if we had never been small, and as if we Anglo-Saxons had never known what internal dissension and insurrection meant. It has a certain similarity to our pharisaic attitude towards Russia; we caricature her alleged fondness for assassination, in spite of the fact that, in the last half-century, we have had three Presidents assassinated, while they have so lost but one Czar."

Mr. Hughes proceeds to remind his fellow-countrymen of the similarities in the histories of the two countries, which are "eloquently numerous." Canadians who know what their U. E. Loyalist forefathers suffered will be delighted to find an American writer making such frank admissions as these: "When the thirteen colonies revolted, they contained only three million souls, of whom fully one-third, and those chiefly of the upper classes, were opposed to independence, and gave support and comfort to the home government, for which they endured from their more patriotic neighbours much hanging and maltreatment during the war, and wholesale confiscation and exile afterward. Read Jones's *History of New York* on the sufferings of the loyalists and it will open certain eyes.

"Cuba's war for independence would probably have failed without the intervention of the United States. But so our Revolution, which lasted seven years, would certainly have failed without the aid of France. Think of Yorktown with the French fleet away! Think of the absolute salvation that the French money rendered our pitiful treasury, and the refuge French ports gave to our privateers, like Paul Jones!"

The writer rebukes the Americans for their ridicule of the Cuban army because of its smallness, its raggedness, its extreme mobility amounting to timidity, and shows an inconvenient memory for his country's exhibition of the same defects.

"When, on Christmas eve, Washington surprised the Hessians at Trenton, his barefoot soldiers left bloody footprints on the snow, as later at Valley Forge. Yet our satirists used to laugh at the Cuban armies barefooted in the tropics.

"The morale of the army was often as bad as that of the Cubans at its worst. Burgoyne drove the Americans back at all points till he finally got too far from his base and allowed himself to be surrounded. He surrendered 5,000 men,

but the army that captured him numbered 18,000 men. At Camden, under the command of the same General Gates, our troops, far outnumbering the British, were routed shamefully at the first volley and ran till they dropped of exhaustion.

"Yet somehow they managed to 'rub through' till England's other interests forced her to give up. Then did peace settle down? Not to any noticeable extent. There were the Tories to pay up. At least 30,000 were forced into Canada. Then came the struggle with internal affairs; there were five years of a chaos which John Fiske called 'the most critical period in all the history of the American people.' . . . Europe looked on in contempt, and prophesied doom far more positively than it is now prophesied of Cuba."

TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree-trunk*): "Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*): "Father! I kannot tel a li. I did it with my litl ax."

FATHER TIME: "Ah well! Boys will be boys!"—*Punch*.

Assuredly the writer of this article multiplies instances to convince the people of the United States that they should not feel ultra-critical of Cuba's comic-opera government. A Canadian who has read the accounts given by American school histories of the War of 1812 can recall his irritation by the said historian's failure to chronicle the small affair at Queenston Heights and other events in which the American forces were not brilliantly successful. But Mr. Hughes makes handsome amends in this manly style: "I remember being taught in school that we won the War of 1812 gloriously. I remember my dismay on finding the true details; there was a land campaign in which cowardice vied with inefficiency in attaining the sublime, in which our capital was captured by the British, and in which the only respectable victory, that at New Orleans, was won after a treaty in which we dared not insist on the very subject for which we went to war. The naval history is brighter in splendid duels, but we are apt to forget that in September, 1814, we had not a single vessel on the sea—every one being captured, sunk or blockaded in port." The Canadian reader

AUSTRALIA AND THE FLESHPOTS.

"You ask that I shall show no preference to my own flesh and blood! My nature is somewhat different."—*Britannia.*

may question Mr. Hughes's remarks about the "indignities suffered from British ships" and the propriety of the description "shamefully delayed" war. England was in the last grapple with Napoleon and the Orders-in-Council, so obnoxious to the Americans, had been repealed.

It is with some searching of heart that we read such a paragraph as this: "One even hears fellow-citizens talking about graft in Cuba's politics, about the self-seeking of certain of her statesmen, about the bitterness of her party rivalries. It is hardly worth while to mention our own reputation in this respect. Our politics has always been a source of shame to ourselves and a consolation to foreign monarchies. There never has been a time when our political life has not given off a bad smell; and a foreign Diogenes would begrudge us even a swing of his lantern." The citizen of our own Dominion is not in a position at present to assume an "I-am-holier-than-thou" expression, and invite Diogenes to a place as a Commissioner. Mr. Hughes, however, makes it abundantly evident that Uncle Sam is not needed as a political purifier in Cuba. The conclusion of the whole matter is in a tone of sincere and searching patriotism. "Now, let all that I have written be understood as it is meant. It comes from a patriot who would rather be a citizen of the United States to-day than of any other nation in history, and who is keenly alive to the marvels of ancestral and contemporary achievements. I have purposely selected only the bad in our annals, because the meddlers with Cuba select only the bad in her history. She also has had ideals, has had martyrs, has mustered her armies and endured poverty, exile, shame, defeat, and the problems that follow victory. She has her noble men to-day as we have ours. If she has also evil men and serious dilemmas, so have we had them—in full measure. As we have

resented and do resent outside interference or even advice, let us not force them on others. There are enough blotches on our escutcheon without adding the names of busybody, hypocrite, and bully."

When one considers how the dear public exults in reading about "how great we are," and resents anything in the form of discriminating judgment, the words of Mr. Hughes must be regarded as those of a brave man, who has the courage of his criticisms.

KING EDWARD AS FAUST.

MARGUERITE (*Germany*) : "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me. . .

(From the garden scene in "Faust.")

—*Kladderadatsch* of Berlin.

The Australian Government, having negotiated a preferential arrangement with New Zealand, has given a preference to the Mother Country without any understanding as to favours to be returned. There is a generous abandon about this policy which may be embarrassing to the Radical friends at "home." An English authority comments: "Possibly the fact that the great self-governing colonies are keen to enter into special fiscal arrangements among themselves, whilst Great Britain remains out in the cold, may bring even the benighted Free Importer in time to understand realities. Every year the country is throwing away commercial chances of the first magnitude by its rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's policy." The attitude of Canada and Australia towards Great Britain, in the matter of fiscal arrangements, is not affected by party questions in the Mother Country. The self-governing colonies pay comparatively little heed to political ups-and-downs in Great Britain, and would offer the same preference to a Radical as to a Tariff Reformer. A speaker in the British House of Commons recently declared that foreign policy had been removed entirely from the realm of party politics, and further, that the Empire could not continue unless it was held together by some bond, and there were only two—mutual profit and mutual sacrifice.

The recent celebration by Aberdeen University of its fourth centenary has been marked by interesting and unusual features. That large-hearted Scottish-Canadian, Lord Strathcona gave a monster banquet to the poor of the city, and contributed in every way in his power to the success of what proved a notable gathering. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present at the opening of the new buildings erected by the subscriptions of Aberdonians. There were representatives from the educational institutions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Malta, India, the United States, France, Germany, and other foreign countries. The Scottish University has always been an institution of strong individual qualities, retaining, like the country, a certain pride in its aloofness. It has always had a strong hold on the people, and has been the ambition of the poor boy rather than the rich. The son of the shepherd and the son of the crofter have found their way, by sternest self-denial, to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, thereby giving Ian MacLaren abundant material for "A Lad o' Pairts." There must have been many a "Domsie" in that gathering at Aberdeen, gazing with bashful pride at "laddies" from the ends of the Empire who have shown that the lessons taught in the old school-house were not learned in vain.

WITH magic colour the forest glows,
Fit for a pageant fair;
Gold and scarlet, ruby and rose,
Bright as a bugle's blare;
Sky and river and woodland shine,—
But chill is the wind that sways the vine,
And the frost no bloom shall spare.

The dark days come and the bitter chill
Whispers the word, "Good-night";
Winter lurks by the lonely hill,
Wrapped in his robe of white.
Soon, ah, soon, he shall banish far
Forest-beacon and blossom-star,—
But a dream defies his might!

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

IN THE WANING YEAR

WHEN we read the poetry of Bliss Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, Theodore Roberts and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, it is easy to see how these poets of the sea province have felt and expressed the beauty of autumn. Victoria and Vancouver may know all the delicate enchantment of an English spring in the west, but for Eastern Canada, the months when we behold what Bliss Carman calls "the scarlet of the year," are those which illumine the calendar. Professor Roberts makes no secret of his preference for the glowing season when, in his poem, "To Winter," he turns from ice-bound lakes and streams to long for "the Autumn's ripe fulfilling." In the dainty book, "Dream Verses," by his sister, there are many lines that show the writer's sympathy and kinship with Nature; but those that are most easily remembered tell of the year's later glories, as when we are assured:

"Something that the frost foretells,
Something that the woods forebode,
Waits us where the sumach looms
Rich in glories and in glooms,
Down the dreary road."

COUNT TOLSTOY ON "WOMAN'S MISSION"

WHEN Tolstoy becomes hysterical he is worse than any Ladies' Seminary in an attack of shrieking or giggles. Just now he is exercised about what is called the woman's movement, and has been expressing himself direfully in the *Fortnightly Review* on the troublesome subject. Among other wise remarks we find the following: "Men cannot accomplish that highest and best work which brings them nearest to God—the work of love, of complete self-surrender to the one loved, which good women have done so well and, naturally, are doing, and will always do. Without such women life on earth would be poor indeed. . . . There would not be those thousands and thousands unknown, and, like all that is unknown, the very best women, consolers of drunken, weak and dissolute men, who are more than anyone else in need of the consolations of love."

The feminine reader of this remarkable outburst may consider that to be the "consoler of drunken, weak and dissolute men," is to play a part that is neither dignified nor becoming. To be an amateurish gold cure is not satisfying to the average maiden's ambition. There really is no "woman's question," in the sense of considering whether the feminine portion of humanity is sufficiently devoted to the joys of home. The vast majority of women will always prefer domestic life to the studio, the stage, the office or the dissecting-room. But let the minority go on its way in search of a "career," and wish the artist, the novelist, the nurse, or the actress, the best of luck. Even in these active days, the bride still receives the most sincere attention and the choicest

of our roses. There is no danger of Cupid being frozen out of the modern woman's heart, but, thanks to the ease with which the girl of to-day may obtain equipment for her chosen calling, she is not forced, as our grandmothers sometimes were, into becoming the "consoler of drunken, weak and dissolute men," because, forsooth, they were not allowed to do anything so unwomanly as support themselves. This is a more sensible and wideawake age, in which a woman has a higher ideal of the manhood which she is to love and honour, than the drunken and dissolute creature whom Tolstoy seems to consider it her privilege to console. Ruskin has a purer conception of modern knighthood. Horrible thought! Can the democratic Count have written these lamentations under vodka inspiration?

An English reviewer takes him to task in this wise: "What nonsense the dear old prophet of Yasnia Poliana sometimes talks! As if allowing women liberty to pursue their natural bent, untrammelled by male interdicts, would impair their capacity to accomplish the work of love! If the power of woman is so important, great and irreplaceable, as I agree it is, why deprive any department of human life of its beneficent influence?" If we are to take the heroines of Tolstoy fiction as the novelist's ideal women, he is to be pitied for the conception he has formed of feminine qualities and capabilities.

AT VICTORIA FALLS

CANADIANS are so familiar with the wonders of Niagara that they are apt to forget there are cataracts in other parts of the world. In *The Empire Review*, Gertrude Page has written a series of letters, "Farm-Life of Rhodesia," of which the concluding number tells of a visit to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. It is interesting to compare this description with the surroundings of our own great falls: "There is something splendid about the spray itself, with its exquisite rainbows, and it continually blows to one side or another, revealing marvellous glimpses at unexpected moments. Then the Rainy Forest is so beautiful at this time. One gets wet through and through without oilskins (which are always procurable at the hotel for those who can be bothered with them), but the forest itself amply repays any wetting. The ferns and foliage are exquisite, and the effect of baby rainbows among the trees and playing round one's feet, is enthralling. These tiny rainbows, or rainbows in assorted sizes, are everywhere—above your head, round your feet, in the foreground and in the background—and they are perfect in symmetry and colour, occasionally forming complete circles. During the summer the forest is gay with orchids and other flowers, but I cannot think they please quite as much as the rainbows. One can see orchids growing wild in many districts, but never, at any time or place, have I seen baby-rainbows disporting themselves among trees and ferns." So far as rainbows go, the African cataract seems to be more brilliantly equipped than Niagara. It is to be hoped that the "eighth wonder" will never be so despoiled by commercialists and monopolists as has been the fate of the great falls of this continent.

The writer's description of farm-life in Rhodesia is not alluring, and as one reads of poor crops, horse-sickness and blackwater fever, one thinks with grateful pride of our wonderful West and fertile Ontario, and cannot be anything but sympathetic when Mrs. Page sighs: "Again I say, poor Rhodesia! Wild beasts, blights, diseases, unscrupulous financiers—what has she not persistently to contend against?" In Canada, on the contrary, the wild animals we have known are rapidly disappearing, blights are infrequent, we have our own share of the "white plague," while concerning unscrupulous financiers, of course, we care to make few comments. Rhodesia is welcome to a few of our captains of industry.

But it is curious how fond we become of a country where we have made our very own home, at the cost of toil and suffering The writer concludes: "So good-bye, Rhodesia—brave, unlucky, tormented little country—I shall think of you often in the far island home—yearn-

ing at any rate, I haven't a doubt, for some of your glorious sunshine, and ready enough to come back, as all the rest are, after six or nine months of idling. You haven't been over-kind to me—but what of it? I wish you well—I almost love you—I will certainly, if opportunity arises, endeavour to be your champion through thick and thin."

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S BETROTHAL

THE announcement that Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, is to become the wife of Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, only brother of Emperor Nicholas, has been received with more interest than such a bit of royal news usually creates. Aside from the international significance of such an alliance Princess Patricia herself is much more interesting than most young persons of her rank. She is decidedly pretty, which is more than can be said for her sister, the wife of the heir presumptive to the Swedish throne, or for her cousin Princess Ena, now Queen Victoria of Spain. In addition to her charms of person, she has a brightness of disposition and a vivacity of manner that have made her generally popular, especially in Ireland, where a smile and a *bon mot* go a long way. Perhaps the fairies of the Land of the Shamrock have been unusually benevolent to this English princess with the Irish name, for she was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1886, and is said to be proud of the nickname, "Princess Pat."

But to be the wife of a Russian Grand Duke is not, in the present crisis, an enviable lot. The poor little Spanish bride had a tragical wedding-day, but her cousin will go to a country over which the darkest clouds hover, and the best of good wishes that England can give will seem but a mockery. She is the first cousin of the Czarina, who is a daughter of England's beloved Princess Alice, and her presence in Russia will make another strand in the bond that certain statesmen are anxious to make between Russia and England. During recent years, the members of the Connaught family have travelled somewhat extensively in the British Empire. Last year Prince Arthur, Princess Patricia's only brother, made a Canadian tour, and there is a rumour that his distinguished father, who has been here more than once, will visit Canada again next year.

THE SUFFRAGETTES

ONCE more the voice of the suffragette is heard in England, for the erstwhile imprisoned agitators are at liberty, and are making the most of their self-incurred martyrdom · Those who believe firmly in woman exercising the franchise are not at all united in admiration of these strenuous sisters. No good is done to such a cause by performances that are of the fishwife class, and that place the perpetrators on a level with the shrews of the police court. Woman is not going to secure a vote by using fierce epithets and swinging a bludgeon. The truth of the matter is, that not many women are desirous of voting. When the majority of the gentle (occasionally) sex really wish to vote, they will have ballots in a very short time, for women always get what they sincerely and ardently desire. Let the fighting Englishwomen endeavour to influence their own sex, instead of badgering the Right Honourable H. H. Asquith, and ringing his doorbell in a perfectly unladylike way. In the meantime, an English exchange informs us that a society has been formed "to keep women in their proper place." This, the chairman explained, was the home circle. The really interesting speculation, as the *Westminster Gazette* observes, "is to consider what the wives of these demonstrators said to them when they got home."

WHEN MARY ANN DISAPPEARS

THERE is one way of dealing with the servant problem—by the process of eliminating the servant and "doing the work alone." In an English home magazine, there is a description of how many American women of refinement and social aspirations manage to dispense with the services of cook and housemaid. But it is admitted that these servantless American households have conveniences of

which the Englishwoman knows very little. Also, the prevalence of "tinned food" is mentioned, and one shivers at the thought of Chicago pressed chicken. But the writer of the article is doubtful as to the success of "being your own domestic" in England, and concludes with the reflection:

"Whether the American woman who combines the duties of wife, mother, nurse, cook, housemaid, club-woman, washer-woman, student of Greek, musician and what-not, becomes thus a queen or a mere drudge, is a question for dispute. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that she is more drudge than queen, and not by any means to be envied by her English cousins, who think they have a servant problem, and are desirous of knowing how the American woman manages to do her own housework, and so rid herself of the annoyances that help to make miserable the English life."

The servantless households are probably found in the West, where the demands of social life are not complex. But modern women seem to be divided into two camps—those who have too much work, and those for whose idle hands the "smart set" finds some mischief to do. The worn-out woman and she who is suffering from ennui alike end in the rest cure. In the meanwhile, most of us can appreciate the feelings of the old woman who had borne other people's burdens all her life, and who announced on her death-bed: "Dear friends, I am going to do nothing forever and ever."

DRIVING!

Miss Mabel Thomson of St. John, N.B., winner of Golf Championship

WHERE MAN FALTERS

A REVIEWER recently said that a woman writer was never happy unless she represented men as slapping each other on the back and addressing each other as "old chap." There is a certain hesitancy, when a woman novelist plunges two men into a confidential conversation. But the weak point of the man's story is where he ventures to describe the heroine's gown. Reference has been made before to Miss Myrtle Reed's clever article on the subject, and these further remarks are worthy of notice:

"In 'The Story of Eva,' Mr. Payne announces that Eva climbed out of a cab in 'a fawn-coloured jacket' conspicuous by reason of its newness, and a hat 'with an owl's head on it.' The jacket was probably a coat of tan covert cloth with strapped seams, but it is the startling climax which claims attention.

"An owl? Surely not, Mr. Payne! It may have been a parrot, for once upon a time, before the Audubon society met with widespread recognition, women wore such things, and at afternoon teas, where many fair ones were gathered together, the parrot garniture was not without significance. But an owl's face, with its staring, glassy eyes, is too much like a pussy cat's to be appropriate, and one could not wear it at the back without conveying an unpleasant impression of two-facedness, if the coined word be permissible."

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

SOME years ago, I was instrumental in having inserted in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal* and other papers, millionaire and politician. In that article it was pointed out that this was a most dangerous man—dangerous to the United States and dangerous to Canada. He was, and is, the arch-advocate in favour of the annexation of this country to the Republic.

Since then, Mr. Hearst has been a candidate for the position of mayor of New York City, and he came within a few votes of being elected. Now he is the candidate of the Democratic party for the governorship of New York State. Should he succeed he will be an opponent of W. J. Bryan for the Democratic nomination for President. Here is a man who is worth watching.

Mr. Hearst's power rests on inherited millions, on the ownership of several large and successful newspapers, on ability to surround himself with strong men, and on nerve. His ambition knows no moral responsibility apparently, and he is as licentious in his political warfare as he has been in his private life and in his journalistic career. He is a modern buccaneer, with many of the qualities of a popular leader.

In a speech in Brooklyn the other evening, his opponent, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, exclaimed: "We do not want government by headlines!" The phrase is worthy of contemplation. Mr. Hearst's power over the people has been due to his quickness in recognising that the people of the United States can be governed by headlines—they are to-day. With the majority, argument and reason are of little avail. They take their impressions from the big type at the top of the page. Hearst cares not who makes the arguments, so long as he makes the headlines.

In Canada, government by headlines is speedily coming in. The editorial is

THE TORONTO AUTOMOBILE CLUB GATHERS THE ORPHANS OF THE CITY FOR A DAY'S FUN—THE RENDEZVOUS IN QUEEN'S PARK

THE CLUB ARRIVES AT THE EXHIBITION GROUND

receding before the headline. It has been well exemplified in the Insurance investigation reports. When the Canada Life was being invested, the papers friendly to Senator Cox wrote headlines which indicated how well he came through the investigations; those which were unfriendly, took the opposite course. The evidence was practically the same. So when the Foresters were being investigated, the headlines were mainly for Dr. Oronhyatekha, and a very favourable impression was created throughout the country. When it came to the Union Trust Co. and Mr. Foster, the newspapers were less unanimous. The Liberal newspapers showed how wicked he had been; while the Conservative papers were more judicial. The headlines were quite different. It does not matter for the sake of this argument whether or not these gentlemen came through the ordeal with or without honours; all that I am pointing out is that the impression created in the mind of the unprejudiced observer by the evidence may or may not have been reflected in the headlines.

Another thing pointed out by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hearst's opponent in New York State, was the foolishness of the cry, "Down with the Corporations." All the railways, banks, life insurance businesses, trust companies and most mercantile concerns, are controlled by corporations. The most significant feature of business development is the corporation. To abolish it, is to abolish much of private enterprise and to introduce general state-ownership. The world is not prepared for that, and the corporations must stay.

The aim of the genuine reformer is not to abolish corporations, but to curb the abuse of their privileges. The laws under which corporations act should be made as strict as may be necessary and should be properly enforced. If a director of an insurance or other corporation betrays his trust, let him be punished. There are dozens of them in Canada who should be punished—and yet will likely escape. It is an enforcement of the law regarding corporations, not abolition, which is required. The Attorney-General of On-

DISTRIBUTING SOUVENIRS AFTER THE DAY'S SPORT WAS OVER

tario is seeking to punish London voters who accepted $10 each for their votes; that is good. Will he also prosecute the men who, being directors in several large companies, used their positions to their private profits? What about these men who have become unreasonably wealthy through the control of the funds of insurance companies and banks?

It is the director who requires regulation and discipline, not the corporation. The thinkers should insist on this and see that demagogic politicians and journalists do not throw dust in the eyes of the uninformed public.

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It is becoming more and more evident that a tax on the bank-note circulation would be a good tax. That is, it would be a tax which would come out of bank profits, and would not seriously hamper any business or any set of investors. Bank profits are large, larger than in almost any other line of business. The right to issue bank-notes is a valuable franchise which grows more and more profitable as the country expands. It is only fair that some portion of the profit which comes from this exclusive franchise should be taken for the purposes of government.

The New York Chamber of Commerce Committee, appointed to inquire into the condition of the currency in the United States, have recommended that the national banks be allowed to issue notes equal n amount to 35 per cent. of its capital; that on such notes there be a graduated tax from two to six per cent. per annum. In Canada, the banks may issue notes up to the amount of their paid-up, unimpaired capital—not merely 35 per cent. of it, as is asked for the national banks. They have a splendid privilege or franchise, and the privilege has national advantages in that it supplies an abundant and elastic currency. Therefore, if the national banks of the United States can afford to pay an average tax of four per cent. on their currency, why should not the Canadian banks do the same at least, since their privilege or franchise is even greater?

This suggestion does not emanate from socialists or demagogues, or even from journalists; it comes from experienced financiers in New York. In Canada, banking business is more profitable than in the United States; the profit averages from 10 to 20 per cent. per annum. In fact, it is nearer 20 than 10.

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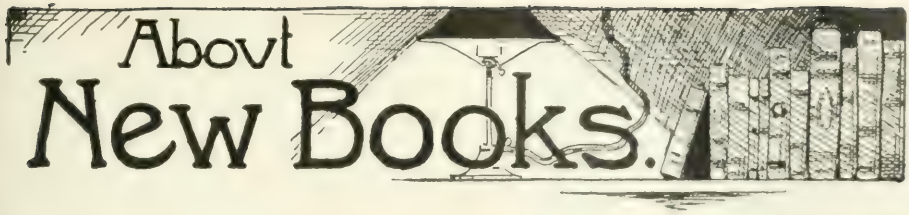
When a man writes a cheque for $10, $25, $100, or $1,000, and hands it over to a charitable organisation, he is not necessarily charitable. He may be influenced by a desire to see his name in print, by a fear that he may be considered stingy, or by a desire to show that he has made money. When, however, the members of the Toronto Automobile Club took their 70 odd machines, visited the orphan institutions of the city, collected 400 orphans, drove them around the city and out to High Park, gave them a luncheon, conducted a series of races for the boys and girls, and finally wound up with a distribution of dolls and mouth-organs—there was a genuine charity. It is not often that wealthy business men take a day off to cheer the hearts of a few orphans, and consequently the occasion is the more noteworthy.

John A. Cooper



WHEN BADGER "DOES" A POET

IT would be difficult to name a city in North America possessed of more stirring historic associations and rarer literary traditions than the ancient and honourable town of Boston. But in these later days Boston has become more celebrated for freak religions and Hibernian politicians than for the culture that is more excellent. No institution is more significant of the modern methods of Boston finance than that known as the Gorham Press, of which Richard G. Badger is the presiding genius. The publication by this house of "The Silver Trail," a book of poems, by Evelyn Gunne, a Canadian writer of some repute, gives occasion for certain reflections on the ways and methods of Richard, whose surname is Badger.

The gentle art of "jollying" is brought to that flowering perfection which, we are proverbially assured, can be reached only by frequent and conscientious practice. Mr. Badger knows that the heart of the poet is sensitive above all things, and desperately eager for appreciation, not to speak of publication. Thus, when a few melodious sonnets and gentle lyrics have appeared in magazines, the wily Badger takes the opportunity to write a sweetly sympathetic note to the author thereof, hinting dreamily of possible publication. The poetic heart straightway becomes a-flutter and a pile of poems takes its flight, by mail or express, to the Boston publisher, whose classic motto, by the way, is "Arti et Veritati," with emphasis on the latter. The poet, unversed in the records of publishing houses, sees visions, not only of public favour, but of golden returns, and like a "good, easy man," as Wolsey might describe him, thinks "his greatness is a-ripening," signs a contract and sends a cheque for more than a hundred dollars, cheerfully assuring the ingenuous Badger that a further sum of equal amount to the first payment will be forthcoming on that proud and magic day when the poems are actually published.

Mr. Badger has been known to reduce his price and offer amazingly moderate terms to the aspiring bard, while he blandly informs the latter that this is indeed an exceptional reduction—in fact, nothing but the surpassing quality of the poems and the fear of their being lost to the world would bring him to such a financial sacrifice. He is no Shylock—three-quarters of a pound of flesh has been known to send him away satisfied.

As we may have stated ere this publication, the stationery, type and paper of the Gorham Press are irreproachable, and the recipient of these immaculate letters is properly impressed by the good form of all mechanical devices. Then the books are so small and dainty that the poet merely reflects upon the "winnowing" process, and does not entertain the sordid thought that a slender volume is really cheaper in production than one containing four hundred fat pages. It would be interesting to know just what these frail books cost the publisher when issued in a modest edition of one thousand. But disappointment of the poet is too sacred a theme for public discussion, and so the world never knows how many high hopes are buried with the Badger books that have such lovely clear type, such extremely wide margins and such dinky little illustrations. The pictures which adorn the present volume are suggestive to the initiated reviewer. They are such cunning little half-tones—some of them an inch-and-a-half long, and a whole inch in width. We are not com-

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Author of "Prisoners"

menting at present on their artistic merit, although the pretty sketch of the moon takes our fancy; but we are thinking of how admirably Mr. Badger has combined picturesque effect and economy.

If a writer is so desirous of giving his productions to a world which is singularly indifferent to the poet, that he is willing to expend a considerable sum on the publication, let him go on his extravagant way and be willing to take it out in local fame or the soothing consideration that his readers are fit, if few. But let not the "mute, inglorious" poet believe the beguiling publisher who writes of contracts and contributions. Who will tell us of the "royalties" that have blessed the credulous bard, and have made him write and call Badger blessed? These are matters with which the public has no concern, but which the poet should ponder many hours before he comes down to a prose reply to the first approaches of the Boston publisher.

Mr. Badger makes the conventional request that in any notice given the book his name will be mentioned as publisher, and also a statement be made as to retail price. We have cheerfully complied with the former part of the request and now make the announcement that these poems may be purchased for the sum of one dollar and a quarter.

PRISONERS

WHILE Miss Cholmondeley had her discriminating admirers before the publication of "Red Pottage," that powerful story may be regarded as her first popular success. "Moth and Rust" was somewhat disappointing, as is the usual effect of a novelist's collection of short stories, although the ghost story is reluctantly remembered as a narrative of surpassing horror. Her latest publication, "Prisoners,"* is as vivid in literary force as "Red Pottage," and is more wholesome in tone. It is essentially a "study," and the characterisation is almost mercilessly keen and unerring. Yet, with all its piercing quality, the book does not belong to the surgical school of fiction. It is the work of an artist, not of a vivisectionist.

Those who can remember "Diana Tempest," one of Miss Cholmondeley's earliest works, will be reminded of the "selfish father" of that novel when they become acquainted with Colonel Bellairs, a similar character in "Prisoners." It is curious to remark how this repulsive type of the paternal frequently appears in the English novel. The "heavy father" is an exotic in American fiction and is regarded as of foreign extraction.

This novel is essentially a tragedy, with an Italian setting for the initial crime, that brings about the punishment of an innocent man through a woman's revolting cowardice. The action of the novel centres about the redemption of the small-souled woman who emerges as a fairly honourable character. If there be a chance for criticism we might request that the author, in creating her characters, should put a little more good in the worst of them, and a little more bad in the best of them. Fay is almost too contemptible, and Magdalen too magnificent. But the effect is of dramatic value, and the modern world approves of "the falsehood of extremes."

In humorous description, Miss Cholmondeley is decidedly happy, and the reader turns with relief from the martyrdom of Michael's unjust imprisonment to a contemplation of the "aunts" of the

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

Bellairs household, whose imperfections are set forth with a wit as delightful as it is airily malicious. One fairly chuckles over the match-making creature who captures the poor general and makes him uncomfortable ever after. Such delineations are all too rare, and the reader feels grateful for an opportunity to trace the resemblance between the pilloried characters and his own dear friends. Miss Cholmondeley may yet give us a Mrs. Poyser, or a Betsy Trotwood.

A DISCERNING TRIBUTE

THE articles on the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) have a deeply emotional tinge, as if the novelist's personality had appealed strongly to both readers and friends. The most interesting sketch is that written by Desmond Mountjoy Raleigh, in the September number of the "Review of Reviews," in which he dwells with fine imaginative touch on the threefold nature of "Pearl Mary-Teresa" Craigie:

"She was 'John Oliver Hobbes,' the somewhat Puritan, who, with unfailing finger, pointed out the evils and sores of modern life, and who had much of the stern Puritan hatred for make-believe and sham.

"Then she was Pearl Craigie, the darling of her friends, the intimate of the great social, artistic and literary world, the equal of queens, a woman who faithfully served her contemporaries to her utmost ability.

"Last, and most alluring picture of all, she was 'Mary-Teresa,' and she was not unworthy of the great women whose namesake she was, and in whose steps she humbly sought to follow."

SCOTTISH ART

WILLIAM D. McKAY, R.S.A., who is librarian to the Royal Scottish Academy, has accomplished a commendable and valuable work in the volume, "The Scottish School of Painting."* From Raeburn to William B. Scott covers a space of almost a century and a half, of

*London: Duckworth & Co.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. CRAIGIE
(John Oliver Hobbes)

which the author treats in such a fashion that those who have been somewhat informed on this subject are stimulated to desire a further acquaintance with Scottish painters, while those Canadian readers whose knowledge thereof has been gained only from the exhibition of Scottish pictures sent to Canada, are given a glimpse of the treasures that await them in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Probably the most interesting chapter to the layman is "Social and Artistic Life in Edinburgh, 1773-1823," in which we are informed concerning the early part of the Nineteenth Century: "Through those years the genial presence of Scott runs like a golden thread. Though the æsthetic was not the strong side of his nature, none were more welcome to his fireside, in town or on Tweedside, than the artist fraternity. It was not till later that he humorously says that the very dogs were uneasy when a painter made his appearance." That Stuart misfortunes should be immortalised in Scottish art and fiction is becoming to

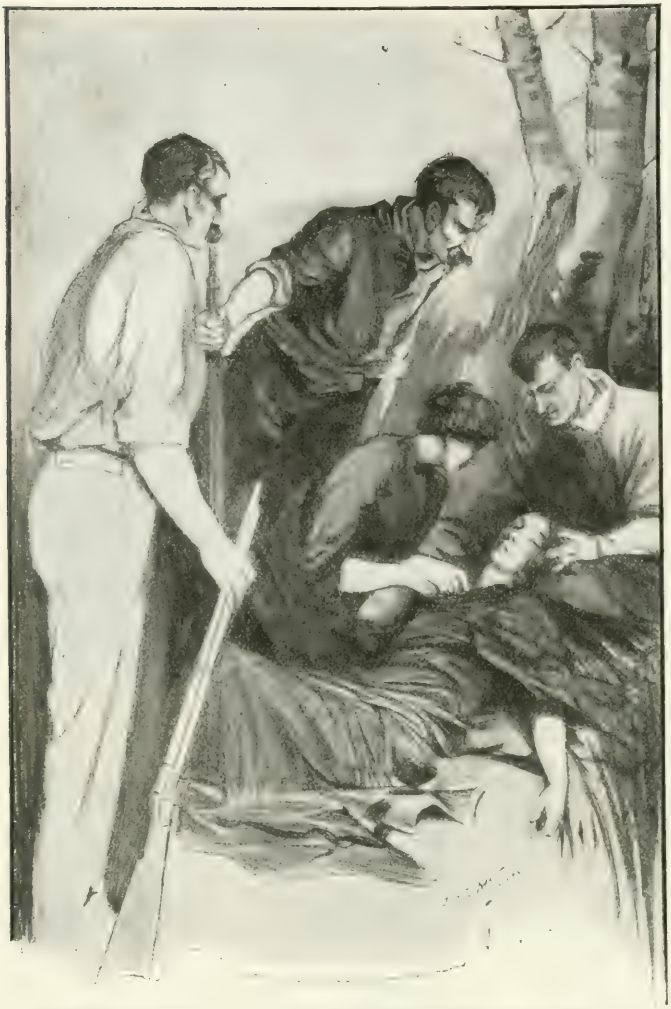


ILLUSTRATION BY G. E. MCELROY FROM "THE CAMERONS OF BRUCE" BY R. L. RICHARDSON

a race so true to the clan. Among the forty-five illustrations which adorn the book, there is none more suggestive of Highland traditions than the reproduction of Archer's "The King Over the Water." The "tender grace of a day that is dead" is in the upturned face and lifted arm of the lady of the old school who drinks to her banished king, while the white rose of the cause lies in lonely significance on the table. The frontispiece is "Mrs. William Urquhart," by Raeburn, the portrait being the property of the Corporation of Glasgow.

WHEN STEAD SCOLDS

IT is a curious circumstance that Mr. W. T. Stead, who is an enthusiastic opponent of militarism, should be the most belligerent scribe in the British Empire when he really undertakes a journalistic crusade. Miss Corelli herself cannot begin to scold as vigorously as this Knight of the Wrathful Countenance. Mr. Stead is engaged in writing "Impressions of the Theatre," and in the article "My First Music-Hall" he gives in no uncertain language his opinion of the degenerate performance and the vacuous audience. Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, will probably endorse with heartiness the Englishman's condemnation. Those who are acquainted with such vaudeville performances as our few Canadian cities provide, can appreciate this characteristic Steadian outburst:

"If I had to sum up the whole performance in a single phrase I should say, 'Drivel for the dregs'—only that and nothing more." Referring to actors and "the more degraded creatures in the stalls," he says: "And this is what we have made of them! This is the net product of centuries of Christian teaching, of our ancient Universities and our modern Education Acts, of our cheap press and our free libraries!"

NOTES

"Via Borealis," a poem by Duncan Campbell Scott, forming a booklet of thirty-two pages, has been published this month by William Tyrrell and Company of Toronto. The cover design and decorative illustrations are the work of A. H. Howard, who has admirably caught the spirit of the poem.

"The Cornflower and Other Poems," by Jean Blewett, is assured of a Canadian welcome. The book will be published by William Briggs, as will also "A Hymn of Empire and Other Poems," by Frederick George Scott, and "Among the Immortals," by R. Walter Wright.

Among the new novels by Canadian authors published by William Briggs are "Cupid and the Candidate" and "The Camerons of Bruce." The former is by Mrs. Leeming Carr, a Hamilton author. Those who have had a preliminary glance at the story are confident of its appeal to Canadian readers, since it deals with humour and vivacity with an Ontario election, the hero being an aspirant for political office. The book will have a pretty cover design by Ida M. Sutherland. "The Camerons of Bruce" is the work of R. L. Richardson, the editor of the Winnipeg *Tribune*, who has already published "Colin of the Ninth Concession." The present story affords vivid glimpses of life in Western Canada, which is just now the most attractive part of the continent. Mr. G. E. McElroy, an artist with New York training, is making a series of five illustrations and a cover design for the book. "The Pancake Preacher," by Mack Cloie, has a promising title. The Briggs publishing house will also bring out a new Canadian edition of "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," by Agnes Maule Machar, a story which was originally published in Boston and which ought to gladden the heart of many a small Canadian this Christmastide.

It would be difficult to name a Christmas story of greater charm than "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke. Those who have read it will need no urging to read "The First Christmas Tree" by the same author. It is to be published in Canada, in both cloth and leather binding, by the Copp, Clark Company.

"Studies of Plant Life in Canada," by Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, a reprint of a valuable book that for many years has been unobtainable, will be published by William Briggs. The new edition is an excellent piece of book-making, with eight full-page illustrations in natural colours and twelve half-tone reproductions, all from reproductions by Mrs. Agnes Chamberlin.

"The Adventures of Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan, is published in Canada by the Fleming H. Revell Company. The wholesome strength and vivid style that made "The Way of the Sea" and "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" such a refreshing salt breeze in the world of fiction are said to render this latest volume a favourite, especially with the youth who likes "earnest wed with sport."

About forty years ago Lord Redesdale, then Mr. A. B. Freeman-Milford, was a secretary of the British Legation in Japan. Ever since that time he has been an enthusiastic student of Japanese affairs, and has recently acted as a sort of official historian in the recent mission of King Edward to invest the Mikado with the Order of the Garter. Lord Redesdale's new book on the mission, which the Macmillan Company has just published, is to bear the subhead, "The New Japan."

One of the most important publications in Canadian poetry is "The Pipes of Pan," which has just been issued in complete form by the Copp, Clark Company. The volume contains: "From the Book of Myths," "From the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," and "From the Book of Valentines."

The October issue of *Acadiensis* opens with a brilliant reproduction of the arms of Brigadier-General Otter as frontispiece. "Major Ferguson's Riflemen" is an interesting story of volunteers who played an important part in the revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas, and forms a distinct contribution to Loyalist literature.

IDLE MOMENTS

CALCULATED CALLS

HOW THE CADETS GOT EVEN WITH IVAY

PROFESSOR IVAY was a great favourite with the cadets at the Royal Military College of Canada.

They all considered him a "squarehead"; and they all agreed that no one could touch him at mathematics.

But Professor Ivay had A Little Pet Weakness, whose every suggestion he indulged.

The name of this Weakness was A Fondness For Digression. To-day, the Professor had gone from Calculus to Calls.

The Senior Class began to grow restless. This was the last mathematics attendance before the Christmas exam., and the To-be-examined had counted on unlimited pointers from the Professor at the sitting. Through weeks of football, their minds had wandered far a-field; but, now, they had run up against the Inevitable.

Still, the Professor continued his Comments on Calls, now clearing up the Career of the Calling Card.

The Class bore with this as patiently as it could; but, after a time, it began to shuffle its feet—at first, just a little, then, more and more, and, at last, as much as it dared.

But the Complacent Contemplation of Calls went on.

The clock ticked away the precious minutes of the attendance, while a creeping horror came upon the mathematics-less listeners.

Then, the hands of the Class began to make mysterious signs. In a few moments, a Champion arose and politely asked a question on Calculus.

The inquiry was promptly satisfied; but, immediately, the Professor returned to the Calling Code.

Two or three other mathematical queries were ventured; but these elicited only brief replies.

For, now, the Professor was in full swing, cantering cheerfully along over Calling Claims.

At length, he reached the Claims of the Staff.

Then, the Conscience of the Class began to prick, and a light was borne in upon it. It remembered, now, Mrs. Ivay's last dance, which had been given to the Seniors, and that, since that event, the cadets had altogether neglected to pay their respects. Football had knocked out a variety of Claims.

At last, a loud Clang brought the Careful Consideration of Calls to a Close.

That evening, the cadets of the Senior Class held a Solemn Conclave, for they had resolved to show Professor Ivay that they appreciated his lecture on Calls. The Confabulation was strictly Confidential. Upon its conclusion, the "Chief" of the "Recruits" was summoned, and a Curious Commission was given, through him, to his Class, which the Commanding Seniors held in Complete Control.

On a snowy afternoon, late in December, Mrs. Ivay's drawing-room was particularly bright and attractive. A cheerful fire was burning, ready to give its pleasant welcome to callers coming in

from the wintry outside world, and tea had just been brought in, fragrant and tempting.

But Mrs. Ivay was very dull. She was thinking how stupid she had been to receive to-day, when everyone was too busy with Christmas presents to bother about Calls. During all the afternoon, only three old bores had come in, and it had been trying work talking to them.

Just then, there was a ring at the door, and two cadets of the "Recruit" Class were shown into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Ivay greeted them cordially. They seemed awfully jolly, after the owls who had been in before, and, with ready hospitality, she pressed tea and cake and crumpets upon them. Mrs. Ivay had a notion that you could always be kind to a cadet by feeding him.

The hostess really felt quite sorry, when, in a very few minutes, these callers, after a reproachful glance at the clock, and a regretful look at the fire and the crumpets, took their leave. The room seemed lonely when they had gone, for it was a dreary sort of afternoon.

But Mrs. Ivay was not left long alone. In a little while, there was another ring at the door, and now three cadets, also "Recruits," were ushered in. Like their predecessors, these remained but a short time—the instructions of the Seniors on that point had been very strict.

Scarcely had the three departed when two others entered. Cake and crumpets began to vanish in an alarming manner, but still the "Recruits" continued to come. Sometimes there were two of them, sometimes three. In an interval between Calls, a housemaid hurried in to whisper despairingly that there was not even a piece of bread left in the house. Mrs. Ivay sent her to the telephone—while the cadets continued to appear.

VOLUMES

LADY GUSHINGTON: "So your son is a real author! How distractingly interesting! And does he write for money?"

PRACTICAL DAD: "Yes. I get his applications about once a week."—*Punch.*

The "Recruits" carried out the orders the Seniors had given them to the letter, and thus the Class revenged itself upon the house of Ivay for the Professor's untimely digression.

By the time the entire "Recruit" Class had presented itself in instalments, the telephone was almost having spasms and the housemaids were nearly in hysterics, while bakers' carts were rushing up to the house with the speed of fire-engines, and poor Mrs. Ivay was well-nigh exhausted.

Professor Ivay must have concluded that the education of the Senior Class,

HE: "So that's the young thing old Slocum's married! May and December—what!"

SHE: "Yes—or the First of April and the Fifth of November!"
—*Punch.*

in at least one subject, was complete, for he digressed no more from Calculus to Calls. *May Gober Agnew.*

A MATTER OF CONFIDENCE

A CLERGYMAN on an Atlantic voyage had to share a stateroom with another man. "After a short while," said the clergyman, "I began to worry about some valuables I had with me, and at last I took them to the purser, saying: 'I should like to explain to you that I am very pleased with my fellow-passenger. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—well, I wouldn't have you think that my coming to you with these valuables is to be taken—er—er—as any reflection on him.' The purser interrupted me with a broad smile, and said: 'Oh, it's all right, sir; your friend has come to me with some valuables of his own, and he said precisely the same thing about yourself.'"
—*Selected.*

FROM THE GALLERY

A PROVINCIAL theatre in the east of Scotland is much tormented by a wit, who is a regular attender, and who insists on keeping up a running commentary on the play. Sometimes his remarks enlivens a dull piece, and so the audience do not object to his presence. His latest hit occurred when a thrilling melodrama was being enacted.

The principal actor was laid aside suddenly by illness, and his part had to be taken up by his understudy, who was talented but slender. At a critical moment in the play the princess faints and falls, when the hero, coming to her assistance, lifts her in his arms and carries her out.

The princess on this particular occasion was as heavy as she was lovely, and the slender understudy realised the magnitude of the task that was put upon him. When she fainted, he leaned over her, but hesitated perceptibly.

The hesitation was not lost on the wit, who, from his seat in the gallery, broke the stilled hush by exclaiming, in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Just tak' what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest."—*Selected.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

A UNIQUE RAILWAY

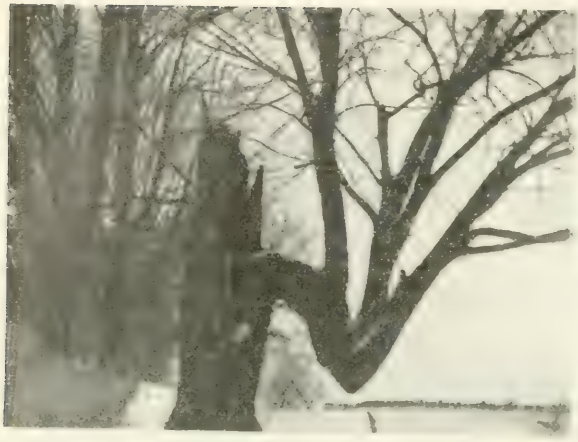
ONE of the most unique railways to be found in Canada is the piece of road which has recently been constructed over the portage between Peninsular Lake and Lake of Bays, in the Lake of Bays district. It is a narrow-gauge track about a mile in length, and the road is operated by the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Co. in transferring tourists from one line of steamers to another. The diminutive train is made up of a little engine, "just the size of two plug hats," I once heard it described; a home-made baggage car, and one of the old Toronto street cars for a passenger car. The two engines in use were obtained from the E. B. Eddy Co., Hull, and were formerly used in their lumber yards. They have been christened by the small boys on the line, "The Susan Push" and "The Corkscrew Limited," and the names are certainly not inappropriate.

A UNIQUE RAILWAY

A LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE

A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE

ONE of the most picturesque country school-houses that I have seen, is the little log structure that is situated on the shore of Haystack Bay, in the Lake of Bays. It is surrounded on three sides by a thick forest of pine, spruce, and hemlock, and on the fourth by the waters of the bay; and the school yard itself constitutes one of the finest wild raspberry patches in the district. There is not



THE ELBOWS - A TREE FROM A BRANCH

a house within a mile of the school, but nevertheless this is the most central point in the section. The children on the one side come through the woods from Port Cannington, on the other side of the peninsula; and in the other direction they come by canoe or skiff from the scattered houses on the other side of Haystack Bay. There are only a score or so of pupils altogether, and needless to say when the weather is stormy the attendance is not worth speaking of.

THE ELBOWS

THE two illustrations are pictures of two peculiar shaped trees near Ridgetown, Ont., both of which are locally known as the Elbows. In the one case, as will be readily seen, the original trunk has been destroyed and the life of the tree has gone into the branch, which has assumed the proportions of a full-grown tree. In the other case some accident to the sapling has resulted in the peculiar formation of the trunk.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, brother of the Queen of Spain, will soon become a personage in the world of London. An amusing story has been told of his school days. Like many other little boys he ran short of pocket money, and wrote a carefully worded letter to his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, saying that schoolboys should keep within their limits, and that he must wait until the next payment of his allowance. But the youthful Prince was quite undefeated and shortly afterwards resumed the correspondence as follows: "My dear grandmamma, I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy for thirty shillings."

THE ELBOWS—A TWISTED TRUNK

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

CALL LOANS

BANKERS in this country have always felt justified in sending millions of dollars to New York to be loaned for the use of the speculators of Wall Street. It may surprise them to know that the same practice on the part of United States banks outside of New York has been condemned by no less an authority than Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the United States Treasury. Mr. Shaw's circular letter to the depository banks is, in part, as follows:

"I am advised that many banks, scattered throughout the country, are loaning their surplus funds through brokers and others in New York on call at high rates of interest. Money loaned on call is well-nigh universally for speculative purposes....I am not willing.... that Government money should be enticed away from the locality where it has been deposited, for the purpose of being used in this way. Public deposits are made in aid of legitimate business as distinguished from speculation.

"If you have more money than your community can appropriately absorb please return it to the Treasury, for it can be promptly placed where it will do much good."

The Canadian banks have about forty million dollars in call loans elsewhere than in Canada. At times this rises to fifty millions. Its great virtue is that it is a "liquid" asset, which may be turned into cash at a moment's notice; that it is much more "liquid" than call loans at home.

Whatever may have been the value of this argument in the past, the country is getting so large and so rich that what was true yesterday is not true to-day. Consequently, Canadian bankers might well consider seriously the warning given by Secretary Shaw. In fact, the government would not be ill-advised in considering the question of putting some limit upon this supporting of New York speculation.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Canadian banks are financing large undertakings in Mexico, Cuba, and South America, and that these advances are classed with "call loans in Canada." They are in fact "call loans elsewhere than in Canada," and should be so classified. This would decrease the one item ten or fifteen millions and increase the other by the same amount.

AMERICAN FARMERS IN CANADA

THE London *Globe* is displaying deep concern over the fact that American farmers are being permitted to homestead in Canada before they become British subjects. The *Globe* insists that the Canadian authorities are unwise in consenting to such an arrangement, especially "while men in England are clamouring to get back to the land." The *Globe* is incorrectly informed if it assumes that men may homestead in Canada while subjects of another sovereignty. Titles do not pass to homesteads until the claimant has resided upon the property the better part of three years and taken out naturalisation papers.

To follow the *Globe's* suggestion and require a proposed homesteader to reside in the country long enough to qualify as a citizen before being permitted to occupy a quarter section under the homestead law would be to defeat the whole plan under which it is proposed to bring the vast western domain under cultivation. The men of England may be clamouring, as the *Globe* insists, to get back to the land, but the fact that the government is forced to pay a bonus to the North Atlantic Trading Company and similar organisations to promote immigration from the

United Kingdom, while the American settlers are pouring into this country without artificial stimulation, rather indicates that the *Globe's* assumption is false.

The men of the West are a unit in the belief that farmers from Eastern Canada and the States supply the best settlers available for the West. The reasons are obvious. In fact the man who has homesteaded in Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas becomes a homesteader in Canada under infinitely more favourable conditions than any other class of settlers. He has farmed under conditions identical with those prevailing in Western Canada. For the government to be forced into restricting a movement from the States that has cost thousands of dollars and years of time to stimulate would be stupidity too dense to contemplate. The fact that these American farmers usually enquire about the conditions under which they may be naturalised at the time they prepare for homesteading is ample evidence of their sincerity, and the conditions should not be made more arduous than at present.—Winnipeg *Telegram*.

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN BUSINESS

PERHAPS the most widely read text-book on Political Economy among American college students to-day is Professor Gide's "Principles of Political Economy," the second translation of which from the 8th French edition is issued by Heath & Co. The book is written in a lucid style, and appeals to business men as well, on whose book-shelves it might readily find a place alongside of their Adam Smith and their John Stewart Mill, which, in spite of all competitors, never grow old.

Business men frequently disdain college books as being academic and unpractical. To a considerable extent they are right, for no text-book or treatise on principles can be a practical treatise like a medical manual or a Mrs. Beeton's cook book, full of nostrums and recipes. It can only offer a discussion of principles with perhaps some typical applications. Even then it is unfortunate for theory that the applications can never be entirely identical with conditions, for, like history, conditions often fail to repeat themselves, and the applications of to-day are no immutable guides for to-morrow. Theory, too, in every-day affairs cuts often a sorry figure simply because some raw recruit fires it off at half-cock.

It is these facts that go to explain the readily-flung cries of theoretical and academic. But theory is well in its place; it is as indispensible as practice. Theory is the idea or the basis of the idea; practice is the result. And after all is said and done the world owes a great deal to theory, perhaps more than most of us have any adequate conception of; and the best practical man is the man who is thoroughly familiar with actual conditions, and also with the theory of those conditions.

On a little reflection, these statements are obvious enough. We use them here to emphasise the importance to business men of such works as Professor Gide's Political Economy. Never before has the labour problem been so universally prominent and delicate, never before have banking and credit assumed such tremendous importance, never before have taxation and customs tariffs, and combines of all kinds, and social problems loomed larger. If ever a thoughtful study of the theory of society and wealth was called for, that call is heard to-day.—*S. M. W.* in *Industrial Canada*.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.

THE COMMUNICANTS—JULES BRETON

This famous painting, owned by Lord Strathcona, was this year exhibited in Canada. In choice of subject, in excellence of draughtsmanship and colour-handling, the artist excelled most of his own work, producing what is indeed a masterpiece

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Jerusalem and Its Environments

By JEAN TEMPLER

AT last the dream of a lifetime was about to become a reality. At high noon on April 5th, 1904, the *Grosser Kurfurst*, a steamer of the German Steam Lloyd Company, found her moorings in the open roadstead before Jaffa. On board were eight hundred Canadian and American pilgrims on their way to attend the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, to be held in Jerusalem. Landing at Jaffa is no easy task, and hence no sinecure for the native rowers; but they handled the oars with skill and we were safely piloted through the great rocks and boulders piled along the harbour front.

Jaffa is the gateway through which thousands of pilgrims—Christians and Jews—enter the Holy Land every year. When our contingent of Jerusalem pilgrims stepped on shore we were obliged to push our way through the swarm of Orientals that curiously watched our coming. The one narrow, squalid street was traversed and a visit paid to the house of Simon the Tanner. Our dragoman next led the way to the station, and, as we passed along the street and saw the children in their rags and filthiness, we felt that Dorcas had left few, if any, successors. The older citizens were in a condition equally unattractive, and it was difficult to imagine that one of the chief industries in Jaffa was a soap factory. Being one of the oldest cities in Palestine, Jaffa was the scene of many incidents chronicled in the Old Testament Scriptures. It was at this port that Solomon landed the cedars brought from Mount Lebanon for the Temple building. It was here that Jonah took his passage for another land when God wanted him to go and warn the people of Nineveh regarding their impending doom, and when the land was parcelled out to the tribes of Israel, Jaffa was the capital of the portion that fell to Dan.

The small compartment coaches were soon filled with passengers, and the first train moved out towards Jerusalem, thirty-three miles inland. Beautiful orange groves, with their wealth of golden fruit, clustered around the city, and delicious were the odours wafted to us on the afternoon breeze. Delightful old olive orchards and large sycamore groves were

WATER-CARRIER WITH GOAT-SKIN WATER BOTTLE

THE CHANNEL AT JAFFA (JOPPA), THE PORT OF JERUSALEM

passed, and we were out upon the plains of Sharon. Great fields of grain lay along our route and near-by ploughmen in sheepskins prepared the soil for other crops. Here a camel drew a primitive plough, there an ox and an ass plodded along together. The whistle of the train started a pair of oxen across the field at a lively pace—to the great indignation of their driver, and the irrepressible merriment of the pilgrims. Cactus fences often hedged the way, and flocks of sheep and goats fed under the shepherd's watchful care. A beautiful lake reflecting a row of native huts attracted our attention. We watched it for several minutes in wonder at the perfect picture thrown up from the surface of the water.

"It's a mirage," some one commented, and instantly everybody looked wise. The deception had been complete and nobody pretended to laugh. We had ridden twenty miles over the rich plains, passing several villages, whose dome-shaped houses were built of sod, and were about to enter the rocky gorge leading through the barren Judean hills. To the left lay the little valley of Ajalon where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. Nearer the railroad excavators were at work in the ruins of old Gezer, the royal city of the Canaanites, which had formed part of the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter when she was married to Solomon. Our train rattled by the brook where David gathered the pebbles with which he slew the giant Goliath, and we were passing through Samson's country, the scene of his birth, and also of his exploits against the Philistines. Flocks of black goats fed on the sparse pasturage of the hillsides, and occasional shepherds with their sheep occupied little fertile flats. Just across the narrow ravine of the valley of Hinnom, high on its rocky butments, loomed the great embattled walls behind which lay the city of Jerusalem. It was just twenty-five minutes past six o'clock on the fifth of April.

Our feelings can be better imagined than described; even the most thoughtless were hushed to silence. Only for a moment were we permitted to enjoy our delightful reverie. The rattle of carriage wheels and the shouts of drivers warned us that further meditation was impossible, and we hastened to the conveyance that was to carry us over the bridge spanning the ravine and along the eastern side to the city gate. Notre Dame, a Roman Catholic convent which sheltered over three hundred and fifty of our pilgrims, stands across the street from the new gate in the north-west corner of the city wall. It was a cold, gloomy-looking building, stone walls, stone floors, stone stairways; yet the kindness of the attendants and the warm cheer brought in by the pilgrims made our stay a very happy one. Bright and early we were astir the next morning, and hastened from the third floor up two flights of stairs, where we stood upon the flat roof, protected by a stone parapet. Jerusalem, the city of David, lay before

JERUSALEM—DAMASCUS GATE

us! Yonder to our left lay Olivet, and over her sacred brow the rising sun had reddened the eastern sky. Softly, tenderly, her warm beams of light fell upon the sleeping city, and silently we lifted our hearts in thanksgiving to our God for the wonderful privilege we were permitted to enjoy. Then, as the sun shone forth in all her splendour, a pæan of joy and gladness burst from our lips:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The Mount of the Ascension, Mount Zion, Calvary, the Temple Area and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were easily distinguished, as we had been familiar with their pictures from early childhood. Gladly we obeyed the breakfast summons, for, immediately after, we were to enter the city gate. Jerusalem is the most interesting city in the world. We first read of it as a city of the Jebusites, captured by David and made the capital of his empire. Solomon enclosed the city with walls and built the temple as a permanent sanctuary of worship. It occupies a tableland, around the three sides of which run deep ravines. The valley of Jehosaphat, or Kedron, runs nearly straight along the east side. The valley of Hinnom, beginning at the north-west corner, runs along the west and south sides, joining the valley of Jehosaphat near the Pool of Siloam. In the rainy season their waters rush together and on down the gorge to mingle with the waters of the Dead Sea.

Modern Jerusalem is an irregular quadrangle, built on an accumulation of debris from forty to one hundred feet deep. A massive wall two and a half miles in circuit, from ten to twelve feet thick, and varying in height from twenty to seventy-five feet, surrounds it. The houses are of

"BAKSHEESH!"
Taken on Herod's Colonnade, Samaria

A STREET IN JERUSALEM

stone with flat or dome-shaped roofs. The streets are paved with small, irregular stones, and are narrow, crooked and filthy. The population is cosmopolitan, comprising Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians and a few Abyssinians, and numbering about twenty-five thousand.

"The Mosque of Omar, who's going to see the Mosque?" we heard a bright young Hebrew ask in excellent English, just as we came into the hall. We liked the earnest, intelligent face of the lad and attached ourselves to his party. The entrance to the city was made in the west wall, through Jaffa gate, which overlooked Tophet, that part of the Hinnom valley that had been the scene of such awful carnage in the early history of the city.

"This gate," said Abraham, "was enlarged a few years ago, when the German Emperor visited Jerusalem."

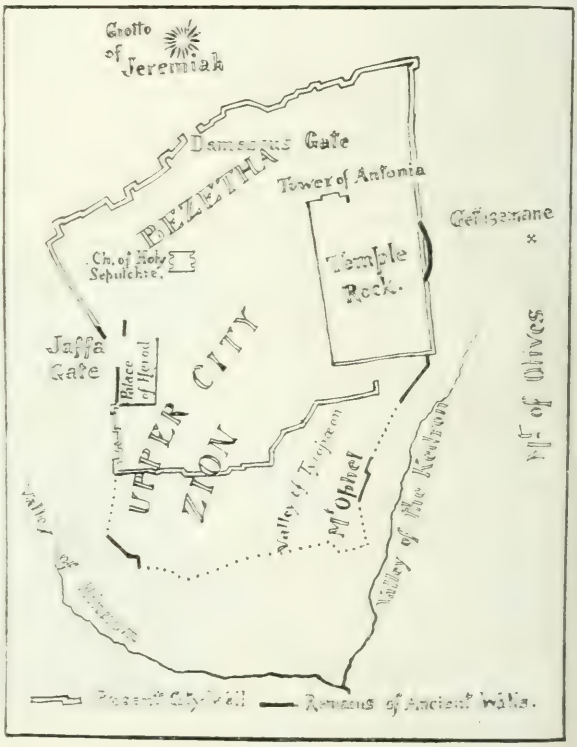
We stepped through the great archway. "This is St. David's Street," continued our guide, "and it is the only street where a carriage can go."

We turned to look at the Tower of David that guarded the entrance, a great stronghold built over the palace of Herod.

"What animals are those boys carrying?" innocently asked one of our company. Abraham's merry laugh was the only answer, and just then two more lads issued from a side alley close by. The laugh became general.

"These are water bottles," explained our guide, as he greeted the lads in Arabic and asked them to let us look at the curious vessels. "You see, they are goat-skin bottles, and if you go to Hebron, you will see the tannery where they are prepared."

We could distinguish the Jews by their peculiar fur head-dress. Their sad faces drew many expressions of sympathy from our party, and the feeling was greatly deepened before nightfall. Many portions of the streets were arched over, and



OUTLINE MAP OF JERUSALEM

curious eyes looked down upon us from latticed windows.

"The Temple Area," explained Abraham, as we stepped through a gateway into a beautiful green sward dotted with wild flowers, and here and there a cypress or olive tree; "there are thirty-five acres enclosed within these walls."

We did not need to be told that the wonderful building across from us was the Mosque of Omar, which occupied the site of Solomon's temple. A raised platform of flagstones surrounded the Moslem

VALLEY OF HINNOM

temple. A Turkish soldier, armed with formidable looking weapons, joined us, and added bits of information to our guide's ready store, grunting an occasional dissent to his story.

The Mosque is octagonal in shape, each side measuring sixty-six feet, and it is surmounted by a dome, the top of which is one hundred and seventy feet from the ground. It is a magnificent structure. Several Mohammedan priests stood by the door, and before we were permitted to enter they drew a pair of slippers on each of us over our shoes. The interior of the temple is richly ornamented in purple, green and gold mosaic. Costly marble pillars support the ceiling and, with the rich curtains, form a screen between the outer and the inner corridors.

Immediately under the dome is a great mass of natural rock.

"The Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, it is called," Abraham informed us. "It is the top of Mount Moriah and was enclosed in Solomon's Temple. It was here that Father Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice, when the voice of God stayed his hand. David sacrificed the oxen here for having numbered the children of Israel."

A fence, forty-three by fifty-seven feet, guards the rock from profane fingers, and a canopy of crimson silk is gracefully draped over it. It was on this rock that the Jews built their sacrificial altars, and the furrows that scarred it were doubtless chiselled by the hand of man to carry off the blood from the sacrifice.

"The Moslems claim that the rock is suspended in the air," Abraham told us, as we stood by the wall enclosing it, "and these marks," pointing to the print of a hand, "were made by the hand of the

AN OLIVE TREE ON THE PLAINS OF SHARON

angel Gabriel, who stayed the rock as it was following Mahomet up to heaven. Come with me and I'll show you."

We followed him down a flight of steps to a rock-hewn chamber beneath. We could see no visible means of support to the rock overhead. A circular slab lay at our feet.

"Under this is the Well of Souls," we were informed. "No female is allowed to look down into its hidden depths. Women used to have the privilege, but they carried away so many secrets. Two or three were hung, but it did not have the desired effect, so they have been shut out entirely. No, no! Christian men can't look in," Abraham quickly added, as one of our gentlemen stooped down and touched the stone. The armed soldier had stepped quickly forward. Nothing escaped his watchful eye.

Before leaving the temple we were shown a couple of hairs—valuable and sacred relics—sacred because they were from the beard of Mahomet, and valuable because when Mahomet comes to judge the people of the earth these hairs will turn into golden cables and be stretched from Mount Olivet to the Golden Gate in the east wall. Here they will form a bridge over which all the faithful shall pass into the City of Rest.

Friday afternoon we visited the Jews' Wailing Place. A large number of Jews, men and women, stood along a portion of the wall on the north side of the Temple Area, and just over the wall had stood Solomon's temple. The Moslem will not permit the Jews to enter the Area, so they gather here every Friday to weep and wail over the downfall of Israel, and to pray to God for her restoration. For several yards the old grey wall was worn as smooth as glass with their kisses. Their agony was pitiful to witness, and we better understood why the old Jews always had such a sad visage.

For sixteen hundred years the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has marked the place of the crucifixion. Abraham's fund of information seemed in no way diminished. "This church," said he, "was built by order of St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, to mark the spot where our Saviour was crucified."

Several chapels were built around the central one, which belongs to the Greeks, and five or six Christian bodies worship

in the different chapels, each claiming that their building covers the spot where some incident of the crucifixion took place. The interiors were decorated with gaudy tinsel trappings and lamps, and candles lit up the dark places. Several hundred Russian pilgrims almost blocked the way.

"Are these armed Turks here to watch these pilgrims?" some one asked.

"Oh, no," replied Abraham, "they have to be here all the time to keep the Christians from going at each other's throats! They quarrel so all the time."

Here, near the place where the Son of God died to save a lost world, His followers quarrel and fight over imaginary sites and the end is not yet.

"This," said our guide, pointing to a small marble structure, "is the sepul chre."

With a lighted taper in hand we crept into a small doorway and saw the place where the body of our Saviour is reputed to have lain in the tomb; then we passed into the Greek chapel, which is immediately under the dome. It is more richly adorned than the others. Golden candlesticks and crucifixes, and the gold cloth on the altar glittered in the light of numerous lamps and candles.

"From under this pillar," said our guide, indicating a small stone pillar standing in the centre, "was taken the dust from which Adam was made. The navel of the world, it is called by the Greeks."

Descending a few steps to a lower level we were shown to a chapel erected to the memory of St. Helena, and we sat in a chair said to have been used by the princess. A marble slab lying at the door marked the spot where the crosses had been found three hundred years after Golgotha's tragedy, and on an elevation of natural rock in the Greek chapel we were shown the holes in which they had stood when humanity's debt was paid by the Galilean.

Leaving this ancient church by the south door, we walked down Christian Street. We paused for a few moments by the Pool of Hezekiah, and reviewed in part the history of Israel's great King.

GIRLS CARRYING WATER FROM PILGRIM'S FOUNTAIN, NAZARETH

In the twentieth chapter of Second Kings it is recorded that he built a pool. On the lower steps stood some native lads filling their goat-skin bottles with water.

St. Stephen's Gate is in the east wall. Abraham had guided our steps along the north wall to this point and explained that it was here where St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, met his fate. The Pool of Bethesda was to the left of the entrance, and farther on to our right we visited the tower of Antonio. Near by stood Pilate's Judgment Hall, which stood at the head of the Via Dolorosa, a narrow, crooked street along which it is said our Saviour was led, after His trial, to the place of crucifixion. Passing around the Temple Area, we left the city through Zion Gate, in the south wall. Here Abraham showed us the house of Caiaphas and the tomb of David. In an upper room of the latter is the traditional

place of the Last Supper. Through a barred doorway we looked down into a vault where David's body had been laid away. The Moslem sacredly guards the entrance. On the hillside near by, a ploughman was turning over the soil with his primitive plough, reminding us of the prophecy concerning Mount Zion.

"A donkey ride around the walls is the programme for to-day," was Abraham's message for us at the breakfast table next morning. Duly mounted, we skirted the north wall, and at the north-east corner descended into the valley of Jehosaphat. Mount Olivet towered above us on our left, and nestling at its base was the Garden of Gethsemane. Past these we rode on through the Jews' burying ground, where the tombs of Absalom and Zachariah were pointed out. Along a rocky pathway on the slope of Mount Ophel we made our way. Groups of lepers were passed, and the poor afflicted creatures were a pitiable sight. Handless stumps of arms were held up before us, and legs from which the feet had almost rotted off were thrust out from under tattered and filthy garments. The guttural cry "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" from diseased throats made us turn away almost sick as we tossed coins into their laps and urged our donkeys forward. Down we went until we reached the Pool of Siloam, at the junction of the valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. East of the pool lay the village of Siloam and above it the Mount of Offence, where Judas betrayed our Lord.

Following the pathway along the north slope of Hinnom, the Tophet of Scripture, we joined the main road to Hebron, at the south-west corner of the wall. Owing to the roughness of the paths our progress had necessarily been slow, but here our donkeys broke into a brisk run, and we were soon at our hotels.

PLOUGHING ON OLIVET

The Tomb of the Kings lies half a mile north of Damascus gate, the main entrance through the north wall. We passed down a broad flight of steps, entering first a large, open court, whose walls bore signs of having once been highly ornamented. Creeping in through a low doorway, we followed Abraham through several passageways. A short distance farther north lay the American Colony's quarters, a communistic settlement of about one hundred and twenty persons. We found them very hospitable and spent many hours in their pretty parlours.

The most interesting underground cavities we saw were under the city, and were known as Solomon's Quarries. A short distance from Damascus Gate is a small opening chiselled through the solid rock that forms the foundation of a part of the north wall. Stooping low we made our way down a few steps and into a huge cavern. With small lighted tapers in hand we spent an hour traversing the passages that led from one cave to another. Here and there rubbish had fallen through the roof, letting in the light. Great blocks of stone, quarried out for the builder, hung from the roof and walls, while others lay upon the floor. It is claimed that the material for Solomon's Temple and other buildings of the time was taken from this quarry and carried along a subterranean passage, still existing, and hoisted to the Temple Area.

Just across the way lies the Garden Tomb and Gordon's Calvary. For sixteen hundred years the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been accepted by the Christian world as marking the place of the crucifixion, but more than half a century ago General Gordon spent a great deal of time in study and exploration, and finally decided that the place lay without the city walls. Many scholars have since confirmed his views, and the Protestant Church generally accepts the decision. We wished to view the sacred spot at closer range, but our guide assured us that we could not enter the wall, as the

Moslems were using the spot for a burying ground. They had built the wall to prevent strangers from desecrating the place. The great Convention tent was pitched a few yards north of it, and under its shelter met the delegates who represented the world's Sunday-School workers. The World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention had in attendance the most unique company of individuals that ever gathered in the interests of Christian work.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of April 16th, the little company of eight pilgrims, with their baskets on their arms, started on donkeys for the sacred Mount of Olivet. Passing along the north wall and down the Kedron gorge until opposite the Golden Gate, we turned to our left and, dismounting, entered the Garden of Gethsemane. Courteous Franciscan monks attended us as we walked around the paths, and laid a few of the flowers in our hands. We stood for a moment beneath the shadows of the traditional olive tree under which our Saviour sat in His moment of intensest agony.

Our way to the Mount was beset with beggars. "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" whined the miserable creatures. Lepers were grouped along the roadside, and such a picture of wretchedness and hopeless misery will not soon be forgotten. As we tossed a metallic into their laps or boxes, our hearts went out in dumb protest against their awful fate. Reaching Olivet, we left our donkeys with our young attendants and passed through the gateway. The Armenians have enclosed a considerable area by a rude stone wall. We seated ourselves under cypress trees, just at the edge of a sudden descent on the east side of the Mount. A sea of barren, dreary hills lay before. Twenty miles distant we could see the plains of Jericho and a dark line marked the trees fringing the River Jordan, while olive orchards relieved the immediate landscape. Just behind us was the place of the Ascension, and all around was replete with sacred memories. Pausing for a moment on the western slope, we watched the sun's rays glinting over the domes, minarets and white-roofed buildings of the

PLAIN OF MAMRE—HEBRON IN THE DISTANCE. ABRAHAM ONCE CULTIVATED THESE FIELDS

city, and the words of our Lord, doubtless said upon the very spot, came to us:

"O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

A drive to the Jordan had been planned for the morrow. We were to start early and the drive would occupy a day and a half. Bethany, on the slope of Olivet, was first visited. Our drivers drove furiously and at times caused much concern, but fortunately no serious accident occurred. We stopped to rest and feed the horses at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. An occasional train of camels, laden with coal from the country beyond the Jordan; groups of Russian pilgrims, returning to the city; a herdsman with his flock in a small green valley, or away on some distant hillside, were the only signs of life. Standing on a slight eminence by the roadside we looked down into the dry brook Cherith, where God had cared for Elijah, and looking at the sterile hills, we knew that nothing short of a miracle could have sustained life in that region. The cliffs are honeycombed with caves, where a tribe of Bedouins live, known as the Ravens. Descending into the valley, we were in old Gilgal, and we had just time to visit Elisha's Fountain before luncheon. Here we drank of the sweet waters that in Elisha's time had been so bitter.

An eight mile drive over the sandy plains brought us to the Dead Sea. Bronzed and stalwart Bedouin chiefs, mounted and armed, dashed to and fro over the plains like scouting parties. We watched them curiously and enquired their mission.

"Why," said our dragoman, "didn't you know they have come with us from Jerusalem? They were hired to protect us from robbers." He dropped his voice as one of the warlike-looking fellows dashed past. "Yes, and you know that if they hadn't been hired to protect they would have raided us and perhaps killed somebody." We wanted to laugh, but our guide looked so serious that we concluded it was better not to question his statement.

The Dead Sea—rightly named—lay before us. It is the most remarkable body of water in the world. No life sports in its waters; no sign of vegetation is seen on its shores. Its waters, salt and bituminous, lie thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. On the far side rose the hills of Moab, and Nebo's Peak, rising above its fellows, brought to mind the words of the poet:

> "By Nebo's lonely mountain
> On this side Jordan's wave,
> In a vale in the land of Moab,
> There lies a lonely grave."

It was the grave of Moses.

Six miles farther north we came to the historic ford of the Jordan. Here the Israelites passed over on dry land. Here Elisha, using Elijah's mantle, divided the water; here Naaman, the leper, dipped seven times in the sacred waters and was healed, and here, too, came Jesus to be baptised of John. It was disappointing to see the waters so murky, yet it was the Jordan, and we thought of many sacred things as we stood on its banks. We spent the night in Gilgal, and for a part of the evening's entertainment watched a Bedouin dance. The sun was lighting up the hills of Moab when we started on our return trip to Jerusalem the next morning.

The following day we journeyed to Hebron, taking less time, yet perhaps, with less comfort, than when the patriarch Abraham had journeyed hither, four thousand years before. Rachel's Tomb stood by the wayside, four miles from Jerusalem, and a mile and a half farther on lay the upland town of Bethlehem. Before beginning the ascent our guide repeated to us the pretty story of Ruth, the Moabitess, and pointed out the field where she gleaned under the admiring eye of Boaz. From the stone-flagged courtyard before the Church of the Nativity, we looked upon the grassy plains where their great grandson David tended his flocks. Centuries later shepherds, on the same plains, heard that heavenly chorus: "Peace on earth, good-will to men," heralding the earthly advent of the Son of God. In a grotto underneath the church a silver star marks the place of the Saviour's birth.

A few miles from Bethlehem we came to Solomon's Pools, three immense reservoirs that once formed the base of the water supply for the temple. Fourteen miles of stone aqueducts carried the water to the city.

"For centuries these pools have been out of repair," our guide informed us, "but five years ago the Turkish Government repaired them and laid iron pipes to the city."

Around these pools once bloomed the magnificent gardens of Solomon. To-day, heaps of ruins and brilliant wild flowers dot the grassy slopes. We reached Hebron about noon. Four thousand years ago Abraham chose this hill country for his home and purchased the Cave of Machpelah for a family vault. For seven years Hebron had been the seat of David's empire, and in the valley Eshcol, near by, the men sent by Joshua to spy out the land, gathered the huge bunches of grapes that told to Israel's leader the richness of the land. Hebron was one of the cities of refuge, and is one of the oldest towns of which we have any record. There is now in operation a large tannery which supplies all Palestine with goat-skin bottles. A second industry is the manufacturing of glass vessels and ornaments. Bracelets, hot from the furnace, were dropped, in exchange for a liberal baksheesh, into our satchels, but the workmen claimed that they had not received sufficient remuneration, and some altercation arose. The wordy strife grew and our guides advised us to hasten to our carriages. We needed no second admonition, and left the town, followed by imprecations from the fanatical mob of Mohammedans and the rattle of stones against our carriage wheels, which advised us that our stay could not with safety have been prolonged.

The Passage

BY JEAN BLEWETT

O SOUL on God's high seas! the way is strange and long,
Yet fling your pennons forth, and spread your canvas strong;
For though to mortal eyes so small a craft you seem,
The highest star in heaven doth lend you guiding gleam.

O Soul on God's high seas! look to your course with care,
Fear most when winds are kind, and skies are blue and fair;
Thy helm must sway at touch of no wand save thine own,
The Soul that sails on God's high seas must sail alone.

O Soul on God's high seas! sail on with steady aim,
Unmoved by winds of praise, untouched by seas of blame,
Beyond the lonely ways, beyond the guiding star
There stretches out the golden strand, the harbour bar.

A FLIGHT TO FLAMELAND

Illustrations by Emily Hand

BY E. P. MEDLEY

CHAPTER III

THEY started for the Salamandar's palace.

"Have we far to go?" asked Josh.

"No; we shall be there in a minute or two. It is only eight miles distant."

"Eight miles in a minute or two! You mean an hour or two," said Josh.

"I mean what I say," replied the Cyclop. "You said you would go like a shot, and so you shall."

Josh longed for another fast ride, and wondered what it would be like this time.

"You are going by our Pop-gun shute," said the Cyclop. "You must hold tight."

"Are you coming too?"

"Yes, I will follow you, but only one can shute at a time."

They had now reached the brow of an immense hill of sandstone.

"You see that thing there?" said the Cyclop. "It is a cradle. You must lie down in it."

"Do you take me for a big baby?" asked Josh.

"I have told you that I take you for a precious bright boy. But I expect you were a baby once. Now, lie down."

Josh lay down in the cradle, which was made of iron.

"I don't fit very well," he said.

"There is no time for a fit. What do you want a fit for? Lie down."

Josh lay still, but his heart beat fast. The Cyclop wheeled the cradle towards the edge of the hill and pushed it backwards into a round iron pipe, just large enough to hold it. Then he went to the back of the pipe and pulled a chain. This drew the cradle further into the pipe. Still, Josh was not frightened, he was too excited. He only waited a few seconds, then he heard the Cyclop sing out:

"That's the way the Pop-shute goes, and pop—goes the cradle!"

Josh was sliding down the incline like a streak of lightning. He tried to open his eyes, but had no time before he was pulled up with a sudden jerk. This did make him open his eyes, and he found two little black dogs squinting at him. He jumped out of the cradle, which swiftly returned up the hill, and immediately a pack of little black dogs came round him. "You are horrid little animals," he cried, "and I declare every one of you has a squint!"

It was quite true; all the dogs were cross-eyed, and snarled and yapped in a most disagreeable manner. One tried to jump on Josh's shoulder, but he pushed it off, saying: "None of that! I like a jolly dog, full of fun and good temper, but as for having a yapping little cur sitting on my shoulder, it gives me fits."

At once all the little squinting dogs shrunk away snarling, and the Cyclop came and stood beside him.

"I see you have no use for our cross-eyed dogs," he said. "But lots of children are fond of keeping them."

"What for?" said Josh.

"It helps them to be snappy and cross, too," said the Cyclop. "Especially about bed-time. In fact some children take them to bed with them."

"Stupid kids!" said Josh.

By this time they had arrived near a wonderful building made of glowing crystalline.

"This is the palace of His Might the Mighty Salamandar," said the Cyclop. "But you cannot go inside. If His Mightiness welcomed you in his warmest manner you would be turned into a cinder."

"I will risk it," said Josh, going towards the great door, out of which sparks were thickly flying.

The Cyclop seized him roughly.

"No one but the Mighty Salamandar can stand the heat of his palace. He has lived there for ever, and will go on living there for evermore."

"But I want to see him," said Josh; "that is why I came here."

"You shall see him at lunch time. He expects you then. It will be prepared in the grill-ground."

"Are any more fellows coming?" asked Josh.

"Ever so many more," said the Cyclop; "the tables are several miles long."

"You mean several feet, not miles," said Josh, grandly.

"It is an extraordinary thing that you always think you know better what I mean than I do myself. I said miles, and I mean miles. Do you smoke?"

"Not yet," said Josh.

"You soon will," said the Cyclop. "Everyone smokes, after a time, in Flameland."

"Pipes?" asked Josh.

"No, not pipes."

"Cigars, perhaps?"

"No, not cigars."

"Cigarettes, I suppose?" said Josh.

"No, not cigarettes."

"What then?" asked Josh. "It must be one or the other."

"*Every one smokes himself*," said the Cyclop, mysteriously. "Wait and see."

"What twaddle!" said Josh, crossly. "No one can smoke himself."

"Do you happen to have put one of our little dogs in your pocket?" asked the Cyclop. "It sounds like it."

"No, I have not," said Josh, crossly.

"You get on pretty well without one," said the Cyclop. "You manage to snarl pretty well."

Josh laughed at that. He never could be cross long. "I am getting rather warm I fancy," he said. "I wish His Mighty Mightiness would hurry up."

As he spoke the heavy doors of the palace burst open. For several seconds Josh saw only rolling clouds of smoke, but as these cleared off he gazed in astonishment at sight of the Burning Being which met his view.

His height was enormous. His body was flat and broad, covered with scaled skin, the colour of burnished copper. He had seven heads on seven necks, and the hair of his heads was yellow, and stood up like flames of fire. He had fourteen glittering eyes, and fourteen ears. His seven mouths had fourteen rows of sharp teeth like iron nails. He had only seven noses. His fourteen arms had fourteen hands, and on the hands were twenty-eight thumbs, and one hundred and twelve fingers. He had fourteen feet on fourteen legs, and one hundred and forty toes. At his back was an immensely long tail, narrowing towards the end, and to save trouble he twisted the tail into a huge knot, on which he sat, instead of carrying a camp-stool or a garden-chair. As he approached sparks were flying from him in every direction.

"Like a blooming bonfire," said Josh to himself, "or a jolly old firework show. Must I shake hands with him?" he asked the Cyclop.

"Yes," he replied.

"Which hand?" asked Josh.

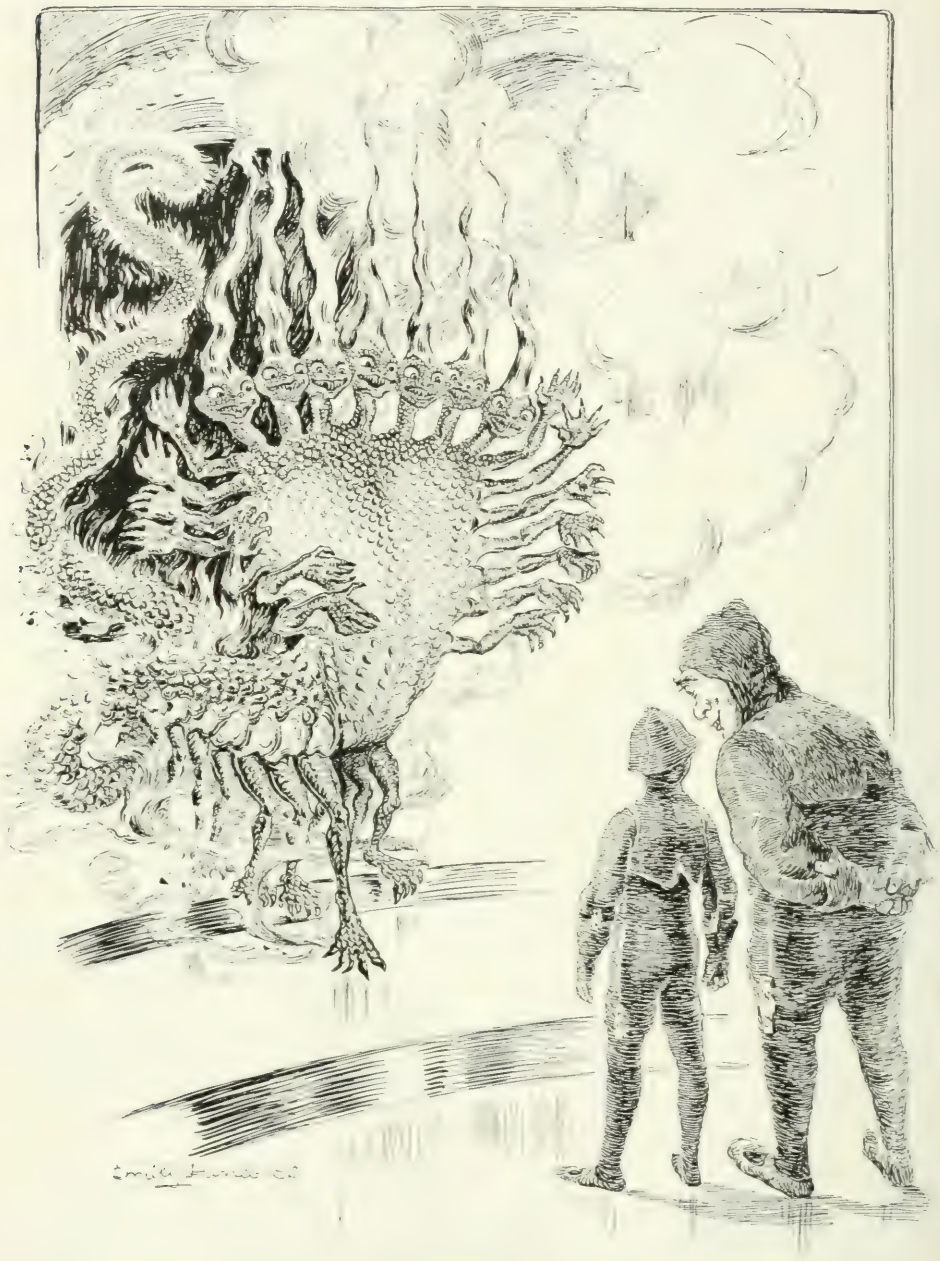
"The right one," said the Cyclop.

"Which does he call his right hand?"

"It depends which one is left," said the Cyclop. "If he only gives you one to shake all the others are left."

Josh had no time to argue this out before the Salamandar stood still and seemed about to speak, but—he sneezed.

It was indeed a sneeze! Seven sneezes



"Must I shake hands with him?" asked Josh

Drawn by Emily Hand

rolled into one gigantic sneeze from seven gigantic mouths.

"Influenza!" said Josh promptly.

"I hope not," said the Cyclop, "or he will not be able to sing at the concert."

"What concert?" asked Josh.

"Our Grand Flare-up Concert, but, hush! he is going to speak."

In vain Josh tried to understand what

the Salamandar said, as each of his seven heads chose a different thing to talk of. When the talking ceased Josh could only think of one word to say, and he said it.

"Conversazione!" he shouted.

The Salamandar smiled all over his seven faces, and clapped his fourteen hands.

"He likes you," said the Cyclop. "Look, he beckons you to follow him."

The Salamandar turned himselves, and Josh followed, keeping as far as possible from the sparks which sparked incessantly from the monster.

At last they came to the grill-ground, and the Salamandar stood still.

"Keep behind him," said the Cyclop. "Though nothing really puts him out, he is a scorcher to flare, and something has gone wrong with the gridirons."

"What are twice one?" demanded the Salamandar in his seven loudest voices.

"He is asking for the tables," whispered the Cyclop. "When he once begins he goes on till twelve times. I am afraid there will be no lunch to-day."

"Why not?" asked Josh.

"Because the tables are forgotten."

"What are twice two?" screamed the Salamandar.

Josh could stand it no longer; he ran and stood before the mighty monster and shouted: "I know all about the tables."

He almost wished he had not spoken, for the Salamandar held out seven hands to him and he did not know which to shake first. But he grasped one, and much to his delight he found it was the right one, for he saw all the others were left.

Never had he received such a warm hand-shake. It was warm enough to last all his life.

"Twos into three?" asked the Salamandar, with all his seven smiles smiling.

"Won't go," said Josh, promptly. "Only one two will go in three and one over."

The Salamandar raised one of his feet and kicked Josh down.

"Hullo! I am the one over," he said, as he jumped up again laughing. The Salamandar was evidently very pleased at his pluck, for he tried to pat him on the head, but Josh dodged away from the seven hands and ran back to the Cyclop.

"When is lunch coming?" he asked.

"I tell you there is something wrong with the gridirons and the fires won't burn. I expect, as usual, His Mighty Mightiness's party will end in smoke."

"A cheap way of giving parties," said Josh. "What are we to do now?"

"Wait and see what he wishes. Perhaps he will have a performance of the match-top dance."

"That will be a spree! May I dance, too?"

"Certainly, if you can."

"If I can? Of course I can. Any chap can dance."

The Cyclop smiled and said nothing.

The Salamandar had now sat down on his tail with his fourteen hands on his fourteen knees, and screwing up his seven mouths he began to whistle.

"I thought so," said the Cyclop. "You are going to see the match-top dance."

Gradually the Salamandar whistled more loudly, till the sound was like an organ and it seemed as if it must reach to the end of the world. Suddenly he changed the tune to one in quick time.

"Here come the dancers," said the Cyclop.

"It is getting dark," said Josh.

"The dance is better in the dark," said the Cyclop.

Soon all was darkness except the Salamandar, who never ceased sending out sparks and whistling. Then Josh saw hundreds of beings coming through the darkness. They appeared like ghosts, and as they came nearer he saw they were not substantial, but figures of bright shining clouds. They waved their arms as they danced, and sometimes they were thin and tall, and again short and broad. At times they were so tall their heads disappeared, but when they came to the ground again they lay down and were level with it. All the while they shone with a strange yellowish blue brightness.

"It is jolly pretty," said Josh. "Why is it called the match-top."

"Because they are phosphorous or sulphur spirits," said the Cyclop, and was going to say more about them when, without a word of warning, Josh darted in

amongst the dancers. In vain he called on him to come back.

"What a cheeky boy he is! His Majesty will be furious."

But there was no doubt the Salamandar had taken a great fancy to Josh, for when he saw him in the midst of the dancers, he whistled more loudly and quickly. Josh capered and pranced madly while the spirits circled and wreathed round him. Faster and faster they went till, with a last wild shout, Josh sprang into the air and then fell on the ground utterly exhausted.

"Firebrandy hot," screamed the Salamandar with four loud voices, while with the other three he thundered loudly for "Gunpowder-tea," which they gave him. Josh never knew, but it must have been very strong, for he quickly fell asleep, feeling happier than he had ever been in his life before.

CHAPTER IV

HE wakened gradually, to find himself being carried, and by the time he was wideawake, he saw he was in quite a different part of Flameland. He was also pleased to see that one of the Cyclops who carried him was his first one-eyed friend.

"We have brought you to our Concert Crater," he said. "We have the Irruption Concert first, and end with our grand Flare-up. That will astonish you a bit, my bright boy."

Josh smiled a superior smile, as if to say nothing could astonish him, and as they set him down he looked round what they called the Concert Crater. It was such a large and spreading place that he could see no end to it. Running about in every direction were funny little creatures, black as coal, with heads shaped like a golliwog's, but their eyes went right through their flat heads, so that they could see both ways at once, behind and before them, and the eyes were bright sapphire blue. Josh caught one of the little creatures and held him fast.

"You are a droll imp," he said. "What do you call yourself?"

"Salam," said the imp, as he wriggled out of his clutch.

He caught another and asked the same question.

"Salam," said the imp, and also ran away. Then Josh saw they were all busy lighting hundreds of fires, and beside each fire stood a cauldron or large pot, ready to be placed on the fires.

"What are they cooking?" asked Josh.

"Lava," said the Cyclop.

"Is it good to eat?"

"Try if you like it," said the Cyclop.

Josh lifted his helmet and put a piece of lava in his mouth. He expected to find it like candy, so put quite a large piece in. He wished he had not, for he had to splutter a great deal to get rid of it.

"I shall make you eat some of it," he said to the Cyclop, taking a piece and going towards him, and no doubt there would have been a struggle between them if something very extraordinary had not happened.

Suddenly there was a blast of trumpets,

"When hundreds of cooks beat kettle-drums

and Josh saw a tremendous crowd approaching led by a band. The trumpets were played by long, thin men dressed in white paper with red paper collars. They were all very thin, but some were short and others tall, with spindle legs and curious twisted feet in paper shoes.

Josh thought they looked like walking-fireworks, and told the Cyclop the impression they made on him.

"Right you are, bright boy," said he. "It is our squib-cracker-rocket band. The blasts of their trumpets and flare of their horns are noted in Flameland and they play set-pieces at the concerts. They also accompany His Mighty Mightiness's songs. See, he comes."

The scorching Salamandar was marching with the music, and behind him marched everybody who lived in Flameland, including all the cooks. Evidently everyone had a holiday.

"Are there any drums?" asked Josh. "I would like to play a drum."

"Of course there are drums. Don't you hear the cooks playing their kettle-drums?"

As they came nearer, Josh wished he could not hear. When hundreds of cooks play kettle-drums there is no time to hear anything else. In front of the cooks marched one alone, holding up a huge kettle with a wreath of sunflowers round it; it was evidently considered rare and beautiful.

"What is wrong with the lonely cook?" asked Josh. "Why does he make such a show of his dressed-up kettle?"

"That is the much talked of 'Pretty Kettle of Fish,' often mentioned in history," said the Cyclop.

"What a silly old fusser!" said Josh. "I am half a mind to upset it over his silly old head."

"Do so if you like," said the Cyclop. "But you will offend His Majesty and spoil the concert."

"What time does it begin?" asked Josh.

"In double-quick time," said the Cyclop; "when nobody is expecting it."

"How jolly!" said Josh. "Then there are no programmes. I hate programmes. Are there any comic songs?"

"Yes, and His Majesty ends up with a break-down. It will make you laugh."

"I can dance a break-down," said Josh.

"You can if you like," said the Cyclop. "I forgot to tell you it is a smoking concert. You will have to smoke whether you like it or not."

Josh was very impatient for the concert to begin, and was glad to see the Salamandar had sat down on his tail with the fire-work band all round him. The rest of the crowd found places as near as possible. The little black imps had put their cauldrons on the fires and were stirring the lava. It bubbled and squeaked and smoked red-hot. The noise when the band tuned up and the Salamandar cleared his seven throats, and the cooks tried their kettle-drums, and the crowd talked loudly, made Josh wonder if there could be any noises left for other places.

"Do you like it?" asked the Cyclop.

"I have not begun to be fond of it yet," said Josh. "What are they waiting for?"

"The conductor, of course," said the

there is no time to hear anything else"

Cyclop. "We expect Lightning, our famous conductor. He keeps them in order a bit."

"I could play a big drum," said Josh, anxious to take part in the concert.

"You can if you like," repeated the Cyclop. "They will come along soon. You won't mind if your drum bursts with a bang, will you?"

"Not a bit, but why should it burst?"

"Because our best drums are filled with petroleum and dynamite; but you will get used to them."

Josh longed to begin playing a drum, it was so dull doing nothing, while everyone else was so busy. He had just decided to have his joke and tip over the "Pretty Kettle of Fish," when there was another blast of trumpets, and the conductor suddenly appeared riding on an electric motor. He was a thin, sharp person, but evidently thought himself very important. As he took up his position he bowed to the mighty Salamandar, who was fuming and fussing, and sending out showers of sparks faster than ever.

"His Majesty is preparing to sing," said the Cyclop.

Josh could think of nothing but playing the drums and was watching eagerly for them to appear.

Soon a terrific rumbling noise was heard in the distance.

"There are the drums coming," said the Cyclop. "They are not far off, only about 1,000 miles."

"You are a silly one-eyed duffer," said Josh. "You don't mean a thousand miles, I am sure."

"Very well," said the Cyclop, cheerfully. "Of course you know best what everyone means, because you think yourself even a brighter boy than you are."

"O hush up!" said Josh crossly. He was getting warmer and warmer every minute. His head felt six times too large for its skin, and he almost tore off his helmet in his excitement.

Again the terrible rumbling was heard, nearer this time, and the conductor held up a wand, which he waved in a zig-zag fashion, so that it flashed like lightning in double-quick time. The trumpets blared and blasted and the horns flared, and then—then the Salamandar began to sing.

Never as long as he lives will Josh forget the Salamandar's song. His low notes reached to the lowest depths of the earth and made it tremble beyond any trembling that ever had been trembled. His top notes! Well his top notes were the tip-toppest-top notes that ever have been or ever will be topped. Then when the chorus came and every one joined in, just as the fancy struck him, Josh howled. He did not know why he howled or what he howled, he simply howled and looked wildly round for a big drum.

The conductor flashed his wand and between each flash could be heard the rumbling coming nearer and nearer. The coal-black imps, looking sharply both ways at once, stirred their fires for miles round. The cauldrons almost boiled over, but were kept from quite doing so by the char-men, who threw cinders into them just at the moment they seemed to be running over.

"Do you like it now?" asked the Cyclop, who kept his crimson eye on Josh.

"I shall—burst," cried Josh; "I shall go bang. Give me a drink of cold water."

The Cyclop laughed. "Everything is hot here," he said; "even the cold water."

Josh was about to reply when the conductor flashed a flash more vivid than before, and at last the big drums rolled into sight, but so different to what he had expected.

"They are *not* drums at all!" he said hoarsely. His throat was so dry, he longed for an ice-cream.

"Poor boy! Poor, bright boy," said the Cyclop. "I fear you are a little upset; but you will be more so before the end."

"Shut up!" whispered Josh, faintly.

He had no wish to play the drum now. There had been a slight lull in the noises after the drums were placed, but now once again they all started, louder than before, and the Salamandar prepared to sing his last song.

"Our grand Flare-up comes with the chorus," said the Cyclop. "I think you had better sit down on this."

Josh allowed himself to be led to a seat and plumped down on to it.

"You will be all right, if you sit tight,"

rhymed the Cyclop. "When the chorus starts hold on to the handles."

He showed him two handles at the sides of the iron seat, and though Josh was not at all frightened—oh, dear, no, of course not—he took hold of the handles at once and began to wonder if the Flamingo would be waiting for him outside when he left Flameland. He was very eager to be sure about the Flamingo, and turned to ask the Cyclop what he thought, and if he could leave before the end of the concert, but to his dismay his one-eyed friend had disappeared.

What happened after that Josh cannot clearly remember, nor what the Salamandar sang, or if he joined in the chorus, but he does remember that the conductor suddenly flashed his wand right in his eyes, which blinded him. An instant afterwards every fire flamed high, the cauldrons all boiled over, the trumpets blasted, and the kettle-drums drummed, and the big drums ——. Josh supposes they burst, but with a howl, which he had never howled before, nor can repeat, he grasped the handles of his seat as he felt himself lifted suddenly and rising swiftly. Up, up, up he went, as if he were pushed by thousands of burning hands.

When he opened his eyes he was lying where the Flamnivorous Flamingo had found him, and strangely enough the great bird was looking down on him. Josh blinked at him. "How did I get here?" he asked.

"I was waiting for you," said the Flamingo. "Did you enjoy your visit?"

"It was a shade hot," said Josh.

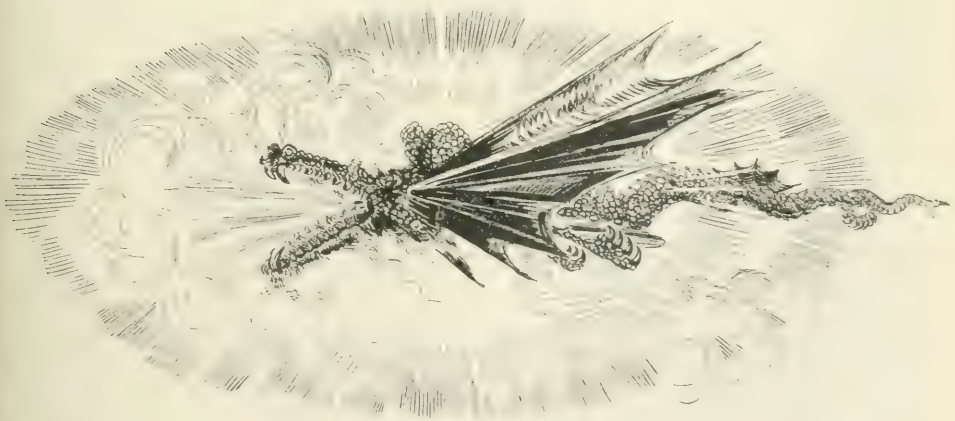
"Made your hair curl, eh?" asked the bird, twisting his neck. "Tell us all about it, there's a good boy."

If there was one thing Josh disliked more than another, it was to be called a good boy. It was so childish. So he rose quickly, said "shan't" as rudely as possible, and walked off with his hands in his pockets.

The Flamingo watched him a minute, wriggled his neck straight, then flew to spread the news of a terrific volcanic irruption in a land far away.

Josh heard everyone speaking of it and laughed loudly at the silly things old wiseheads explained about it, for, did not he know better than them all what had really happened, having been to the concert of the Mighty Salamandar King?

THE END



THE DRAGON

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Introduction to a Series of Six Articles

UR "being's end and aim" is happiness—not necessarily the material happiness of the inebriate or the epicure, but happiness of some kind, having its highest form in the spiritual exaltation of those rare souls who, in this world of shadows and half-lights, have seen a vision and follow the gleam. Thus to worry is to miss the purpose of one's being: it is to fail—to fail for self, to fail for others, and it is to fail gratuitously. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder"; but the blunder is almost universal, and is the characteristic symptom of an age which—the *laudator temporis acti* notwithstanding—I believe to be the greatest in human history hitherto. To the evolutionist no other belief is open.

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! . . . . . in apprehension how like a god!" Certainly none has a greater right to praise him than his greatest poet. But alas, how significant is the change in meaning of one of Hamlet's words! When Shakespeare wrote "apprehension," he meant *understanding*, but to us, three centuries later, the word means *worry!* To worry, indeed, is human: my concern may be with my butcher's bill or with the threatened extinction of the sun; I may worry for myself or for my child or for my creed, but worry it would seem, I must; and yet happiness is my being's end and aim.

Good and evil, we know, are complementary. To love implies the possibility of hate; to look before and after, to anticipate, to hope, implies the possibility of fear.

"Yet if we could scorn hate and pride and fear," we should live upon a new earth. And men *have* scorned these things; they have known "that content surpassing wealth, the sage in meditation found, and walked with inward glory crowned." The wise of all ages have been the captains of their souls. Of these wise, the wisest few have founded great religions which—their substance, not their form, accepted—have redeemed many generations, and wiped the tears from many eyes. Even pagan stoicism has some claim to be counted with these. In our own time, as in all preceding times, there is necessity, but in our own time it is pre-eminent necessity, for the irradiation amongst the peoples of that fine temper, half philosophic, half religious, half intellectual, half emotional, half rational acceptance, half faith—the faith of Socrates that to the good man no evil thing can happen—the temper that possessed the soul of Wordsworth, who, whilst others were distressed, disheartened, at the betrayal of a patriot, addressed him in these great words:

> "There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

In the succeeding articles it is my purpose adequately to demonstrate, if possible, the importance of worry and of its acuter form, which we call fear; to seek for an analysis of its causes; and, more especially, to discuss the means by which it has been controlled, cured or transfigured in the past, and which, well directed and employed, may perform a like service for us and our heirs.

The wisest thinkers of all times have seen that worry, apprehension, and fear condemn the many to futility, to real or imaginary disease, to premature death, to everything that is the negation of abundant life. But it is only quite lately that the double aspect of the importance of worry has been capable of due recognition. It is indeed easy to assert in a philosophic way that since it is well to be happy, it is ill to fret or fear; but what has not been sufficiently recognised is the importance of worry, not merely in itself as implying the absence of happiness, but as the cause of ills far greater than

itself—the cause predisposing to disease which would otherwise have been escaped altogether; the cause determining the fatal issue of illnesses which would otherwise have been recovered from; a potent cause, probably the most important of all causes of sleeplessness; a great consumer of the bodily energies, both directly and by reason of its effect upon sleep. This brief list is very far from exhausting or even adequately suggesting the physical consequences of worry. It is quoted merely as some indication of the influence of the mind upon the body, an influence which has always been credited, and which unfortunately has given rise to innumerable mysticisms and superstitions, but which has only lately, only indeed since the destruction of materialism thirty years ago, been elevated to the rank of a scientifically appraised truth. Worry, then, is not only a disease in itself, it is the precursor or predisposing cause of many bodily diseases, as also of many mental disorders of far greater gravity than its own. But this disease, hitherto deemed unworthy of serious consideration, is not only potent in influencing the health and happiness and accomplishments of those whom it affects, but those whom it affects are the entire community, with very rare exceptions. I have said that the wise of all ages have been the captains of their souls—the masters of their fate. But the wise of any age are the minority, the numerically insignificant minority. Very few of us have time for reflection, for philosophic meditation. The overwhelming majority of men and women are unable, usually through no fault of their own, to free themselves from this ailment—an ailment which, as we shall see when we come to consider its causes, is an all but inevitable consequence of the supreme characteristic of the human mind, the power of contemplating itself, the past and the future. This is thus an ailment which plays a more or less malign part in almost every life. The variations of its influence are very wide, depending largely upon differences of what we vaguely call temperament. But I question whether there is any life in which it does not have some say. One man it may merely prevent from the full enjoyment of his work and play. Another man it hurts rather in interfering with the quality of his work, causing him to make mistakes due to over-anxiety or want of sleep. In another case it interferes with the sum total of a man's output; in yet another and a very frequent case, it interferes with his domestic happiness or his sociability, making him an irritable husband and father and an unloved guest. But it would be absurd to attempt to discuss here in detail the multitudinous consequences of worry or to insist upon their many ramifications. Merely I would insist at the moment upon the importance of worry, afterwards to be demonstrated, not so much in the melancholic nor in persons having vast responsibilities nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a common, constant, commonplace fact, influencing body and mind, in greater or less degree, throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordinary affairs, who constitute the overwhelming bulk of humanity.

I have, therefore, deliberately avoided the more obvious of this too logical arrangement which the series might display. I propose to deal not first of all with the causes of worry and then with its consequence and cure, but first of all with its consequences and subsequently with its cure and causes. This order, however, may be logically defended; it corresponds to the defining of your subject before you expatiate upon it. First of all, we must know what worry is and what it signifies to human life; then, since its curableness is a matter of history, we must observe the modes in which men have cured it, and consider how their experience may serve our own need. Lastly, we shall consider the more abstract problem—a problem in pure psychology—of the causation of worry. From some points of view this is the most interesting question of all, but it is interesting only because we know how much worry signifies, and so our discussion of it may logically be placed last.

In seeking the fundamental, though not the only cure for worry, our guide, I believe, will be the closing lines, which I have quoted, of the sonnet to Toussaint

L'Ouverture. Mind and body, as we shall see, are inextricably one, and yet are not identical. Primarily, worry is a mental fact, and is to be dealt with by mental, not material, means, by dogmas rather than by drugs.

They must be true dogmas, else they cannot survive the onslaught of "man's unconquerable mind." Yet more, our philosophy must recognise that the soul of man has more than its intellectual component; it has "exaltations, agonies and love." These, as well as our mind, our emotions as well as our reason, are our friends, if we will have them. We shall cure worry neither at the cost of our intellectual chastity, as by cozening ourselves to believe that which we know to be untrue, nor by striving to effect our end with the aid of the dry light of reason alone, casting scorn on the emotional nature. If we are to live completely and throw worry to the dogs, we must honour and recognise our complex nature in its completeness. The stoicisms have failed because they denied the emotions, and the emotionalisms have failed because they were opposed to man's mind and the truth which it worships. The cures that have endured, the optimisms that have survived, are those which have affronted no essential part of human nature, the sufficient vindication for *both* aspects of which, the intellectual and the emotional —for the evolutionist, at any rate—is the fact of their survival, their survival with increase, their triumph indeed, after the supreme test imposed upon them for countless ages by the struggle for existence.

FIRST ARTICLE IN JANUARY

The British Civil Service

By H. LINTON ECCLES

The author of this article outlines both the faults and the excellences of the British Civil Service, and indicates wherein it differs from the system in force in Canada.

THE Civil Service in Great Britain is a fearful and wonderful organisation. It is fearful because it would need a man of strong moral courage and much pertinacity to change or amend it; wonderful not so much because of its principles as of the way in which those principles are manipulated. Still, it *is* the Civil Service, and in the present case we have to consider what it is and not what it might be.

In comparison with the civil services of the two other great English-speaking countries, Canada and the United States, the balance of advantages rests with the British system, capable of improvement as it undoubtedly is. The principle of open competition has been more widely adopted in Great Britain, consequently the display of "log-rolling" appears quite mild and inoffensive compared with the two "halves" of North America. It would be a severe task on one's imagination to picture a government governing quite without patronage, therefore we must needs add this method of easy preference to the list of "necessary evils," and not waste words in deploring it. But all evils can be lessened, and the end of good government is served when it wisely controls patronage instead of being unwisely controlled by it.

In Great Britain previous to 1855, patronage stalked unchecked in all branches of Government service. In those days, if a man wanted to "get on" and incidentally reap a fat salary from public money, it was not at all necessary that he should be gifted with any but the most ordinary ability. He was not required to know the "ins and outs" of Latin, mathematics, and English —this was mere "polish" which he could afford to disregard. The one thing needful consisted in having someone well placed—the higher the better—with the

Government of the day; someone, say, who was a Lord of the Admiralty, or, failing that, the intimate friend of one; or a member of the inner council of state, or at least a man to whom that member was under some sort of obligation. Then, indeed, might the sun shine! Of course, many good men and true succeeded in getting over the fence—with more or less difficulty—and we have handed down to us the historical spectacle of such men as Nelson waiting the pleasure of the powers that were, at each step of their earlier careers, before they could make the advance their talents and performance demanded. The word which officially described this system was "nomination," so by nomination, up to 1855, were all positions in the Civil Service filled. There was even an examination to be passed—one which the twelve-year-old schoolboy of to-day would laugh at; but it was whispered that a man "in the know," or in the counsels of someone else "in the know," might easily get round this examination by another door.

In the year 1855 a qualifying examination of a more or less difficult nature was introduced, and this held good until, in 1870, the system of open competition was generally adopted. The success which followed the introduction of this system was immediate and salutary in effect, as will be seen from the following details: From May, 1855, to June, 1870, the period during which a qualifying examination was made a necessary preliminary to appointment—there were 1,594 candidates for 37 appointments, averaging 43 for each appointment. From June, 1870, to December, 1885, following the introduction of open competition, there were 108,400 competitors for 14,717 appointments, averaging 7 for each appointment. Since 1885 the number of competitors has increased with the additional vacancies, and the average number of candidates for each appointment in open competition is now about eight.

By an Order-in-Council, dated February 12, 1876, following the report of the Playfair Commission, the Civil Service was split into two divisions, upper and lower, and the Civil Service Commission assumed control over entrance to the service. From the first there was evidence of a good deal of friction and dissatisfaction between these two divisions, and the men of the "Lower Division" found plenty of cause for grumbling in the preferential treatment and the privileges meted out to those of the "Upper Division." At last, in 1886, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire fully into the working of the service. In the first place the Commissioners recommended that the distinguishing terms "Upper" and "Lower," which had become objectionable to members of the Lower Division, should be altered to "First" and "Second" Division respectively. It was also recommended that the salaries of the First Division begin at £200 and rise to £1,000 a year, and that those of the Second Division begin at £70 and rise to £350 a year. It was thus hoped to secure uniformity in the Service, and to facilitate transfers from one department to another. There was an additional proviso for a revision of the pension system. These recommendations of the Commission were never completely adopted, and as a consequence there has ever since been subject matter for grievance on the part of civil servants, especially in the lower divisions. The excellent principle of uniformity aimed at in the report of the Commission of 1886 has not yet been fully realised, but the salaries paid nowadays are more in harmony with the work of each department than they previously were.

The Civil Service Commission, called into being by the Order-in-Council of 1876, is administered by two permanent Commissioners, who are appointed by the First Lord of the Treasury. It is their duty to fix the regulations as to age, health, and character of candidates, and they also arrange the different literary examinations for the Home Civil Service, for the Indian Civil Service, and for the admission of students to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The Indian branch of the service is quite distinct from the English; it has its own peculiar conditions and problems, and must be considered apart from the Home Service. The examinations for the admission of students to the Royal Military Academy

and the Royal Military College are arranged by the Civil Service Commission for the convenience of the military authorities, and do not concern us here.

The best positions in the English Civil Service are, of course, to be found under the heading of Class 1, or First Division. The age limits for entrance are 22 to 24, and the successful candidates are mostly graduates from a university or those who have had special advantages in the way of education. This, one is informed, is desirable because Class 1 of the service must be rendered exclusive, and the successful candidate, when he has succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles which guard the way of entrance to the First Division, is enabled to move in what is really a very superior grade of society. That there are other compensations will be gathered from the following scale of salaries attached to some of the principal offices where Class 1 clerks are employed:

TREASURY—£200, rising annually by £20 to £500; £700 to £900; £1,000 to £1,200. In addition, extra allowances are given, varying from £150 to £300 per annum.

COLONIAL OFFICE—£200, rising by £20 to £500; £700 by £25 to £800; £850 by £50 to £1,000.

HOME OFFICE—The same as Colonial Office to £800; £900 by £50 to £1,000.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £500 by £20 to £600; £625 by £25 to £800.

BOARD OF TRADE—£150, rising by £15 to £350; £400 by £20 to £600; £650 by £25 to £800.

ADMIRALTY—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £800; £825 by £50 to £1,000.

POST OFFICE: SECRETARY'S OFFICE—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £800.

INLAND REVENUE—£150, rising by £15 to £300; £300 by £20 to £500; £600 by £25 to £700; £725 by £25 to £800; £825 by £25 to £900.

WAR OFFICE—£150, rising by £15 to £400; £450 by £20 to £650; £700 by £25 to £900.

There are further opportunities for a First Division man—needless to say, with influence at his back—in the shape of Assistant Secretaryships, Permanent Under-Secretaryships, and Private Secretaryships, which carry additional salaries varying between £100 and £300 per annum.

The bulk of the ordinary clerical vacancies in public departments are now filled by Second Division (or Class 2) clerks. The age limits for these appointments are 17 and 20, and the salary attached to them commences at £70 and rises by £5 annually to £100, then by £7 10s. to £190, and from £190 by £10 to £350. When a Second Division man's salary by this method reaches £250, his further advancement depends upon merit and not upon seniority. The qualifying examination for appointments to the Second Division is severe, and the competition of candidates very keen.

The official regulation says that Second Division clerks *may* be specially promoted to the First Division after eight years' service—the promotion presumably depending on the favourable recommendation of the heads of departments. The italics are quite justified, for careful enquiries have discovered the fact that this option of special promotion is but sparingly exercised by the powers that rule the different departments, either to the advantage of the general body of Second Division men or of the service. It is unfortunate that promotion from the Second Division to the First depends upon the whim and fancy of a higher official, because, like every human being, that official is bound to have prejudices and to be subject to the temptation to serve someone whom he naturally enough desires to see promoted. That is just one of those little crevices where patronage, ever insidious in its application and methods, creeps in. The remedy, of course, lies in the direction of making promotion dependent upon the judgment of not one official only, but upon two or three independent officials. The worst examples of the abuse of this option of promotion are seen in the War Office, the Post Office, and the Admiralty.

There are considerably over three thou-

sand Second Division clerks employed in the service, and the great majority of them are distributed over the various Government offices in London. The Post Office alone, with its various sub-departments, employs about half the number.

In addition to the two Divisions of the Civil Service already mentioned, there are large, and in some directions increasing, numbers of boy copyists (boy clerks), abstractors (or assistant clerks), and temporary clerks engaged. There is also a growing number of women employed in the service, though they are chiefly confined to the Post Office and the Post Office Savings Bank. In London Post Offices, independently of the Savings Bank, there are about a thousand women clerks, telegraphists and sorters.

The British Civil Service costs well over twenty millions of pounds annually. A Parliamentary return, issued in January, 1903, showed that the total number of persons employed in the Civil Service on March 13, 1902, was 107,782, including 77,035 employed in the postal service, and 8,869 in the Admiralty. These figures are now largely increased. It is worthy of notice that the total number of persons in the Classified Civil Service of the United States is less than one hundred thousand.

During 1904 there were ninety-seven open competitions conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners in connection with the Home Service. Eight of them were of a professional or technical character, and the remaining eighty-nine non-technical. Of the non-technical competitions, sixty-four were for appointments in the Post Office. In twenty-eight of these sixty-four examinations, 3,096 female candidates competed for 349 situations, averaging nearly nine for each appointment, and in the remaining thirty-six examinations, there were 2,512 male candidates for 312 situations, or eight for each appointment. The figures show a slight, though apparently steady, falling off in the number of candidates competing for each situation since 1904.

It will readily be seen that the principle of open competition governing entrance to the English Civil Service has been abundantly successful ever since it was first put into practice over thirty years ago. Certainly the service gets the pick of the candidates, if the numbers who enter for the preliminary examinations are any indication. In fact, the Civil Service Commission has literally had to defend itself against the rush of candidates by imposing more and more restrictions and by stiffening the examinations, until it is almost necessary, in order to pass a popular examination like that for the Second Division, to avail one's self of the services of an experienced tutor for at least twelve months beforehand.

Here then should Canada learn the first step towards placing her Civil Service in a healthy and efficient state. Appointments made solely on the strength of nomination are not, in nine cases out of ten, the best appointments. There must be a trial of strength between candidates for the appointments, so that the best may win. The qualifying examinations must be ruled on the principle of open competition, and the ruling must not be tinged or influenced in any way by politics. That is the ideal to work for! Just as a great railroad lasts out administrations, so must a permanent Civil Service outlive elected Governments, and what is a Civil Service that is not permanent but a chaos? Just as the railroad can carry on its business and preserve its usefulness quite independently of the winds of ordinary political doctrines, so can a Civil Service be organised and carried on independently of whatever party is in power. In fact that is the only successful way in which to organise and carry it on. In England, a Civil Servant placed in a responsible position is expressly forbidden to take any active or public part in politics, and is liable to instant dismissal on infringement of this rule. This is the principle which should be in operation in Canada. Purge the Civil Service, as far as is humanly possible, of politics and patronage—a reform not at all outside the bounds of possibility—and the first great step towards economy and efficiency is taken. Before anything else is thought of, this must be accomplished.

Old Christmas Customs in England

By SARAH A. TOOLEY

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

WHILE the celebration of Christmas has largely become a stereotyped national holiday at which everybody eats turkey and plum pudding and sends cards with the season's greeting, there still lingers in ancient townships and remote hamlets customs which survive from the days when each county had its separate dialect and usages.

Hoary and classic Oxford has preserved in its original form the Boar's Head Feast, an old Christmas custom of the northern counties which is celebrated at Queen's, the college founded by Robert de Eglesfield, rector of Brough, in Westmoreland, in 1340, for the benefit of scholars from Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Let us, in imagination, enter the old oak-panelled Hall of Queen's College on Christmas afternoon. A huge fire blazes on the hearth, and casts a cheerful glow over the holly-decked walls and the crowd of townsfolk, who, according to established rule, are admitted to see the celebration. All eyes are fixed on the door, and there is a flutter of expectancy when the blast of the trumpet is heard which heralds the approach of the procession. First come the Provost and the Fellows in their black gowns, and then the bearer of the feast follows, holding aloft on a great silver dish the boar's head gaily decked with tiny banners and crowned with garlands of bay and rosemary. The Chaplain and the choir boys follow, chanting the old carol, beginning:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

On moves the stately procession to the rhythmic sound of the carol, the chorus,

"Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino,"

swelling at the end of each verse, until the high table at the further end of the Hall is reached, where the Boar's head is set down amidst a thrill of admiration. The Provost distributes the decorations amongst the townspeople, who now withdraw, while the Dons and Fellows sit down to dine. Round goes the old wassail bowl, and the wine tankard, with the useful whistle in the handle, and the great Black Jack, and the feast proceeds as it has done these 500 years, since it was instituted, as the legend goes, in honour of a scholar of "Queen's," who killed a wild boar in the woods by thrusting his Aristotle down its throat, as he cried "*Accipe! Græcum.*" However, the boar's head was honoured long before the advent of this valiant scholar, and is a relic of a Scandinavian rite which took firm root amongst our Saxon forefathers. In the old halls and manor houses of the northern counties was the Boar's Head Feast observed in days of yore, and the custom preserved at Oxford has found followers in modern times in mansions where the owners, like Squire Bracebridge, recall its celebration in the noble old college hall of their youth.

Oxford has also kept alive the ancient carol service. This takes place on Christmas Eve in Magdalen College. At eight o'clock the hall presents a gay and festive appearance, with the burning logs and Christmas decorations. At the Fellows' high table at one end of the hall supper is laid for the choir boys, who are the chief guests of the evening, and there is a giant Christmas tree, sparkling with gold and silver bells, and lighted with coloured tapers. Visitors from the town are admitted to view the scene, and there is always a good gathering in the ladies' gallery. At the appointed hour the President, choir-master, organist, and choris-

ters procession into the hall, and open the ceremony with selections from the "Messiah." Then the boys sit down to supper. Frumety, the time-honoured dish of Yorkshire at Christmas time, is passed round in silver tureens, after which the banquet proceeds with more substantial and, it must be admitted, more popular dishes. At the conclusion of supper the tree is illuminated, and the choristers, standing round, sing "Many a Carol, Old and Saintly." The carol singing continues until a little before twelve o'clock, when the *Adeste Fideles* is rendered in Latin and followed by some moments of profound silence. Then the chimes which tell the hour that ushers in the Christmas morn break the stillness as the bells clang out a merry peal from Magdalen Tower. The choristers raise the triumphant notes of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and as it ceases one hears "A Merry Christmas, Sir," and the President, raising the old silver tankard to his lips, gives the time-honoured toast. There is no Master of the Revels or Lord of Misrule among the stately Dons, still, the choir boys have a merry time and depart, bearing gifts from the Christmas tree, while the company, who, in accordance with the old tradition that all comers shall be freely entertained, having partaken of mince pies, sandwiches, and hot negus, wend their way through the stately old quadrangle back into twentieth century life. This festival was instituted for the choir boys many years ago by a patron of the college who desired to promote the singing of carols.

One may mention, in passing, the ancient candle socket preserved in the buttery of St. John's College, Oxford, which was formerly used to burn the Christmas candle on the high table during the twelve nights of the festival, and was also used at the College Sealings. It is of stone, carved and painted and ornamented with the figure of the Holy Lamb. It is about twelve inches high and will hold a large two-inch candle. This is a relic of the times when each householder lighted his candles from the great church candle. In many country places the custom of Christmas candles is still observed along with the burning of the yule log. At the ancient village of Barley, in Hertfordshire, there is a tract of land called "Plough Candles," the rent of which went to furnish the candles which were kept burning before the high altar in pre-Reformation times, from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Day. After that came Plough Monday when the rustics returned to work.

Another nteresting, though not quite so charming a survival occurs at Dewsbury in Yorkshire, where the Devil's Knell is tolled on Christmas Eve. The custom was discontinued for many years, but was revived by the vicar in 1828, and has continued to the present time. The bell is tolled the same number of times as the year, viz., 1902, on the last occasion. The practice is supposed to signify that when Christ was born the Devil died, hence the ringing of his death knell. At East Dereham in Norfolk; Woodchester, Gloucestershire; and Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire, muffled peals used to be rung during Chri tmas week.

Yet ano.her old Yorkshire custom must be noted in the "Christmas Cheers," or raffles for provisions, which take place among the working people. These principally prevail in the North Riding. About ten days before Christmas the "Cheers" take place in the public houses, where geese, ducks, turkeys, bottles of gin, and barrels of ale are raffled at a shilling a "shake." A year or two ago, the Countess of Carlisle and Lady Cecelia Roberts tried to suppress the 'Christmas Cheers," in the interests of temperance. But the Yorkshire folk love their feasting, and the "Cheers" will die a hard death. Pleasanter to contemplate is the typical Christmas Eve in this ancient county, when the yule "clog" blazes on the hearth, the yule candles are lighted, a yule cake is made for each member of the family, and from mansion to cottage is served the time-honoured dish of frumety, while good Yorkshire pies are not wanting.

The Staffordshire folk are a lively people, and one finds at the decayed market town of Abbots Bromley, about ten miles from Stafford, a most interesting survival of the Horn and Hobby-horse dancing, which used to be so generally observed in the days of Merrie England at Christmas and other festivals. The dancing was generally connected with the church, and

often began in the church porch, and this association still prevails at Abbots Bromley. The reindeer antlers, with which the dancers surround their heads, until each man seems an impersonation of Herne, the phantom hunter, and the old hobby-horse are kept in the parish church of St. Nicholas, being deposited in the tower each year after the celebration of the dance, which now, however, takes place at the Wake on the first Monday after September 1st. Still, though the fact does not appear to be recognised locally, so far as my enquiries go, the Horn Dance was originally a Christmas custom, and might for old association's sake be again revived at that season. Plot, in his history of Staffs, 1686, says: "Within memory, at Abbots or Pagets Bromley, they had a sort of sport which they celebrated at Christmas, on New Year and Twelfth Day, called the Hobby-horse Dance from a person who carried an image of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hands a bow and arrow, which, passing through a hole in the bow and stopping upon a shoulder it had in it, he made a snapping noise as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the musick; with this, men danced, six others carrying on their shoulders as many reindeer heads, three of them painted white, with three red, with the arms of the chief families (viz., Paget, Bagot and Wells), to whom the revenues of the town chiefly belonged, depicted on the *palms* of them, with which they danced the hays and other country dances." The historian goes on to describe a pot which the dancers carried, and into which they received gifts of cake and ale, also money, the latter being used to repair the church and feed the poor. Such was the original Christmas custom at Abbots Bromley.

To-day, the Horn Dancers assemble on the Wake Monday at the church, and having arrayed themselves in the deer antlers and grotesque garments which they receive from the parish clerk, they go round the village and outlying parts performing the dance. One of the number leads with the hobby-horse, and another plays an accordion. After each performance they send round the hat and receive a nice little sum of money, which they divide amongst themselves. They keep up the dancing until nightfall, when they return to the church and deposit the horns and hobby-horse until the next anniversary comes round.

A modern revival of the Mummers, or old Christmas play, formerly general throughout the country, takes place in Warwickshire, where the spell of "Will of Stratford" keeps the play-acting spirit alive. Rugby, and the neighbouring village of Newbold, are the scenes of the revived Mummers' plays, in which the time-honoured fight between St. George and the Turkish Knight takes place, with the attendant drolleries of Dr. Brown, and other characters. Mysterious minstrels, I am told, also parade the town of Rugby at Christmas, and give much pleasure to the people. In many parts of Warwickshire, especially in the houses of the gentry, the ancient mumming has been revived of late, and exhibitions of masks and mummers are still occasionally seen in the farm kitchens.

Indeed, Shakespeare's "Greenwood" is rich in old-time customs. The festivities begin on December 21st, St. Thomas's Day, when the children go a-Thomasing round the hamlets and villages, begging gifts for Christmas, and often furthering their claims by singing old carols, such as

> "Little cock-robin sat on a wall—
> We wish you a merry Christmas
> And a great snow ball."

The yule-log is still dragged in procession from the woods to stand in the inglenook until the auspicious eve, and the great melon or marrow decked with ribbons hangs from the rafters of the farm-house parlour ripening ready for the festival. On Christmas Eve, it is prepared and stuffed ready for the table. The stuffed chine of pork is another dish which the Warwickshire housewife prepares for the season, as also the stewed crab-apples, which live in Shakespeare's verse:

> "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."

The old people set great store by this dish and offer it to their friends in the winter evenings when Christmas approaches, and on Christmas morning elder wine is drunk in the rustic households with unfailing regularity, a custom which Squire Cass observed in "Silas Marner."

Kent was a county noted for "hodening," or going round with the "hodening" horse, a fearsome creature made of wood with great jaws studded with hobnails for teeth. A boy carried the head, having his own person concealed by a horsecloth. He held a cord which worked the hinges attached to the hideous jaws and made them open in a ferocious manner; at the same time he kept up as much kicking and plunging as possible. Young men from the farm stables usually went round with the horse, to the terror of small children. The custom was kept up at Walmer and Hoath until comparatively recent times at Christmas, and also at Sittingbourne.

Essex had its own peculiar custom of wrestling for the boar's head, formerly observed at Hornchurch, on Christmas Day. The lessee of the tithes, which belonged to New College, Oxford, used to supply the boar's head dressed and garnished for the contest, which took place in a field adjoining the church. The boar's head, decked with ribbons, was elevated on a pole and brought into the ring to be wrestled for; the prize being awarded to the winner. The custom was by ancient charter, and although the practice has been discontinued, the bull's horns and head are still exhibited on the east end of the chancel of the church.

Haxey, the ancient capital of the Island of Axholme, in the Lincolnshire Fen country, which the author of "The MS. in a Red Box" has rendered famous, is the scene, on old Christmas Day, of an interesting survival of the custom called "Throwing the Hood." In his "History of Axholme," Peek relates that the custom was first instituted by the daughter of one of the Mowbrays, a landed family residing in the neighbourhood of Haxey. It chanced one old Christmas Day, that the young lady was out riding and had her hood blown off by the wind. Twelve men, working in the fields, ran to pick it up, and their efforts afforded Lady Mowbray so much merriment, that when at length the hood was captured she gave the men money and promised that a piece of land should be vested in trustees for the purpose of annually carrying out a sport on old Christmas Day to be called "Throwing the Hood." The land consisted of forty acres, and to-day bears the name of Hoodlands. Formerly a mill stood there, but only the old mill-house remains, and the field surrounding it is the scene of the quaint survival

There is locally, I find, another version to the effect that the lady of the manor was on her way to Mass on Christmas morning, and while crossing the mill field her hood blew off and the villagers, also on their way to church, joined in trying to recover it. The wind blew the hood hither and thither, and the fun grew fast and furious, to the amusement of the lady, who, after the hood was restored, commanded that the game should be annually commemorated, and left at her death an endowment of lands for the purpose.

Haxey has most chivalrously stood by the lady's wish, and the good townsfolk to-day hunt the hood with all the old-time zest and observance. At three o'clock in the afternoon of old Christmas Day, the "Boggans," four or six men dressed in red and having the real hood and several sham hoods, march in order to the remains of the old stone cross by the church, led by the "fool," who is dressed in rags stuck about with birds' feathers. Arrived at the cross the fool mounts it and makes a humorous speech to the people. Then he leads the way to the field where the "sham" hoods, made of red baize or flannel and stuffed with sawdust, are thrown amongst the crowd. Any one who secures a hood and escapes without being touched by the boggans, stationed at the corners with long sticks, runs down to the village with his trophy and is entitled to free drinks at any public house he chooses to enter.

At four o'clock the real hood, which is twenty-five inches long, nine inches in circumference, shaped like an elongated sausage and made of stout leather stuffed with straw, is thrown, and the sport becomes boisterous. One end of the hood is seized by one side of the parish and the other end by the opposite side, and the "sway" begins, the rival villagers trying to drag the trophy to their particular end of the parish. Prudent folk put up the shop shutters and barricade their windows, as there is no knowing to what length the sport may go, for though the swayers are not malicious in intention, the vigour with

which each side strives for the hood, and the number of people engaged in the struggle, make the affair rather dangerous. Anyone standing in the street is regarded as legitimate prey, and is liable to be dragged in o the "sway." Women and children view the scene from the privacy of their bedroom windows, or if they venture out obtain sanctuary for the time being behind the churchyard wall. On this day the local laws are popularly supposed to be suspended, and Haxey runs the gauntlet of established order in as free and easy a spirit as it did in days of yore, when the hero of the "MS. in the Red Box" flourished. If shutters are battered in or windows broken, not even the grim Earl, who tortured offenders on the rack at Castle Musgrave, were he alive to-day, would venture to punish an offender on Old Christmas Day. The present vicar, the Rev. H. Clifford, tells me that when he first came to Haxey, his gardener insisted on barring and bolting up every entrance to the vicarage preparatory to the "Hood" celebration, asserting, as a native of the place, that no damage for trespass could be punished on that day.

The game lasts till dusk, and the victors bear the hood to their part of the parish, where it remains for the ensuing year. The evening closes with much merry-making, and copious healths are drunk to my Lady Mowbray, who instituted such good sport. On the following day it used to be the custom for the revels to be continued at West Woodside by the smoking of the "fool." A fire was made of straw, and the fool, fastened with a rope, was swung to and fro over the fumes until he was properly smoked (or choked?), after which he was liberated and went round with the hat.

Although the generally accepted origin of Throwing the Hood at Haxey is traced to Lady Mowbray, some antiquarians assert that the custom is connected with the ancient rites and ceremonies of sun-worship. It seems, however, that if such were the case the custom would have been observed in other places besides Haxey.

Cornwall is a county rich in folklore and old traditions, and still retains distinctive Christmas customs, several of which are associated with the mining industry. The festival practically begins with Picronsday, the second Thursday before Christmas, when the Cornish miners feast in honour of St. Piran (*alias* St. Kinan), the supposed discoverer of tin. On the Thursday before Christmas is observed the feast of Chewidden, in commemoration of the first manufacture of smelted (white) tin. The name is Celtic, and signifies "white house." The factories where the smelting is done are always spoken of as "houses." Some places celebrate one of these days and some another, but Mr. Thurstan C. Peter, of Redruth, an authority and enthusiast regarding the customs and traditions of his native country, tells me that he does not know of any place where the two "tin" festivals are kept. It would seem that in some districts the miners choose to honour the discoverer of tin and in others to celebrate the first process of melting.

The Cornish miners have a superstition against working underground on Christmas Eve, because of the tradition that on that night the fairies meet at the bottom of the mines to hold a Mass in celebration of the birth of Christ. Sounds of melodious singing are alleged to have been heard. This is not, however, peculiar to Cornwall; I have known a similar superstition repeated by old miners in the Black Country.

Among other practices still observed in Cornwall is Going-a-Gooding on Christmas Eve. Parties of poor women, sometimes as many as twenty-five in a party, go round from house to house begging for something to celebrate the festival. Money is sometimes given, but more frequently the "goodys" return home with gifts of clothing and eatables. The yule-log, or "mock" as it is locally called, is still dragged in triumph from the wood to many farmhouses and country halls in Cornwall and burned on Christmas Eve, with all the old traditions. The "mock" was never supposed to be bought, and those who did not own land obtained it for the fetching from their neighbours' woods. A modern survival of this custom is the load of firewood which many timber-sellers in Cornwall send to their customers at Christmas. The pleasant practice of the tradespeople sending Christmas boxes in kind to their patrons still obtains in the

county. One might suggest that it is worthy of being revived in London.

In days gone by every Cornish housewife provided "the Christmas" for her household. This was a small saffron and currant cake, given on Christmas Eve to each member of the family and to each guest, and the custom was for everybody to taste everybody else's cake by way of good-fellowship. The practice has gone out of fashion for the most part, but was observed so recently as last year in some cottage homes about Redruth. Another vanishing custom is "Giglot Fair," which used to be celebrated with great spirit at Launceston the week after Christmas. It savoured of leap year customs, for every one was free to speak to one of the opposite sex without the formality of an introduction. Chaperones were rigidly excluded from the fair. They have had their revenge, however, for I am told that the merry-making which still struggles to survive amongst the young people is being suppressed "by the better sense of the elders, who see the ill consequences which too often result from such liberty."

Carol-singing is less risky, and is observed throughout Cornwall by special services in the churches and chapels. In days gone by family parties on Christmas Eve sat round the blazing "mock" eating the special cakes already referred to, and singing quaint carols far into the night. On Christmas Day, carols took the place of psalms in the churches, and at the end of the service the parish clerk in a loud voice wished the congregation a "Happy Christmas." A few years ago Mr. Heath, organist at Redruth, discovered a collection of old carols in MS. hidden in a chest in the church. These gave evidence that they had been written and set to music by some village worthies for local use. Similar collections of original carols were afterwards discovered in some of the Devonshire churches, pointing to the old custom of districts and counties having their own special carols. The rhymes of the village composers were more curious than edifying, having been handed down from mouth to mouth with accumulated corruptions of words and expressions, and are still sung in the country districts of Cornwall. Locally it is called "curl" singing. The late Mr. Davies Gilbert published some of these ancient carols set to music.

The Guise-dancing, which used to be observed in the Land's End district, has now degenerated into a romping game by

THE PROCESSION OF THE HORN DANCERS AT ABBOTS BROMLEY

Photo by A. W. Hill, Abbots Bromley

THE ASSEMBLY OF HORN DANCERS AND THE HOBBY-HORSE AT THE CHURCH DOOR, ABBOTS BROMLEY

Photo by A. W. Hill, Abbots Bromley

children, who go round the villages and smaller towns with whistles, beating iron tea trays and making as many discordant sounds as a "cat's concert" would supply. The police, not being troubled with antiquarian sentiments, suppress the "survivals" in the larger towns.

The ancient superstition of "wassailing" the apple trees on old Christmas Eve for good luck is still observed in a few places in East Cornwall, but the practice has survived more generally in the neighbouring counties. In West Somerset, in the Bridgwater district, for example, wassailing the apple trees is still observed, and has been described by Mr. Walter Raymond in "Young Zam and Zabina." The idea is to drink wassail, which, according to its Saxon derivation, is waes-hael (health be to you) to the apple trees at the time of the winter solstice, so that they may bear a good crop of fruit in the coming season. The poet Herrick has a verse:

"Wassaile the trees that they may beare
You many a plum and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you do give them wassailing."

The custom is thus described by a local resident. On old Twelfth Eve (Jan. 17) a small band of farm labourers, sometimes reinforced with the local blacksmith or carpenter, pays a visit to all the orchards in the neighbourhood to carry out the old custom of wassailing.

The tour begins at 7 p.m., when the men have left work. On entering the orchard they form a circle beneath the largest tree and sing the wassail song, the quaint words of which have been handed down orally from father to son for many generations. The whole company join in the singing. Formerly an old musket was fired at the end of the song, but of late this part of the ceremony is omitted. When the singing ceases the owner of the orchard, whether squire or farmer, sends out a bucket of hot

THROWING THE HOOD AT HAXEY: THE "FOOL" MAKING HIS SPEECH AT THE OLD STONE CROSS, PREPARATORY TO THE THROWING OF THE HOOD

Photo by George Hammond, Haxey

cider with toast floating on the top. The toast is placed on the apple trees for the robins to eat, while the cider lubricates the throats of the singers. The scene is a curious and picturesque sight with the rustics in their rough working clothes standing beneath the bare, rugged branches of the apple trees, chanting their quaint song by the light of lanterns; but if the moon shines, and there is hoar frost on the tree and snow on the ground, the sight is perfect. It might be a Druidical function of the dark ages. The ceremony completed, the company march up to the house of the owner, where more cider and good cheer await them. Old men still believe that if this custom is not observed a bad crop of apples will be the result, and if a farmer is unpopular his orchard is left unwassailed.

I have before me several local versions of the rhymes sung to the apple-trees, but the Halse Wassail Song is the most complete, and owes its preservation, I believe, to Dr. Prior, of Halse, who died last year. It is partly in Somersetshire dialect:

"Wassail, wassail, all round the town,
The zidur-cup is white, and the zidur is brown,
Our zidur is made from good apple trees,
And now, my fine fellows, we'll drink, if you please.
We'll drink your health with all our heart,
We'll drink to'e all before we part,
Here's one, and here's two,
And here's three before we goo.
We're three jolly boys all in a row,
All in a row, boys, all in a row,
And we're three jolly boys all in a row.

CHORUS

"This is our wassail, our jolly wassail,
And joy go with our jolly wassail.
Hatfuls, capfuls, dree basket, basketfuls,
And a little heap in under the stairs.

"Down in a green copse there sits an old fox,
And there he sits a-mopping his chops.
Shall we go catch him, boys—say, shall we go?
A thousand to one whor we catch him or no.

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And for to keep her he couldn't tell how,

THROWING THE HOOD: THE SPOT WHERE THE SPORT COMMENCES

On the left of the "Fool" is standing the "Lord" holding the mock hoods

Photo by George Hammond, Haxey

So he built up a barn to kip his cow warm;
And a liddle more liquor'll do us no harm.

"And now we'll go whoam and tell our wife Joan,
To put in the pot the girt marrow bones,
That we may have porridge when we do cum whoam.

"There was an old man, and he lived in the West,
The juice of the barrel was what he loved best.
He loved his auld wife as dear as his life,
But when they got drunk, why, thay soon cum to strife."

The chorus is repeated after each verse, and the "Hatfuls, capfuls," given with great gusto.

The Rev. C. M. Whistler, of Stockland, in Devonshire, says that the custom of wassailing the apple trees was practised in his neighbourhood when he came eight years ago, and the wassailers wanted to "do" his apple trees. He was, however, from home, and his man drove them off, and he has not, to his regret, been again approached on the subject.

Among other Somersetshire customs which have survived to modern times, is the drinking of Flapdragon at dinner on Christmas Day. The practice is for the company to float almonds, cut in the form of boats, in their wine glasses, then to set fire to the almond and toss off the wine with it alight. This is a modified, and certainly pleasanter, form of the ancient custom of drinking while candle-ends floated alight in the wine, as an offering to the Sun god.

The superstition regarding the blossoming of the white thorn which Joseph of Arimathea planted at Glastonbury, and from which plants have been propagated in many parts of the country, survives in remote districts in Somersetshire. A gentleman relates that on Old Christmas Day in 1891 he met a young girl in a North Somersetshire village, who told him she was going to see the Christmas thorn in blossom. He accompanied her, and found, to his surprise, a tree propagated from the Glastonbury thorn, and gathered sprigs in blossom. He was told that it used to be the custom for the young people of the district to assemble under the tree on Christmas Eve to hear the popping of the bud as it burst into bloom. Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, has a local thorn which flowers at Christmas.

Devonshire is a county where old cus-

toms die hard, and the peasantry hold fast to their ancient rites and ceremonies. Folklore and picturesque superstition permeate the atmosphere of Dartmoor, and have not been completely eradicated by the prosaic invasion of the convicts and warders of Princetown, or the unbelieving Board Schools. Coy maidens still go to church on Christmas Day wearing last midsummer's rose, and doubtless find the right swain waiting to claim it; while careful housewives bewail the pranks of the "pixies," those Devonshire "Robin Goodfellows" who are always alert for mischief There may even yet be in some isolated cottage of Dartmoor a young person untroubled by a knowledge of the Ten Commandments. It is related that some sixty years ago, a girl preparing for confirmation gave the Commandments as: "Crismis, Lady Day, Aister, Whitsuntide, our vair, and brither Dan's birthday."

"Crismis" evidently figured first in her imagination. The word recalls the Ashton faggot, which on Christmas Eve blazes on the wide hearths of the moorland farms. It differs from the yule-log in being composed of separate sticks and branches of wood securely bound together with bands of ash. Round the blazing pile the family sit cracking jokes, playing games and partaking of good cheer. The timber being green, the hoop bands of the fagot burst with a loud report, and at each bursting the farmer calls for a quart of cider and toasts his friends. Later, if there is an orchard, the company go out with a bowl of hot cider and wassail the apple trees.

Mrs. Bray, in "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," refers to this custom still surviving in the villages on the borders of Dartmoor. "On Christmas Eve," she relates, "the farmers and their men take a large bowl of cider with toast in it and carry it in state to the orchard, and salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well next year. The salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the trees, placing bits of toast in the branches, and then forming themselves into a ring, like the bards of old, they sing:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and where thou may'st blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow."

Special honour is paid to a tree on which mistletoe is found, and the fact that this sacred plant of the Druids occasionally grows on apple trees may connect the wassailing custom with the Pagan rites. The custom is not confined to Somersetshire and Devon, but has survived within living memory in Hertfordshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and in the New Forest, Hampshire. At Chailey, in Sussex, too, the custom has lingered on, and the wassail song of that district begins:

"Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray the God send us a hood howling crop."

Shooting the apple trees is another custom observed n Devonshire. Mr. F. G. Snell, M.A., writing n the "Antiquary," in 1894, relates that while residing at Bolham, a small Devonshire hamlet, he was startled when sitting up late one January night (presumably January 17th, Old Twelfth Eve) by the report of a gun which was reported at intervals. Next morning he learned that some villagers had been firing at the apple trees. From recent enquiries, I find that an old man in Moretonhampstead, Devon, recalls the practice of shooting the apple trees as having been common in his youth. One fails to understand the reason for shooting the trees, unless it was in the nature of a threat akin to a custom in Poland, where the farmer goes round his orchard with a hatchet, and threatens each tree if it does not bear. Antiquarians trace the custom to the Pagan ceremony of casting a spear, or shooting an arrow over the tree to dedicate it to Odin.

The Isle of Man is a separate kingdom, and not a county, but in concluding the account of old Christmas survivals one may mention he Manx custom of "Hunting the Wren," on December 24th or on December 26th. The men and boys of the island used to set out in companies and chase the poor little wrens all day long, because of some superstition of the past. At the end of the chase one of the birds

was fixed on the top of a long pole, with wings extended, or sometimes hung by the leg between two hoops crossed at right angles and decked with ribbons, and carried by the wren boys in procession, from house to house, as they sang:

"We hunted the Wren for Robin the Bobbin,"
etc.

Afterwards the wren was laid on a bier, and buried with full rites in the parish churchyard.

Mr. Hall Caine tells me that the wren boys still go round singing on St. Stephen's Day (December 26th), but the actual hunting of the wren does not now take place in the Isle of Man.

The Goal

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

I STOOD at the foot of a mountain
On a lovely morn in June,
Gazing aloft at the gilded peaks
In the glare of a summer noon.

The mountain was massed with verdure,
And almost hidden from view
A narrow pathway ascended
To a haven beneath the blue.

The course stretched steep and stony,
And the way lay lonely and drear,
But the madness of youth and summer
Had blotted out faintness and fear.

So, boldly courageous I started,
And all through the golden day
I climbed and struggled to reach the top
'Till the darkness blinded the way.

My heart grew weary and timid,
And the ardour within me was chilled,
But the thirst for that haven could not be slaked,
Nor the longing for fame be stilled.

So again and again I endeavoured,
And the summer glory waned,
But still I gazed at the distant goal,
And Ambition was not restrained.

Till at length the gold all faded
And paled on December's cheek,
Then with one last mighty effort
I gained the topmost peak.

But why was the brightness clouded,
And where was the haven of gold?
Alas! the glitter had vanished,
And the light had grown cold.

THE DAWN OF MAJUBA DAY—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The Canadians at the Battle of Paardeberg, when Cronje surrendered. This painting was purchased by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association and will be presented to the City Art Gallery

MAIWAND, SAVING THE GUNS—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

MICK'S SHAFT

APART from the personal consolation of Susan, Brian's arrival at Narrawan was opportune, for it relieved the tension of suspense that had followed upon the receipt of the mail, and forced Mr. Galbraith out of his dreary brooding in the "office" to welcome his guest. Susan's father had gathered easily enough what Brian's visit portended, and perhaps nothing short of a suitor for the hand of his favourite child would have made him put aside for the moment the futile speculations roused by Mr. Kirby's letter, or have given him a short respite from the gnawings of self-reproach.

As the dinner hour drew on, however, he began to worry over Oora's absence, and sent for Tommy George to ask if anything had been seen of Pintpot. Then it appeared that the horse Oora had ridden to Iron Bark Camp was running lame in the Home Paddock, and that Gipsy Girl and two other hacks were missing, so that when Mr. Galbraith came in, angry and alarmed, to consult Patsy, Susan was obliged to tell him part of what had happened. So she related how Oora, having heard a story from the blacks of a sick white man, whom a Bundah tribe had brought down with them from the north, and who was now in the native camp at the foot of the Range—had foolishly insisted on going off at once to see into the matter, in case this unknown white man could possibly be Harry, and how, as Susan was seeing her start, they had met Wolfe at the Bunyip's waterhole on his way to the house. Here Susan became confused and reticent, and Brian came clumsily to her rescue, explaining that Mr. Wolfe had evidently considered it unfit for a young lady to be riding at that hour through the bush with no better company than a blackboy, and had very properly given her his escort. There was nothing extraordinary in the latter part of the tale, except indeed the coincidence of Wolfe's unexpected arrival, and that, after all, was what Mr. Galbraith had been hoping would happen, for he had taken it badly that Wolfe should have repaid his kindness with apparently such ingratitude. He was now glad to think he had misjudged him and also extremely glad that he had got an efficient stockman back again. It was perfectly natural too that Wolfe should have taken upon himself the responsibility of guarding Oora, seeing that he knew the wild country beyond Iron Bark Camp, having mustered cattle and hunted brumbies on the lower spurs of the Range. Mr. Galbraith was therefore mollified concerning Wolfe and commended his action, but the others had to listen to some severe condemnation of Oora's reckless impulsiveness and madcap ways.

"Why," the Boss asked querulously, "must she be always running after single-handed adventure? Why couldn't she have come in and consulted him, and then they might have gone sensibly into the business, have questioned the blacks, made suitable preparations and, in short, have done all the things Oora had been anxious to avoid. Still Oora was Oora, and as Patsy good-naturedly tried to point out, there was no use in expecting her to do anything after the manner of an ordinary girl. She was a half-wild creature, and whether on the sea or in the bush she was bound to be as much at home as a fish or a kangaroo.

Nevertheless, dinner was not altogether a sociable meal, though Cordeaux felt far too content at the success of his own love-affair not to try and appear cheerful; and painfully embarrassed though he had been at some of Susan's confidences, he did his

best to entertain the little company with an account of the *Clytie's* recent voyagings along the coast. But everyone else was more or less pre-occupied. Even the Pickaninny, as a rule the most conversational of mortals, sat silently staring at the new-comer with solemn black eyes shadowed by elf locks that hung down over her night-gown in which she usually appeared at this hour. She was puzzled and awed by this "new feller Benjamin belonging to Susan,"—as to her sister's intense discomfiture she described Brian—having divined with the sharp intuition common to children and to the blacks, that he was Susan's lover.

When the meal was over, Patsy retired to put her children to bed and the Boss went back to the office and his solitary self-communings, while Susan took Brian to the verandah and thence into the moonlit garden.

She had already opened out her heart to him and found delicious salve for her wounded feelings in his tenderness and consideration, which were greater to-day than ever. He would have liked to ask her a good many questions concerning this James Wolfe, of whom he had just heard so much at Narrawan, for a certain letter in his pocket from Craies, the solicitor who had got on the track of his missing cousin, had intensified Brian's suspicion that the Lost Earl of Ellan, James Wolfe and James Robinson, were one and the same individual. Now, judging by what Brian learnt from Susan, it seemed to him an undoubted fact that this James Wolfe was the James Robinson whom he had seen at Thursday Island, and also, that he was really James Wolfe Cordeaux. But though Susan in her first indignant confidences, sobbed out on Brian's shoulder down by the waterhole, had told him enough of Oora's acquaintance with the man to make this clear to Brian, she shrank from personal questions concerning Wolfe, and Brian wisely determined not to press her in the matter. Thus he never quite knew the rights of Susan's share in that story nor how she had once believed that she loved James Wolfe.

Of Harry Galbraith, Brian, of course, had known nothing; but when Susan sobbingly recounted Wolfe's confession that he had killed her brother, Brian was deeply dismayed, and could not forbear showing close interest in the matter. But Susan, blinded by her own grief, supposed that his evident distress was entirely on her behalf. It never occurred to her that the trouble could concern Brian except through her. And as things were, he did not care to tell her who he supposed James Wolfe to be. Better to wait, he thought. Susan had been through enough already, and further suspense and uncertainty would but add to the load she had to bear. Then there was the chance of the recovery of Harry Galbraith, which would relieve James Wolfe, or Jem Cordeaux—as he might be—from the terrible stigma of murder, for Susan had told Brian all about Oora's wild project to seek out the Bundah tribe of blacks who were camped at the edge of Razor-back Gully. And though Susan still professed disbelief in the possibility of Harry being among them, the idea had begun to take some hold upon her, and she talked over it unceasingly with her lover. Thus, though Brian looked unusually grave and certainly considered the whole situation very serious indeed, he was nevertheless inwardly happy, as far as he himself was concerned, at the turn affairs had taken.

It was a glorious night, the moon almost bright enough to read by, yet casting fantastic and deceptive shadows that made trees and shrubs seem things of a dream. The lagoon below, with its silvery reflections, and the ghostly trunks of the white gums surrounding it, looked like some enchanted lake. The dim stretch of plain and clumps of sandalwood and eucalyptus upon it; the mournful gidya forest growing towards it, and the strange night calls of the bush—the screeching of waterfowl, the wail of curlews, the distant howling of dingoes, the cry of the more-pork, and all the many eerie sounds added to the sense of weirdness and illusion.

Susan and Brian strolled along the garden paths between orange trees and aromatic shrubs, which were pale pillars of blossom; here were stumps twined with monstrous cactus plants, and a night-blooming cereus opened its enormous white heart to the moon beams. The night was heavy with perfume, and the scent of the

gardenias and stephanotis, blending with other tropic odours, was almost overpowering. But there were many mosquitoes amidst the greenery, so she took him by a gate set in the passion creepers that covered the garden paling, out on to the open path leading to the slip-rails. While they were leaning upon the paddock fence and looking over the plain, they saw a man riding towards them. He was alone, and from the movement of his horse they could tell that the animal was dead-beat. The rider came straight to the slip-rails and before dismounting looked steadily up to the cluster of buildings on the hill brow, evidently taking stock of the head station. He had not noticed Brian and Susan, who were in the shadow of a thick clump of sandalwood trees that grew close to the fence, and who, being both in black, did not readily attract attention. Moreover, the stockman, as he seemed, would scarcely have expected to meet a lady in a dinner dress and a gentleman in a lounge suit so far from the house at this time of the evening. It was not till he had put down the slip-rails that he saw there was somebody there.

"Hello!" he cried, and retreating a step, he took off his cabbage tree hat in confusion. "G'd evening, Miss. I'm on the look out——" he stopped suddenly, recognising Brian who had followed Susan out of the circle of shadow. "Oh! My word! I'm dashed if this isn't the sailor gentleman. G'd day, Mister; it's a rum start seein' you here," he added, with his drawling colonial laugh.

"Good evening, Mr. Flinders Dick," returned Brian. "Yes, people in the bush do seem to have a queer knack of turning up several hundred miles away from where you might expect to see them. Last time we met was at Thursday Island."

Flinders Dick seemed embarrassed at the recollection, and occupied himself in trying to persuade his horse to walk over the slip-rails which were lowered at one end, but the beast seemed stupefied from having been over-ridden, and shied at the shadows of the poles on the ground. Susan moved aside from its heels.

"Don't you be afraid, Miss. The poor old crawler hasn't got a kick in him. He wants to lie down, that's all."

"Have you come from Wooralba with a telegram?" she asked.

"Wooralba! No fear. I reckon I've come more'n ninety miles further than that, riding hard and soldiering a horse wherever I got the chance. A cattle-boat took me to Rockingham Bay. I couldn't wait for the steamer, so I over-landed the rest from Cardwell."

"Miss Galbraith, I see you're not acquainted with my friend, Mr. Flinders Dick," said Brian genially.

"At your service, Miss. I'm pleased to see you, for maybe you can tell me if my mate has been up this way."

"Your mate?" asked Susan. "What is his name?"

Flinders Dick found himself confronted with an unexpected difficulty. He looked sheepishly at Brian. How was he to say James Wolfe, when Wolfe had announced himself to Cordeaux as James Robinson, and had warned Dick against disclosing his identity.

"Wa-al—I dunno—it's a bit awkward to explain," he stammered. "It's this way, Miss. My horse is knocked up, and I wanted to get on to the Iron Bark Bore, which is seven miles about, I b'lieve—I—I haven't been up in this part lately."

"But why do you want to go to the bore?" asked Susan. "It's not being worked now, and there's no one at the humpey."

"My mate wired me from Townsville that I should find him there, and that if I didn't he'd leave word where he was gone," said Flinders Dick.

Susan suddenly guessed who his mate was. Her face stiffened and her voice changed as she asked in a constrained manner:

"Is it Mr. Wolfe that you want?"

Again Dick hesitated. Brian, remembering the interview at Thursday Island, struck in:

"James Wolfe or, as he called himself when we met, James Robinson. You need not mind speaking out before me, Flinders Dick, if there's anything you wish to say. I sha'n't harm your friend. I understand

his reason for preferring to use a different name, and I fully sympathise with it."

Flinders Dick glanced at Cordeaux gratefully. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other in a puzzled way. "I see you've got the hang of something beyond me, Mister," he said simply.

"But I reckon it's an all-right mix, for as far as I can tell nothin' can make any odds naow. Jem can spit out the whole back lot and chuck this thundering old show and clear to England if he jolly well pleases, and float the Shark's Tooth Gold Mine Company, and keep half the shares .....Queer name to choose, ain't it, Mister, but a shark's tooth brought him luck, d'ye see?"

Neither of the other two spoke.

"My mate 'ull be a rich man," went on Dick. "It's another Mount Morgan, I b'lieve. D'ye understand?"

"I understand that you must have struck gold," answered Brian stiffly. There seemed something in Flinders Dick's levity that jarred upon both Susan and Cordeaux. Then a wild hope sprang up in Susan's breast. Was it possible that Oora was right after all? Could the black's story be true?

"Mr. Flinders Dick," she said tremulously, "I don't think you *could* speak like that if you knew everything. You couldn't seem so glad about your mate if you understood what Mr. Wolfe told me himself to-day about—about——" her voice died off sadly. Dick only caught the murmured words, "my brother."

In a moment he was subdued and utterly remorseful. "I've done it now!" he cried bitterly. "I'm a blunderin' jumpt-up brute. I deserve a hidin' fer my dashed keerlessness. I was carried off my head for the minute and I clean forgot that poor Harry the Blower was your brother, Miss."

Susan turned, sobbing, away, and Brian put his arms round her.

"Don't you let her fret, Mister," pleaded Dick anxiously. "So fer as I can make out pore Harry's all right. Leastways——"

"You cannot be aware," interrupted Brian, "that only an hour or two ago, Miss Galbraith had the terrible shock of hearing from Jem's—from your mate's—own lips, that he had killed her brother."

"Naow—Naow!" exclaimed Flinders Dick. "Jem didn't know himself what I've come all this way, quick as I could, to tell him and the rest of you people here. I've got a lot to explain to the Boss. But first I want to know—is my mate up there? He jerked his thumb towards the head station.

"No, he isn't," answered Brian. "Up there they don't know anything about him."

"Where is he then?" asked Flinders Dick excitedly. "The police haven't caught him, have they? I know they have been put on to him, but I reckoned I'd be in time to set things straight. Where is Jem?"

"He has gone with Miss Oora Galbraith to the blacks' camp, at a place called Razor-back Gully, in search of a sick white man, who they heard had been brought down there by the natives."

Flinders Dick threw out his long, loose-jointed arms in jubilation.

"Oh, Jiminy! they've got hold of him. That's fine. Dash me, if it isn't Harry himself?"

"We don't know that it is. We don't know anything except that one of the blacks in this neighbourhood declared that this white man was something like Harry Galbraith," interposed Brian.

"Blow me if it isn't Harry! It *must* be Harry!" cried Flinders Dick. "The blacks were making for Narrawan. But who could ha' hoped that they would have turned up to time like this."

Susan appealed to him agitatedly.

"For God's sake tell me what you know. Do you really think that my poor brother is *not* dead and that he is with the blacks? It seems incredible. Tell me what makes you think it?"

"Wa-al, Miss, I got on the track of him outside Cardwell—all of a sudden. It was a Hinchinbrook Island boy—one of the Bundah blacks, and he told me his tribe had all gone on the walk about up Narra way to the bunya country, and that they'd got Harry Galbraith with them. He was alive all right then, but a bit queer in his head, the black-boy told me—said he talked 'like it lil feller pickaninny'."

Susan looked eagerly at Brian. "I

told you how Birraboi told Oora that the white man had got scrub madness—but surely that couldn't mean that he was really out of his mind. He might have had a bad attack of fever. Oh, Brian, Oora may have been right after all!"

"You can take my oath, Miss, that so fer as I know at this minute what *I've* said is gospel truth," broke in Dick. "If I was to begin giving you the whole blessed lay-out I'd have to start a good way back, and it seems to me I'd best get hold of my mate first. If the Boss will let me have a fresh horse straightaway I'll tell him while they are changing saddles as much as will set his mind at rest, and then I'll ride like blazes after Jem. How do I know that the troopers haven't spotted him through the telegrams we sent? Dang my stupidity! I only thought of that afterwards. And they may be making to the bore same as me.....By Gosh! listen!"

Flinders Dick's trained Bush ears were on the alert in an instant, and his dog-like eyes strained into the night; but it was several seconds before either Susan or Brian could hear the muffled sound of horses' hooves approaching the head station from the opposite direction—that of the Bunyip's waterhole and the bore track. As the sounds came nearer, it was easy to tell that they were made by a company of horses going at the quick, steady pace of mounted and well-ridden beasts. The men who rode them were drilled men; the horses knew their work. There was no mistaking the even hoof-thuds. Only a band of troopers could ride like that.

Flinders Dick pulled the bridle off his own jaded beast and guided it gently over the lowered ends of the slip-rails, but with the instinct of the bushman he stopped to lift the top rail and slip it back into the morticed holes, and then with a quick jerk fixed the lower one.

"My word!" he said, "there's the troopers, sure enough, but they ain't ridin' as if they'd got their man. They're in too damned a hurry for that."

Susan's first thought was of the shock to her father in this unexpected onslaught of the police.

"Oh, let us go back quickly!" she cried. "Dad doesn't know. He is buoying himself up with Mr. Kirby's letter, and these men will tell him that Harry is dead. Come, come, I must speak to him first."

She darted ahead of the two men, her light feet seeming scarcely to touch the grass. Flinders Dick did not stop to mount his horse but tugged him by the bridle as he ran beside Brian. Before they had gone many paces they saw the troopers turn round the bend of gidya and ride at a rapid trot towards the head station. There were five, the sergeant leading, and in the moonlight, as Susan ran, she could see the steel on their rifles and could also distinguish that three of the men were white troopers and the other two black trackers. In a moment, she realised that it was out of the question she could get to the house before the policemen. But she had not run half-way up the slope from the slip-rails before the trooper pulled up at the railings of the back yard. Susan heard them dismount, heard the sergeant address the frightened Chinamen and ask for Mr. Galbraith. Almost immediately her father's voice sounded from the back verandah, enquiring peremptorily what business the police had on his station at that hour of the night.

Susan stopped, breathless and dismayed, to catch the sergeant's reply, but it was lower-toned and she could not hear what he said. A wave of despair swept over her. Yet there was immense comfort in the knowledge that Brian Cordeaux was at her side, his strong arm supporting her, his kind voice speaking words of encouragement.

"We are too late," she gasped. Don't you see they've gone in? They are telling father. Oh! it will kill Dad to hear that awful news in this sudden way. You don't know how he has been feeling about poor Harry, and how he has been blaming himself."

"Have faith, dearest," said Brian tenderly. "Anyway, I'm here to be all the comfort I can be to you and to your father, if he will let me. Besides, this good fellow, Flinders Dick, seems fairly sure he is going to get things straight—and somehow, I believe him. Who knows! your brother may soon be with us to tell us his own tale."

"Oh! if only Oora would only come!"

murmured Susan, turning in her despair to the wild hope she had at first refused.

She stopped at the gate set among the passion vines, through which she and Brian had gone forth. Flinders Dick was close behind them, vituperating his broken-down hack, which was sulky and would not answer to the bit. Susan spoke hurriedly to the bushman: "Will you go round with your horse? No," she added on a second thought "you'd better hang him up to the palings and come this way with us."

She did not wait for Dick to reply, but flew along the garden path, Brian with her. Already, the troopers' arrival had made a small commotion at the place. Some men were coming up hastily from the huts. Late as it was—the time was near eleven—it appeared that nobody had gone to bed, for most of the rooms were lighted. Half-caste Charlotte was in the verandah gangway of the nursery wing with the pickaninny, roused from sleep, in her arms. She was pointing out to the child the troopers' budgery yarraman. The old black gin employed by Ah Hong gibbered in terror, crying "Marmi, Marmi!" the blacks' name for the native police. Doubtless he remembered some old-time camp raids. Tommy George, at the other end of the gangway, was busily conferring with the two black trackers. The Chinamen were there also.

Light streamed onto the verandah through the open French windows of the parlour, and Brian and Susan, as they mounted the steps, saw clearly into the room. The sergeant, whose name was McGrath, a lean, wiry Irishman, with a scrubby black beard and vulpine countenance, stood before a small table. Behind him stood the two other troopers, erect in their uniforms, but with interested, impatient expressions. At the first glance into the room, Mr. Galbraith was not visible, though he might be heard arguing in shaky, querulous tones with the officer, who had already produced his warrant. At the moment, Patsy came hurrying along the verandah, a small kerosene lamp in her hand.

"Oh! Su, what has happened?" she cried in perturbation, but without waiting for an answer she hastened into the room and put her lamp down upon the table where the sergeant had laid his warrant, while she bent over beside her husband and tried to read the paper with him. A circle of hovering, winged things collected at once round the lamp which smelt of kerosene, and Susan noticed that unimportant detail and wondered at herself afterwards for having done so. She went quietly up to her father on the other side. He had his back to the French window, and stood opposite to the sergeant, but in that short time he seemed to have become old and almost senile. His strong, bony frame had suddenly shrunk, his shoulders were huddled together and he was stooping so low over the table that his reddish grey beard swept the edge of the warrant which he was laboriously spelling out, his trembling forefinger tracing the writing upon it.

"I cannot make this out," he was saying in a voice that quavered, with the Scotch accent very pronounced, as was his way when under stress of emotion. "Ye must be daft, man, or else this is some sort of silly devilry ye're playing on me, McGrath."

"Faith, and I wish it was only that, for sorry I am intoirely to be bringing you this bad news, Mr. Galbraith," replied the sergeant compassionately. "I'd not have blurted it out like that, av I'd thought you wasn't prepared. Ye'll see, sorr, that the document is in regular order, and that it is a warrant for the arrest of one James Wolfe, formerly in your employment here, on a charge of murder."

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Patsy. "What's that you're saying, McGrath? Wolfe a murderer! Why, he came up this very afternoon, and he's gone out with Miss Oora to fetch a white man they are telling of that's at the blacks' camp. Sure, you'll be out of your mind, McGrath."

"And where moight the blacks' camp be, Mam?" asked McGrath eagerly, ignoring the last half of her remark. "I've got to foind me man, and I mustn't waste me toime in talking."

"I canna mak' this oot," Mr. Galbraith repeated, helplessly raising his head and looking round with a blank stare. "Pat, my woman, can ye mak' this oot?"

Patsy caught up the warrant and pored over it absorbedly.

Susan sprang to her father's side. "Dad, dear Dad. Let me explain it all to you. But come away, come outside."

She clung to him and besought him, trying to draw him with her into the verandah, but he shook his head stubbornly.

"No, no, lassie, I maun hear what explanation McGrath has got to give, but, 'deed, that it's no fitting for you to be mixed up wi' such things..... Weel, weel, if you must be wrastlin' with trouble, Su, then mak' out the meaning of this! The laddie's name is put down there—Henry Galbraith. That's oor Harry right enough —but what's a' this talk of murdering? Who says that Harry's murdered? Didn't Kirby write me to say he'd tracked oor bonnie lad up into the Yellaroi country, and he was only waiting—just waiting to make sure, and forbye he'd send the full particulars of where to find him?"

"Oh, Kirby meant you'd never find the boy! Duncan, old man, it's a cruel blow that they've dealt you!" cried Patsy, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she pushed the warrant fiercely across to McGrath. "Kirby had best have told you the truth at once instead of letting it come on you like this. Sure, he must have known it himself, for here the place is written plain, 'Coolibah Gully, Yellaroi Range.' But I can't believe that Harry's dead. And I'll never believe Wolfe meant to kill him."

"My word! M'am, you're in the right there," shouted Flinders Dick, stepping in from the verandah with his slouching stride and taking up a determined position among the group. All eyes turned upon him, but he was in no way disconcerted by the scrutiny.

"Cheer up, Boss!" he said stoutly to Mr. Galbraith, who had sunk into a chair, his head upon his hands. "Your boy's alive, to the best of my belief; and *yeou know*, Mr. McGrath," he added, addressing the sergeant, "it's agin the law to hang a cove fer murderin' another cove who's walking about the Bush."

Mr. Galbraith looked up slowly and McGrath stared at Flinders Dick. "Faith I'd loike to be sure he was, my man," said the sergeant drily.

"All right. So you shall. I've been waiting for the Boss to hear my say, after you'd done yours. But you'd better look at *my* dokkyment, sergeant. It's drawn out reg'lar too, and signed and witnessed. Last Dying Confession of as big a scoundrel as ever peached on a pal—commonly known as Flash Sam. God have mercy on his soul! Run your eye down this, captain, and you won't be in such a hurry perhaps to make tracks after Jem."

Flinders Dick drew a dirty blue envelope from a pocket inside his jumper, and took from it some rough sheets of paper, evidently torn from a bushman's notebook, which he handed solemnly to the police officer.

McGrath opened out the paper and perused it intently for a minute or two, while the entire party hung upon words they expected him to say, but which did not come with readiness. Clearly, McGrath was exceedingly astonished and perplexed—and, if the truth were known, a little disappointed.

"This seems all right," he said at last.

"Can't you tell us what it's about?" asked Patsy impatiently.

Now, Brian Cordeaux standing close behind Susan, stepped forward, saying in a quiet, commanding way:

"Let me have that paper!" Turning to Mr. Galbraith, he added: "I think, sir, perhaps it's best for me to look at this first and give you an idea of what it's about."

He took the document from Sergeant McGrath and in his turn mastered its contents. It may be remarked that his rapid mental digest of the substance of Flash Sam's complicated deathbed statement was good testimony to the clearness of Brian's brain.

"This is, as my friend, Flinders Dick, has told us," he said, "the dying deposition of a fellow called Flash Sam—otherwise, it appears, Samuel Burdon—taken down from his own lips and duly witnessed by a certain Peter Rawlins, described as partner with Richard Cross at the Shark's Tooth Claim, and by Joseph Cassidy of Little Caroline Reef on the Palmer Diggings, and sworn to on affidavit before John Parkinson, Police Magistrate in the Palmer District. That's right, sergeant,

isn't it?" And he looked enquiringly at the police officer, who had a discomfited air.

"Better read it over, sorr—as much as you can make head or tail of," responded Sergeant McGrath sulkily. "Seems as if I and my men had been made fools of intoirely."

"My word! I believe you, captain," said Flinders Dick, in irrepressibly cheerful tones. "Yeou read it, Mr. Cordeaux. It's all square, for I took it down mysel'. After you've done, I'll gev up my show."

Brian read obediently, with frequent skippings of irrelevant matter, relating to Ratty Bill's ghost, who, according to Flash Sam, had lured him to his destruction.

"*I, Samuel Burdon, being done for by Old Dave, and hoping for mercy on my soul, do make my dying confession. I declare, on my sacred oath, so help me God! that the charge I laid against Jem Wolfe for having murdered Harry the Blower—who was Harry Galbraith that I knew at Bundah Station—was a lie. I swear that the tomahawk Gentleman James—that's Wolfe—threw at Harry the Blower didn't kill him, but only stunned him, so we thought he was dead. I swear I found it out after the lot had cleared, and I swear Harry was alive when I left him in my hut for to go and bury Ratty Bill. Likewise, I hereby make my solemn confession that I killed Ratty Bill previous to this by sticking my knife into him when we had a scuffle over Old Dave's nugget. I swear likewise that it was me that shook Old Dave of his nugget, which a damned Chinky collared from me and made off with afterwards. I swear that Ratty Bill's body is at the bottom of Mick's Shaft in Coolibah Gully—the shaft that duffered out. I swear that since I done it, Ratty Bill's ghost has been haunting me and drove me to Mick's Shaft to-night on purpose for Old Dave to get hold of me and do for me.*"

Brian paused a moment. Flinders Dick's handwriting was difficult to decipher, and at this point, there was a good deal about Ratty Bill's ghost, which it seemed unnecessary to read aloud. All present, except perhaps McGrath, who had the injured, half-resigned look of one defrauded of his just dues, had been listening with strained nerves, and in the short silence, Mr. Galbraith's voice cried hoarsely: "My son—what did they do with my son?"

"Flash Sam goes on to tell that he went back to his hut, thinking to find Harry, but that your son had disappeared," said Brian with deep pity in his tones, and he resumed his reading:

"*I wanted to know where Harry had gone, because I was afraid he'd peach, for he knew I'd killed Ratty Bill. When I come back near morning, from burying Ratty Bill, I looked all about the Gully but I couldn't find Harry. Then, I saw his horse was gone, so I made out he'd cleared too—most like to catch up the rest and be in at Hogan's Show. I never had much idea of Hogan's Show, which has duffered out since, but I thought I'd best get out of the place. So I up and cleared too, and made cuts outside the Diggings Country in case the police might have got wind of the job. Seemed as if Harry had got the same notion, and as if we was bound to hit each other, for I come across him on a dry spell a little while after, when I was making for a 'dead end' I knew of. It turned out he'd been trying for the same waterhole, but when I come up to it there was not a drop of water in it. Harry had got no horse—I made out it had dropped dead under him, and there we were. My horse was close up done, and my water-bag had only half a pannikin left. Harry was mad with thirst, and as naked as when he was born. And that means a chap is near the end. So I thought to myself where was the good of my half-pannikin of water, and not another billabong within fifty miles that I ever heard. It must be certain death for both of us unless I put my spurs to my horse—which I did, and left him.*"

A bitter cry rang from Mr. Galbraith; he had been leaning forward in the chair, his elbows on the table, supporting his chin, and his bloodshot eyes staring out of red eyelids. Then he covered his face, and groaning like the Hebrew father of old, cried: "My son! my son!"

"Naow, Boss, don't take on like that. Your son's not dead." Flinders Dick put his rough hand on Mr. Galbraith's shoul-

der and urgently addressed Susan and Brian.

"You know what I told you, Miss—you know Mr. Cordeaux—the Bundah blackboy, Hinchinbrook Island way, gev me the rights of the story which I told to Flash Sam before he was a gone 'un, thinkin' it 'ud be a comfort to him to know his mate wasn't dead through him leaving of him. But he was past caring then, was Flash Sam. But yeou know—I telled you, Miss—there came a tribe of Bundah blacks in the very nick of time and they reckernised Harry and took him along with them. Yeou know how the rivers run in these parts in a dry season. Why, you may see nothing but a dry four-mile wide bed, and yet there'll be branches all alongside of it and you might be quarter of a mile from a waterhole in one of the branches and not know it. That was how it was with Harry. Yeou know the blacks can find water when a bushman can't. I expect that's when it was Harry went off his head, for he's a bit dotty the blackboy said. Wa-al, no doubt it was jest one thing on top of another, or maybe he ate some of them maddening berries that grows along dry river beds. A chap's as like as not to when's he's starving, and the damned things acts straight on a chap's brain when there's nothing else in his pore stomach. Harry'll come all right—they mostly do. I have known cases cured all right. Never fear! Buck up, Boss! And jest you wait a bit, Mr. Sergeant. Harry Galbraith'll be facing the lot of you like a man."

Flinders Dick looked round triumphantly. It must be confessed that he rather enjoyed the situation and his explanatory speech flowed all the freer for his previous self-repression. Thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, he lolled complacently back on his heels.

"I reckon it's about my turn to spout naow," he began.

"Wa-al, after that row you've heard of in Flash Sam's humpey, I cut. I didn't want to think no more of what had happened. But Jem had a tenderer conscience than me. *He's* a gentleman—yeou know, Mr. Cordeaux—and he went up in the *Quetta* thinking to spot Flash Sam at Thursday Island, and to get the truth from him, and was wrecked in the straits and pretty near done for. But I come across Flash Sam myself at the settlement, and he told me Harry the Blower was killed for certain by that dashed tomahawk and I believed him, like a jackass, and I told Jem. Wa-al, Jem was terribly down in the mouth. He was sweet on a gell, yer see, but, o' course he couldn't marry her with the gallers hanging over his head. But blow me if he wouldn't go and see that gell, just to smooth her down a bit—women being so contrary, and then dashed if he didn't want to come up this way jest to keep a promise to another of 'em..... Dang women, I said to him. Chuck females, I said to him. We've got a good chanst now for to make our fortunes and clear out of this rotten old country. Let's go up, I said, to the place where I'd been prospectin', I said, where I'd struck the colour—fair, my word! But Jem had got some gentleman's notion about doing the right thing, and so we parted company. I went up to the claim and he come south. But he was laid down again at Cooktown with fever, and when he pulled up at Townsville afterwards he was that bad again, he couldn't move for a week. Wa-al, *I'd* gone to put things straight with the Goldfields Warden at the Palmer Diggings, and there I come across Wall-eyed Bill and Californian Joe—Joe Cassidy, yeou know—and Wall-eyed Bill he put me up to Harry the Blower being the son o' the Boss here, and made out he and Old Never Despair, and Joe Cassidy—who was in it too by that time—'ud get the reward Kirby was offering for information. Wa-al I wrote off straight to catch Jem, thinking I'd stop him from going further. But he wired me back that he was starting south and that he was jolly well going to kerry out his plans. So then I thought I'd nip along Coolibah Gully, where I'd heard Flash Sam was and see how the cat were jumpin'. Flash Sam was there sure enough, prowling about Mick's Shaft. There was something he'd made to do at that shaft and I never could tell what it was, though I can gev a pretty good guess naow. Old Dave was up there too. Yeou know, he'd turned hatter since

Ratty Bill disappeared, and he was just mad over losing his nugget."

At this juncture, Dick, observing signs of anxious impatience among his hearers, brought his story to an abrupt close.

"Hold on half a minute," he said, with a bland and imperturbable smile, "the plum's jest a comin.' One night when me and Lean Peter, a pal of mine, was scootin' round on the quiet, we seen the pair of 'em —Flash Sam and Old Dave—who'd a devilish stiff arm, though you wouldn't think it, having a hand-to-hand fight on the edge of Mick's Shaft. But when we come up we was too late to stop it, for Old Dave had somehow managed to pitch Sam down the shaft, and there he was with his back broken, swearing like hell that it was Ratty Bill's ghost who'd helped Dave do it. But we got him up, and we done the best we could for him and I went at him—I did —to confess the truth before he died, me and Lean Peter between us, *and there's the dokkyment.*"

Flinders Dick stopped from sheer lack of breath. But the attention of the people in the parlour was suddenly distracted from him. They had become aware of the entry of two other persons who had appeared noiselessly on the scene. No one had heard them come, for in the excitement of the troopers' arrival, and of the disclosure which followed it, other sounds had passed unheeded. So the faint echo of horses' feet was not noticed by any one, as a little party rode quietly and carefully round the fringe of gidya scrub towards the house.

Now Wolfe, gaunt and haggard, leant against a lintel of the window, and at sight of him Dick gave a cheerful crow, which, however, broke in his throat. "Hello! Jem, old mate!" he mumbled, leaning forward with eager, outstretched hands, but Wolfe remained motionless, his weary eyes passing enquiringly from figure to figure as if questioning dumbly what each present thought of him. There was nothing of assurance in his gaze. Nothing of triumph, but he looked like a man who after long stress beheld, even in that troubled scene, a vision of peace. Beside him stood Oora, erect and smiling, though pale as a wraith herself. One hand raised to ensure silence, she swiftly crossed the room.

"Father," she said. And with gestures that were gentle but insistent she drew the old man's hands down from his face. "We have found Harry, Mr. Wolfe and I. We have brought him home. Come and see him."

The old man stared at her blankly.

"Come and see him," repeated Oora. "He is in his own room. We took him there because his head is very weak, and he talks like a little child. But he would like to see you, Dad. Won't you come to him?"

The old man tottered to his feet. He, too, was weak and shaken after the blow he had received, and that terrible picture his fancy had conjured up of Harry dying alone of thirst in the Bush. But at Oora's words he became more like himself. A fresh flow of energy seemed to be surging through him.

"Harry asked for you," said Oora. "He recognised your picture, the one that used to hang in his room when he was a boy. Come," and she drew her father towards the French windows. This time he was eager to be gone. Susan attempted to follow, but Oora sharply motioned her to remain, and she shrank back into the shadow, while their father stumbled hastily over the threshold and, led by Oora, passed along the verandah to a skillion room that was never used, for it had Harry's things in it. Every one in the parlour heard the door open softly—heard the muffled cry, "My son! my son!" and heard the queer, broken, husky response, like the voice of some wounded creature that had found rest. And then the door shut, and Oora stole back along the verandah.

Brian had drawn Susan's arm within his own and led her up to Wolfe.

"You won't refuse to shake hands now," he said cheerily. "We are cousins, you know, Jem. Let me be the first to tell our kind friends here who you really are. They ought to know. But, perhaps you haven't heard?"

"About Uncle Ellan and poor Linne?" Wolfe held out both hands warmly. "Yes I saw it in the papers, but as things were

I could scarcely put forward my claim. Now," and he turned tenderly to Oora, "I have some one else to consider, who will make it well worth my while to do so."

Brian was looking at Susan and in his mind was the thought that she would have made a fairer Countess of Ellan. But any shadow of constraint was dissipated by little Polly, who had been solemnly watching the progress of affairs from half-caste Charlotte's arms. Now she clapped her hands to claim attention:

"I b'lieve mine been get 'im plenty brother belonging to me," she remarked.

THE END

A Little Immigrant

By ALICE JONES, author of "Bubbles We Buy," "The Night Hawk," etc.

T was midwinter, and once or twice a week the great liners were disgorging their forlorn steerage crowds into the new Canadian land of their seeking.

From thatched English villages, or sordid town streets; from remote Swedish farms and far-off unpronounceable places in Eastern Europe they came, some with youth and high hopes, some worn and middle-aged, with as little conscious volition as driven cattle. After the steamers, the waiting cars engulfed them, though here and there, from illness or poverty or accident, a forlorn waif dropped out of the stream, perhaps to be sent back across the just traversed weary waste of water, perhaps to find temporary refuge or friends in a hospital.

"Please, miss, can you tell me if this here's the ward where I'll find the little English boy as broke his leg on the viyage?"

The speaker was a ruddy artilleryman, looking very big in his rough khaki uniform, bigger perhaps from his environment of puny, pale faces and shrunken forms stretching down the vista of little white beds in the children's ward of the city hospital. As though to draw a vicarious strength from his hearty manhood, each weary face was turned to watch him where he stood, in flushed good-nature, confronting pretty nurse Rosalie whom the children looked on as their peculiar property.

They dimly felt a pride of ownership in the dark hair that curled all round the white cap as though to escape from its bondage, in the soft curves that made the blue cotton dress fit so smoothly, in the rosy tinted face with its pleasant smile.

"When I looks at you last thing fore I shuts my eyes, then I dreams of the ripe apples in the orchard to home," said a small country boy lying for weary months with a weight fastened to his leg.

That pleasant smile was well in evidence now as she held out her hand for the ticket he had received in the office. Misunderstanding the gesture he solemnly took that hand in his own and gave it a ponderous shake.

Nurse Rosalie's colour deepened, and she felt the scrutiny of rows of eyes eager for new sensations.

But, used to live under the public gaze, and perhaps feeling, like the children, a pleasure in the contrast of his stalwart strength, she responded graciously to his question:

"Little Nat Converse? Oh, yes; he over dere by de end window. I'm glad, me, dat you know him. He lonely and frets when de oder children have friends come to see dem."

Her eager brown eyes and her queer English flustered the artilleryman a bit, and he shifted a brown paper parcel from one arm to the other as he answered:

"Well, it's not to say that I know him exactly, but I seen in the paper as he and his pa come from Maidenhead on the

Thames, at home in England, and my father being a waterman, it was there as I lived when I was a boy, afore I listed and got sent near all over the world, ending up here in Canady, so I thought——"

"Oh, dat was kind of you!" she interrupted, not seeing an immediate prospect of coming to the point, and being a busy person. "If you'll come over to his bed," and she led the way towards a far corner, the sergeant following with somewhat the sensations of an elephant marching through a sheep pasture.

A pair of shining blue eyes, enlarged by illness, and a shock of red hair above a peaked face, were what the sergeant looked down on.

He had seen the sudden illnesses of Cape and Egyptian campaigns and his smile lost something of its breadth as he marked the flush on the hollow cheek and the hurried rise and fall of the narrow chest.

As if in answer to his thought the nurse said:

"Nat has had what de doctor call pneumony"—she pronounced the word with proud distinctness. "That make him bad beside his broken leg, but now he get all right, don't you, Nat?"

"I s'pose so," said a thin, husky voice. "Who's that?" the blue eyes taking in with interest every detail of button and strap. The big hand was again thrust forward, this time engulfing the bony one surrendered to it in a non-committal fashion.

"I'm Sergeant Stubbs of the Riyal Artillery, and seein' as I come from Maidenhead myself, I just thought I'd look in——"

The critical inspection changed into an eager stare.

"Not Maidenhead, in *England?*"

"The same. And I hopes before I die as I'll take a punt up-stream to Cookham or Marlow again. Who eat puppy-pie under Marlow bridge, eh?"

A rapturous if hoarse laugh caused several heads in neighbouring beds to be turned. It was the first time that a laugh had been heard from that bed since little Nat Converse had occupied it.

This local shibboleth, for some forgotten reason deadliest insult to any Thames bargeman, effectually broke down the barriers.

"Oh, did you ever call that out to a bargeman? I did, *once*, and then I ran—didn't I run—" and little Nat beamed at the memory, though he added with a sigh: "Oh, I do wish I was home again!"

But the nurse still lingered and the sergeant felt that it would be advisable to include her in the conversation.

"You see, miss, I think folks as lives on rivers gets fond of them," he explained; then with a happy thought: "Perhaps you might happen to have lived by a river yourself?"

Nurse Rosalie, who was of a French Acadian family, shook her pretty head with national vehemence.

"Oh no, I live by the sea, me! Dere are big rocks and de waves dey make a great noise in de storms. It is near de big coal mines where my fader and my broders work. Ah, but first I was homesick sometimes, me!"

The sergeant stared at this new and attractive type with all his honest eyes, and the little immigrant watched his two friends with the proud complacency of a showman.

"You don't happen to think of going back though?" the sergeant asked with a hint in his voice that such a course would be regrettable.

But this suggestion was too much for little Nat, who put in eagerly:

"Oh, no, please sir! When I'm well she's going to take me out to the country where father's gone—such a hard name they call it—Sas-kat-che-wan" he pronounced slowly. "She'll have to, for she said as it would be a shame to send me all the way alone with my name sewed on to me, like they told father they'd have to." He paused as if to consider the situation and then added finally:

"Besides, I want her to stay there and take care of me. Mother's dead and father an' me are so lonely. So she could be my mother."

At this the sergeant laughed and looked at the nurse who blushed finely.

"I guess you'd better see what your father says before you give them sort of invitations, my man," he said.

To change the subject he proceeded to

open his paper parcel, and produce a Noah's Ark, which was hailed with rapture, and the animals were set in riggly marches on the level edge of the bedclothes.

This was the beginning of many more such visits, though as the winter days went on the small immigrant seemed to be slackening his hold on life, the toys that the sergeant brought often failing to rouse him, though he nearly always had a smile for tales of his friend's youth on the familiar Thames banks he was to see no more.

Besides reminiscences of England the sergeant had fallen into a way of descanting on his neat little cottage within the precincts of the fort down at the harbour's mouth between the thick spruce woods and the sea.

"From what you say, I'm blest if I don't think it would remind you of your home, miss; that I've never seen any coal mines round, more's the pity, for they'd be handy in this bitter. bad weather."

Nurse Rosalie laughed and blushed and seemed to think that the cottage must be a very nice place, even if it did lack coal mines.

It happened one week that visiting days at the hospital clashed with military duties, so that little Nat did not see his friend.

On the Saturday, an envelope directed in a big, childish hand reached the artilleryman. It contained a laboriously written letter:

"Dear Mister Sergent,—I think I'm never going to father. Too far for a little chap like me. Pleese mary nurse Rosalie, and I'll come stay with you. Get her to were her red Sunday dress.

Yours truly,

Nathaniel Converse."

The sergeant was by now familiar with the nurse's Sunday hours, and the next evening about dusk he joined the groups going to vespers in the grey granite cathedral.

It was not the first time he had been there, and to the English-bred man, the lights, the music, the movements of this alien service were vaguely impressive and seemed part of the exotic charm which the French girl had woven round him. To-night he was doubtful if she would be there, for the lights from the open church door streamed forth on a white whirl of snow driven on a bitter north-east wind.

All day the snow had fallen, and towards night the wind rose, piling the peaked drifts high at the street corners. The trams, after struggling for an hour or so, had stopped running, and the great bulk of the dull red snow-plough, looking like a huge guillotine, moved alone through the deserted streets amidst its own white whirlwind. But for all the storm the nurse's red hat was there in its usual corner, and the sergeant got a seat a little to one side where he could watch the curve of her cheek, and the loose dark hair above it.

Surely the red hat was, to-night, bowed lower than usual; surely the whole pose of the figure revealed a more devout absorption; and yes, surely the light caught something on her cheek which must be a tear. The stolid Saxon heart stirred with a responsive tumult, a tumult tender and protective at this hint of some unknown trouble.

A new shyness made the sergeant hang back as the crowd bore the red hat out with it, but he was close on her traces as she went up the hill. There was no pretence at a path left on the sidewalk, and the returning church-goers followed the space between the rails temporarily cleared by the snow-plough.

This was all right as long as it lasted, but the way to the hospital lay over an exposed open slope, and soon the nurse was floundering in the drifts that taxed her all lifelong skill. This sight quenched the sergeant's new bashfulness, and a familiar voice sounded at her ear:

"I expect, miss, you'll be needing my arm if you're going to get back to the hospital to-night. You haven't got a friend as lives handy, by any chance, have you?"

"Ah, but I been out worse nights dan dis, and besides I must get back for sure!" she ended in a distressful fashion.

"Nothing wrong, eh?"

Her arm was now tucked under his, and they were making better progress.

"No—only—" she had to get her breath in gasps, for the wind—"little Nat died dis afternoon and I want to see him again before dey take him away."

For all the storm her sob was plainly perceptible and his grunt echoed it.

"Dear, dear, and I never saw the poor

little chap to say good-bye! That's too bad! You didn't happen to see the letter he wrote me, miss?" he demanded valiantly.

"No! A letter? I never knew!"

"Well, then," with a sudden resolution, "I'll show it to you. He's left me a legacy, you see, miss. Here's a lamp-post. I'll hold up my coat to shelter you if you'll try to read it."

With the night's wild swirl around her, the white electric light on her face, and the sergeant's big figure between her and the driving snow, the nurse did her best to decipher the little immigrant's letter.

"Oh, dear!" she said with a gasp, that was something between a sob and a laugh, and the sergeant took this as a signal of comprehension.

"Well," he said, "I ain't goin' to be done out of poor little Nat's legacy, am I?"

"I s'pose not," were the words he made out by bending his head, and then the big military overcoat engulfed her altogether.

Canadian Resources Plus American Capital

By E. W. JOHNSON

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land"; and yet the old adage of "What we have we hold," the boast of all true Canadians, sinks into oblivion when the dollars and cents that dominate the world of to-day are brought into play to clinch the bargain.

Perhaps in no part of the world at the present time is this more noticeable than in the Dominion of Canada, particularly in the western section, where from Ontario to the Pacific Coast, two-thirds of the country is in the hands of influential American capitalists.

Ask the loyal Canadian to-day what he thinks of selling Western Canada or any part of the fair Dominion to his Yankee cousins, and immediately his face will grow red with indignation at the thought of such a transaction; yet before the ruddy hue has died from his countenance, he has well under way a deal whereby many acres of Northwest wheat district, Pacific coast timber lands, or British Columbia mining territory will be transferred from the hold of this staunch British subject to the same American friend who was so unfortunate but a short time before to offend the loyal dignity of Canada's faithful property-vendor.

In British Columbia, the life and enterprise of the American capitalist is most marked. Their syndicates control the development of our mining and timber properties, our tanning and pulp manufacture, and are gradually securing railroad rights that will permit of their offering to the producer in the Dominion of Canada prices that will give the American railroads the major portion of the seaboard-bound traffic, both east and west.

Selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage has always been considered a sin, but the face of selling one's country for a few paltry dollars is featured with an appalling future, when should international complications arise at any time, the wheels of industry in the Dominion of Canada could be suddenly stopped and the country left in one vast idleness. American capital has been a large factor in the development of the Dominion of Canada, but the hand of the United States financier controls our industries, particularly in British Columbia, where less than half a dozen sawmills out of the several hundred plants in operation, and but four operating mines are under the control of Canadian or British capital. Financiers in France hold the stock of one mine, and without exception the remainder belong to American syndicates.

The question is frequently asked: "Where is British capital?" that it is not invested where the returns are as good as those from Canada, but the explanation has been found in the fact that British

capitalists, trusting to the honesty of the middlemen, have been too often duped by the wily gold-brick man, who, realising the possibilities in distance, has found a ready field in which to sell stock in fake prospects. Thousands of dollars have thus been sunk in baseless mining propositions supposed to exist in British Columbia, and the failure of these stocks to give any returns has made the trans-oceanic financier leary of British Columbia mines and mining.

On the other hand, the proximity of the United States made it possible for the capitalists of that country to supervise every investment in Canadian mines by expert engineers, who bought nothing but the best, and in this manner, British Columbia gold, copper, silver, iron and coal properties, together with our best timber limits and largest sawmills, have gone over into the hands of the shrewd American financier or the influential syndicates that control the largest mines in the United States. These people have made mining in British Columbia pay, because of the expert supervision given it.

The general feeling has been against the appropriation of American capital to develop the Dominion of Canada, but individual deals have appeared so small in the eyes of the vendor that it was not realised until too late the enormous hold the United States was getting on Canada on the plan of "get the acres and the miles will look after themselves."

At William MacLennan's Grave*

NEAR FLORENCE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

HERE where the cypress tall
Shadows the stucco wall,
Bronze and deep,
Where the chrysanthemums blow,
And the roses—blood and snow—
He lies asleep.

Florence dreaming afar,
Memories of foray and war,
Murmurs still;
The certosa crowns with a cold
Cloud of snow and gold
The olive hill.

What has he now for the streams
Born sweet and deep with dreams
From the cedar meres?
Only the Arno's flow,

*The last days of William MacLennan, poet and novelist, were spent in Italy seeking ease from suffering. Under those sunny skies, far from the Canada he loved, he breathed his last. The magnificent legacy of song and story which he has left us, must be our solace.

Turbid, and weary, and slow
With blood and tears.

What has he now for the song
Of the boatmen, joyous and long,
Where the rapids shine?
Only the sound of toil,
Where the peasants press the soil
For the oil and wine.

Spirit-fellow in sooth
With bold La Salle and Duluth,
And La Vèrandrye,—
Nothing he has but rest,
Deep in his cypress nest
With memory.

Hearts of steel and of fire,
Why do ye love and aspire,
When follows
Death—all your passionate deeds,
Garnered with rust and with weeds
In the hollows?

"God that hardened the steel,
Bid the flame leap and reel,
Gave us unrest;
We act in the dust afar,
In a star beyond your star,
His behest.

"We leave you dreams and names
Still we are iron and flames,
Biting and bright;
Into some virgin world,
Champions, we are hurled,
Of venture and fight."

Here where the shadows fall,
From the cypress by the wall,
Where the roses are,—
Here is a dream and a name,
There, like a rose of flame,
Rises—a star.

SOME CANADIAN COUNTRY CLUBS

CALEDON MOUNTAIN TROUT CLUB
Inglewood, Ont.

CLUB HOUSE OF THE OTTAWA GOLF CLUB

Photograph by Jarvis

THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB, METAPEDIA RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

DIXIE GOLF LINKS, NEAR MONTREAL

Photograph by Notman

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB

Photograph by Notman

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE YACHT CLUB, MONTREAL

Photograph by Notman

THE TORONTO GOLF CLUB, NEAR TORONTO

Photograph by Pringle & Booth

THE LAMBTON GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, NEAR TORONTO

Photograph by Pringle & Booth

TAKING CACAO BEANS FROM THE PODS IN TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

The Making of Chocolates

By NORMAN PATTERSON

IT will be the purpose of this article to show the origin of chocolate; to give the history of the famous Cacao Bean from which chocolate is made; to investigate chocolate as a food; to describe its uses in the making of confectionery, and to illustrate the whole with pictures and particulars of a Canadian confectionery factory of the best type.

THE BEGINNING

The modern history of chocolate is as romantic as the introduction of tobacco smoking among the Anglo-Saxons by Sir Walter Raleigh. When Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1519, he found the Mexicans making a drink from ground beans. He introduced it into Spain, where the secret was closely guarded for some time. Later, information regarding this popular drink passed over Europe and into England. The first English advertisement of it is said to have appeared in a London paper in 1657. It was nearly one hundred years later that the people of Massachusetts acquired the habit from the West Indies.

It is said that among the Indians of Mexico it was more highly regarded than wine. It was probably more of a drink than a food with them. In their preparation of it they used it cold, beating and stirring it until it frothed. These beans grow on a tree technically known as the "Broma Cacao." The word "Cocoa" is a corruption of "Cacao," and "Chocolate" is a further development. The name of the Mexican drink was "Cacahualto." The cacao is a tender tree, growing in tropical districts, requiring the umbrageous protection of larger trees. It grows from seed, bears its first fruit when about six years old, comes to maturity at ten years of age, and finally grows to a height of twenty to thirty feet. The weight of seeds produced annually runs from one to

PODS ON BRANCH OF CACAO TREE

eight pounds, but probably averages two and one-half pounds. The blossom is small, pinkish-white, and wax-like in appearance. It grows out of the main trunk or older branches. When the pod is formed it is of a golden colour, is from eight to fifteen inches in length, two to six inches in thickness, and is exceedingly hard. Each pod contains from twenty to thirty-five "beans" or seeds. They are cut from the trees by pruning knives on the ends of long poles, split open and the "beans" extracted therefrom.

SOURCE OF SUPPLY

The world's demand for cacao beans, as they are called, is quite large. A quarter of a billion pounds are required annually, made up approximately as follows:

Great Britain	45,000,000 lbs.
France	48,000,000 "
Germany	60,000,000 "
United States	73,000,000 "

The sources of supply are various. The stocks received in New York in 1905 ran thus:

Trinidad	106,000 bags
Africa	82,000 "
Bahia	61,000 "
Sauchez	46,000 "
Venezuela	45,000 "
Cuba	14,000 "
Grenada	12,000 "
Para	11,000 "
Haiti	11,000 bags
Surinam	10,000 "
Ceylon	10,000 "
Others	17,900 "

Of course the quality varies. Venezuelan cocoa is probably the best and sells as high as thirty-five cents a pound, while that from Africa and Haiti brings about eight cents. A cocoa or chocolate may thus be pure and still vary considerably in value on account of the flavour.

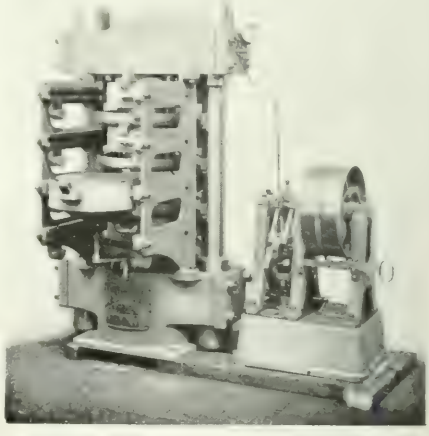
An analysis of the cacao bean or raw cocoa gives the following result:

Fat—Cocoa-Butter	50.00
Nitrogenous Compounds	20.00
Starch	10.00
Cellulose	2.00
Theobromine	2.00
Saline Substances	4.00
Water	10.00
Others	2.00
	100.00

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

Cocoa and chocolate, as the housekeeper knows them, are each produced from the cacao bean. These beans contain fifty per cent. of fat or "cocoa-butter," as it is called. To produce breakfast or commercial cocoa, the oil is taken out of the beans; to produce chocolate, the oil is left in and sugar, spice or vanilla added.

To produce breakfast cocoa, the seeds or beans are shelled and then ground in



AN HYDRAULIC PRESS WHICH REMOVES A PORTION OF THE COCOA-BUTTER FROM THE BEANS. THE RESIDUE IS "BREAKFAST" COCOA

stone mills, being at the same time slightly heated. The result is a syrupy fluid. The oil has been liberated by the grinding and liquified by the heat. If the oil is pressed out, the cocoa of commerce remains.

If the oil is not pressed out, and if the liquor is treated with sweetenings and flavours, ground further in stone mills, and "worked up fine," it becomes a smooth and mellow chocolate. Perhaps a certain percentage of extra "cocoa-butter" may be added to still further increase its smoothness and adaptability for covering candies of one kind or another.

It is in the substitution of other vegetable or animal fats for the pure cocoa-butter, that much of the adulteration of the coverings for chocolate confectionery occurs. These substitutes invariably are more or less affected by heat, which decomposes them, spoiling the flavour of the goods, which frequently turn rancid.

Cocoa is used to make a beverage; chocolate is used directly as a confection or as a food.

CHOCOLATE AS A FOOD

It is only in recent years that the world has learned the food-value of chocolate. When people read that Queen Victoria had sent a box of chocolates to each of the soldiers in South Africa, they thought she had sent them a "confection." She herself probably knew that she was sending them a splendid food.

Comparing the percentage of fat in certain foods, we find chocolate second only to butter. Take this list:

Steak	14	per cent. fat
Eggs	9	" " "
Bread	4	" " "
Butter	85	" " "
Chocolate	40	" " "

Chocolate is therefore a splendid producer of energy and heat. As a tissue builder it is almost equal to eggs and steak, containing as it does considerable protein.

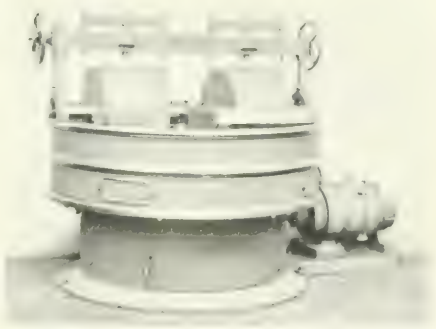
The following are approximate figures:

Steak	14	per cent. protein
Eggs	14	" " "
Bread	9	" " "
Butter	3	" " "
Chocolate	11	" " "

It would seem, therefore, that chocolate properly prepared is both a tissue builder and an energy producer of high value. Hence, one may understand why it is supplied regularly to the German army.

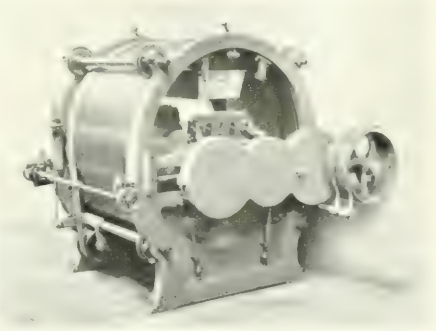
M. Payen, writing in "Des Substances Alimentaires," says:

"The cocoa bean has in its composition more nitrogen than wheat flour, about twenty times as much fatty matter, a considerable proportion of starch, and an



A MELANGEUR

A 12-STONE REFINER



A CONTINUOUS REFINER

These three machines are employed in the grinding and refining of chocolate coating

PAN ROOM—IN THESE REVOLVING PANS CERTAIN FILLINGS, SUCH AS NUTS, ARE COATED WITH CHOCOLATE

agreeable aroma which excites the appetite. We are entirely disposed to admit that this substance contains a remarkable nutritive power. Besides, direct experience has proved this to be the case. In fact, cocoa, closely combined with an equal or two-third's weight of sugar, forming the article well-known under the name of chocolate, constitutes a food, substantial in all respects, and capable of sustaining the strength in travelling."

And a little further on, he adds:

"Cocoa and chocolate, in consequence of their elementary composition, and of the direct or indirect addition of sugar before their consumption, constitute a food, respiratory, or capable of maintaining animal heat, by means of the starch, sugar, gum, and fatty matter which they contain; they are also articles of food favourable to the maintenance or development of the adipose secretions, by reason of the fatty matter (cocoa-butter) belonging to them; and, finally, they assist in the maintenance and increase of the tissues by means of their congeneric azote substances, which assimilate therewith."

CANADIAN IMPORTATIONS

The customs classification is hard to understand and analyse, but the importations of cocoa and its products show a rapid increase. In 1874, the importations amounted to less than $5,000. In 1881, it was about $10,000. The figures for the last five years are as follows:

1901	$438,417
1902	414,351
1903	561,270
1904	654,500
1905	744,637

About seventy-five per cent. of these importations came from Great Britain and the United States, with the British West Indies a poor third. Holland and Switzerland come next—these being principally milk chocolates.

While the imports of cacao beans, cocoa and chocolate have thus enormously increased, we find the importation of confectionery declining. For example, in 1901 Canada bought $228,000 worth from the United States, and in 1905 this had fallen to $124,000 worth. This is due to the growth of cocoa and chocolate factories in this country. These import the raw product and manufacture it into various forms suitable for the nation's taste and demands.

SUGAR AS FOOD

Mr. R. Bannister, of London, in a lecture said: "The sense of taste, which resides in the gustatory nerves of the tongue, seems to have been provided for the purpose of guarding against the taking into the system, through the mouth, of any injurious substances, and also for the purpose of

A CORNER IN A BON-BON DIPPING ROOM

imparting pleasure to the necessary act of eating and drinking. The instinctive love of sugar seems to point out how well it is adapted to our natural wants. This love is not confined to one nation; wherever it is most easily obtained, there its consumption is found to be enormous."

Sugars are more speedily dissolved by the saliva and more quickly assimilated than any other food, and the energy therefrom is more immediately available. It also very materially assists the digestion of other foods. When sugar has been inverted or changed from its crystalline form, which occurs in the manufacture of confectionery, and has been combined with pure chocolate, then we have an absolutely natural food. A child's desire for candy is perfectly natural and should be gratified within reasonable limits, as there is no more wholesome food. In young men it has become a very noticeable fact that few, if any, who are fond of confectionery are likely to carry the aroma of "Cocktails." The candy-eating habit is a fair evidence of temperate habits.

With access to every market in the world for raw products, such as cacao, vanilla beans, essential oils, fruit for flavouring, and shelled nuts; with refined sugar of the finest quality as a basis, and with latest type machinery and highly-skilled workmen, there is no reason why Canada should not produce confectionery of as fine flavour, texture, and finish as any country in the world. In fact, the decreasing imports give evidence that her own people are appreciating this fact, and are giving home productions the preference.

A TYPICAL FACTORY

Of these Canadian factories, that of Ganong Bros., of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, may be taken as typical. St. Stephen is a lively little town, situated on the St. Croix River about twenty miles from the Bay of Fundy, and at the head of the navigable part of that river. It is a place where one might more naturally expect saw mills than a chocolate factory and a cotton mill. Yet it is the latter one finds. Men as well as nature are an element in determining the characteristics of a community,

DIPPING BON-BONS

and this town and its twin neighbour, Milltown, owe their prosperity and fame to the energy of several enterprising citizens.

The Ganong business has been of a steady and natural growth. The two brothers were in the commission business about thirty years ago, and incidentally handled confectionery. A small candy-making business came on the market, and they bought it out and developed it until they have a factory employing over three hundred hands and turning out tons of confectionery each day.

A SECTION OF "DIPPING ROOM" WHERE G.B. CHOCOLATES ARE COATED

MAKING CHOCOLATE COATINGS

In the factory of Ganong Bros., all the chocolate that is made is used in coating confectionery, or in the making of sweet chocolate, and good chocolate coating is much more difficult to make than any other form of this substance, with the possible exception of milk chocolate. Success in making chocolate coatings depends largely on skill and taste in blending the products of different countries, all of which differ in flavour. This is quite as, if not more, difficult than the blending of teas and coffees, and requires men of great experience. It is along this line that this firm especially excels. From the hard bean to the smooth liquid is a far cry, because neither alkali nor acids nor foreign substances may be used to assist in the dissolution.

The first step in the process is the sorting and cleaning of the beans. As they come in sacks from foreign forests, there is necessarily some dirt mixed with them. This must be absolutely removed, either by machinery or by hand, or by both. As the beans are to be roasted, the different sizes must be separated, otherwise the small beans would be burnt while the large ones were getting sufficient heat. Exactness in roasting means much for the flavour and colour of the chocolate. It requires about forty-five minutes to roast a batch of beans in the large revolving cylinders used for that purpose, the heat being applied by gas jets under forced air draughts.

After roasting, the beans are broken and shelled. After passing through a breaker the broken beans drop into a cylindrical sieve, through which fans are continually forcing enough air to blow out the lighter "shell." The cleaned and broken interior drops into receivers below.

From here it passes to a mill, not unlike a flour mill, where two sets of stones grind it still smaller. At the same time it is slightly heated so as to release the oil or cocoa-butter which forms one-half of its substance. From the mill it passes as a slightly gritty liquid to a refiner consisting

FACTORY AND OFFICES OF GANONG BROS., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

of from six to twelve granite rollers set close together, which still further adds to its smoothness. The stones work in sets of three, each with a different speed.

From here it passes to the "hot-room," where for several hours it is subjected to heat in order that the "butter" shall be fully melted and mixed with the other substances which the bean originally contained. From the hot-room it goes to the melanguers to be still further stirred, rolled and mixed; then to huge drum continuous refiners for the finishing process. The liquor is now ready for chocolate coatings.

Even yet the process is not complete. If required for immediate use, it is placed in another melanguer and mixed with a certain amount of finest pulverized sugar and flavouring. It then goes through another set of refiners to make sure that the sugar and chocolate liquor are thoroughly mixed. At this stage, when necessary, and it always is in the best chocolate coatings, more pure cocoa-butter, is added to still further increase its mellowness and plasticity.

THE FILLINGS

Chocolate coatings are made several weeks before using, as when properly made they improve with age. The next step is to have proper fillings or centres. These may be of cream, jelly, nuts, etc. The ordinary cream filling is made from high-grade sugar. Some chocolate-makers use a high percentage of glucose, and thus cheapen and deteriorate their goods. Not

GENERAL OFFICES

SECTION OF PAPER BOX ROOM

so with the "G.B." fillings—they have only one standard. The sugar is melted and then beaten or "creamed," then re-melted, flavoured and moulded. When ready for the finishing touches they are slightly hard, just sufficient to keep their shape while being rolled in the warm chocolate, but in a few days after coating this hardness disappears and the shape of the chocolate is preserved only by the hardness of the outing coating.

The coating may be done either by machinery or by hand. The chocolate used in machine-coated goods is of inferior grade, and the centres cannot be coated as heavily as by the "hand-dipping" process, as the liquor used for coating has to be much thinner, that the machine may thoroughly cover them.

All "G.B." chocolates are "hand-dipped." Long rows of girls sit beside tables containing small vats of warmed chocolate. Each centre is immersed or rolled in the chocolate, lifted out separately, and placed on placques stamped "G.B.," thus giving to each chocolate the "G.B." imprint, without which none are genuine. These girls acquire great skill in this work. A new girl will waste and spoil more chocolate than her work is worth. An experienced hand will spoil none. She works by "the piece," in this case by the number of pounds she handles. She will deftly add some little ornamentation across the top of each chocolate, which removes the otherwise plain appearance of even a "hand-dipped" drop.

From here, the trays of chocolates are rushed to a cooling room, where in a few minutes they are sufficiently chilled to go into the packing room. The "packing" room is kept at an even temperature, and here the chocolates are put in half-pound, pound, or five-pound boxes, all one kind, or mixed, as the occasion or the trade requires. They must, however, be packed at once. Chocolates left lying around would be liable to accumulate a slight quantity of dust, or lose their finish.

WEST WING AND SITE FOR NEW POWER HOUSE

Of course cream centres are not the only kind that are coated. Cocoanut centres are used and cocoanut must not be confounded with the cacao bean from which chocolate is made. For the other centres, Ganong Bros. import ginger from China, dates from the Nile, figs

from Smyrna, raisins from Spain, cherries, apricots from France, pineapples from the Bahamas, and nuts from Sicily, Spain, France, Brazil, and the United States. Caramels, cordials such as coffee or ginger, nougatines, and biscuits add to the variety, one of the greatest favourites being made from our own Canadian maple.

BOARDING HOUSE - ACCOMMODATION FOR FIFTY GIRLS

The Ganongs have a strong objection to incorporating liquors of any kind in their manufactures, and absolutely refuse to make brandy or other cordials of this nature.

The dipping or coating of all these is much the same, though slight variations are required. In all this work, mechanical cold storage plays a very important part in regulating necessary temperatures. For this purpose, this factory is equipped with a plant up-to-date in every particular.

BOXING

The Ganongs manufacture all their own boxes. They have a well-equipped box factory, with all the latest machinery and a supply of expert workmen and workwomen. Boxes of all sizes and shapes are produced, from the plain five-pound boxes, in which the grocer or confectioner buys his general supplies, to fancy boxes from half-pound and one pound up to five pounds, tied up in ribbon, which are sold unbroken by the same dealers.

For the holiday trade, fancy boxes of assorted goods to sell at prices varying from one to ten dollars are prepared. The demand for these is extensive, and the markets of the world are searched for novelties and dainty designs to work up into fancy baskets and boxes. The standard box used for G.B. chocolates has a picture—a fine conception of Longfellow's Evangeline—on the cover. New Brunswick was formerly a part of Acadie, though not that part around which the famous romance has thrown a cloak of sentiment. The famous valley of Grand Pré is a few

G.B. CHOCOLATES FOR VANCOUVER

Part of a 15-ton car on the way to the railway station. Note the characteristic lorry of the Maritime Provinces

RESIDENCE OF G. W. GANONG, M.P., ST. STEPHEN

miles from St. Stephen across the Bay of Fundy. Nevertheless, wherever the G.B. chocolates go, there goes with them a reminder that down by the Atlantic is a land of romance, of sentiment and of sweetness.

CLEANLINESS

In the making of confectionery absolute cleanliness is essential. The Ganong factory is a roomy set of buildings, well lighted, with high ceilings. Every room is painted white and is gone over with a brush at least once a year. Every utensil, every pot, every pan, every tray must be kept spotlessly clean. Employés must keep themselves tidy and must come from homes where neatness and cleanliness are part of the daily creed. Negligent or careless employés are not tolerated.

In order to insure a constant supply of first-class women the firm has recently established a large boarding-house. This is in charge of a competent matron, and the highest class of accommodation is afforded. Here the girls may board at low rates and may have many privileges not found in an ordinary boarding-house. Lavatories, bathrooms, washing rooms, ironing rooms and reading rooms are at their disposal. A croquet lawn has been in use this year, and a tennis lawn will be ready next year.

THE DISTRIBUTION

That Canada is a growing country; that Canadian manufacturers are gaining ground rapidly is well exemplified in the growth of the Ganong business. Situated though it is in a small town, in the far east of the Dominion, it yet distributes its products in every province. When the writer visited the factory they were just about to ship three carloads, one to Vancouver, one to Winnipeg and one to Quebec. The small town is no handicap where the manufacturer is enterprising; distance is no bar when he understands his business and has it well organised.

When asked why their business has grown so rapidly, the manager modestly said he was not certain, but thought principally because the firm believed the people would pay reasonable prices for goods of high quality."

"Our candies are good to eat, of that I am certain," said he. "I eat large quantities every day myself, and so do my associates. Therefore I am not surprised that the people eat them. We try to make good eating chocolates, that are suited to the Canadian climate. We are proud of all our goods and have never found it necessary to lower the standard to make sales."

There is an impression abroad in the land that chocolates should be bought fresh. The "G.B." chocolates are made in such a way that they do not attain their greatest "mellowness" until about thirty days after they are ready for shipment. This gives plenty of time to send them the long distances which they must be sent in Canada. They also retain their mellowness and full flavour for a long time when properly cared for. The greatest care is taken to secure evenness of quality, so that the purchaser anywhere in Canada may be reasonably certain of getting the highest grade chocolates when he buys anything stamped "G.B."

It is gratifying to see Canadians turning out so high a grade of goods that "Made in Canada" is becoming a synonym for good quality. This is a tribute to the nation's honesty as well as the nation's enterprise.

Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER

"THE Kreutzer Sonata" of Jacob Gordin had the honour of opening the present dramatic season in New York, an English version of the sombre Yiddish play, with Miss Blanche Walsh in the leading rôle, appearing in mid-August, while the world of folly was still occupied with Coney Island and Roof Garden entertainment. Further interest lay in the fact that a rival production of the piece was in preparation, and the early appearance of Miss Walsh proved a tactical move on the part of her management to forestall Mr. Fiske's plans for presenting Mme. Bertha Kalich—for whom the play was originally written and in whose repertoire it had a prominent place for several years at the Yiddish theatres—in an English adaption of her old rôle. Mr. Fiske's more careful preparation, however, followed in due course, and the result to the public was an opportunity to compare two very interesting and capable presentations of the play.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," which by the way must not be confounded with Tolstoi's well-known novel, is of the old melodrama type, with strong acting scenes, some very interesting character work and of thrilling emotional interest. The characters are Russian, and with one exception Hebrew, and the story is based on the love of a Jewish girl for a Gentile officer who, barred by race prejudices from marrying her, has committed suicide. The usual complications disclose themselves, and the action begins with the disposal of the "ruined" girl to a young, ambitious musician, and the departure of both for America. The rest is a story of domestic unhappiness, wherein cruelties, indignities and infidelity that compromises the wife's younger sister, are exposed; all meekly borne by the unhappy victim of our "woman damnation" theories, until patience can bear no more—and the double tragedy follows. Some excellent comedy scenes are furnished by an eccentric old musician, and the humour he imparts is a welcome lamp in the gloom of the woeful tragedy.

Madame Kalich had the advantage of appearing in a rôle long familiar to

BERTHA KALICH IN "THE KREUTZER SONATA"

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "CLEOPATRA"

FORBES ROBERTSON AS "CÆSAR"

her, and one for which she is peculiarly fitted, physically and temperamentally. Her performance was very finished and artistic, and the portrait well toned down to the tastes of her English audience. Miss Walsh, on the other hand, seemed to revel in emotional opportunities, and the result was a highly coloured picture, graphic, crude, and in a certain physical sense forceful. The supporting companies were in each case so excellent that there is little to choose between them. Special mention should be made, however, of Jacob Katzman's characterisation of the eccentric musician in the Kalich company and of Miss Helen Ware as the sister in the other.

Notwithstanding this early and somewhat sober start, the season had not found itself up to October. But with October—the month when in the course of nature the gay first colourings of early autumn have sobered and deepened to brown, when ripened fruits hang ready for the wine-press and the corn is garnered for the gleaners—in this month of nature's fulness came such rich October offerings as Mr. H. B. Irving in Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in Wm. Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," Lena Ashwell in "The Shulamite," Mr. E. S. Willard in his admirable portrait of "Colonel Newcome," and Mr. Mansfield in an imposing production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." With these offerings the

note of serious dramatic interest, for which we had been waiting, was firmly and unmistakably struck.

The appearance of Mr. Forbes Robertson, too, in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," marks a revival of the intellectual—as opposed to emotional and pictorial—drama, which distinguished the early months of last season when the Shaw vogue was at its height. It also marks a further, and let us hope decisive, step in the moral rehabilitation of the prince of humorists, whose sensational banishment a year ago proclaimed our Comstockianism so loudly to the world. This banishment, we may remind ourselves, however, was followed by a more or less triumphant return in the late spring, when Mr. Arnold Daly rounded up the season's work with an excellent presentation of "Arms and the Man." Since that time, also, the courts have decided that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not an immoral play at all. And now that an ally has been gained of such unquestionable standing as Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Shaw's entire respectability will surely be grudged no longer. If this is not enough, there still remains the announcement of Miss Ellen Terry in a production of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." We have mentioned these names for the reason that example is so often more potent than argument..

In the somewhat conspicuous absence of Mr. Shaw up to this time, English drama had been fully represented by such of his leading contemporaries as Mr. Pinero, whose admirable "His House in Order" is one of the most important plays of the year; Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypocrites," and Mr. Alfred Sutro in "The Price of Money." Following these leaders at varying intellectual distances we had Michael Morton in "The Little Stranger," St. John Rankin in "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," Inglis Allen in "The Dear Unfair Sex," Harold Heaton in "Lady Jim," and Alicia Ramsey in "John Hudson's Wife." Of these only two, "His House in Order" and "The Hypocrites," can be classed as popular successes, though one or two others were complete artistic successes, and under other conditions might have found more

MR. H. B. IRVING

favour with the public. The terms, unfortunately, are not always synonymous and the public mood is variable and fleeting.

"The Two Mr. Wetherbys" was described as a domestic fact in three acts, taking for its text the familiar

> "Life is a comedy to those who think,
> A tragedy to those who feel."

The piece is said to have had a very long run in London last season, but the sea voyage apparently impaired its vitality. There were some very agreeable acting moments, certainly some witty lines, as for example—"She is a good woman and she has a grievance. What more can she want?" But its chief claim to notice is Mr. William F. Hawtrey's impersonation of the (conventionally) bad *Mr. Wetherby*. This was wholly delightful and flawless, and its impressions will remain when much of this season's work is forgotten.

"The Dear Unfair Sex," in which Miss Ellis Jeffreys appeared for a time

this season, would seem to be a modern variation of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Mrs. Haviland Brooke, spoiled, capricious, petulant and unreasonably peevish toward a kind-hearted husband who adores her, is finally brought to bay and becomes, for the time at least, a most dutiful and meek spouse. The chastening is accomplished by means of an old theatrical device, her discovery in a compromising situation to which her vanity has brought her. Suspecting that Melville, whom she fancifully supposes to be in love with herself, is marrying another against his desire, she goes to his room to intercede. Melville, learning the truth, promptly sends for her husband, but before he arrives a mutual friend, Captain Gleinster, in an advanced state of conviviality, unexpectedly arrives on the scene. Other complications follow, and by the time the captious wife is extricated, the taming is complete. Not as important a comedy by any means as Mr. Sutro's "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," although the rôle of Mrs. Brooke in the variety of its moods affords Miss Jeffreys a wider score for the display of her talents than any other in which we have seen her. A lady of breeding Miss Jeffreys is, in all her parts, and she is able to suggest this quality to a degree that no other actress we know can.

"The Dear Unfair Sex," in spite of a rather distinguished cast that included Mr. Chas. Cartwright and Mr. Geo. Giddens, found only moderate favour, however, with the dear, unfair public, and withdrew.

Miss Jeffrey's non-success with this piece and Mr. Crane's similar experience with the "Price of Money," has resulted in their joint appearance in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Mr. Crane as *Mr. Hardcastle*, and Miss Jeffreys as the winsome *Kate*, in which happy outcome, the proverb of the ill wind will be once more recalled.

In some respects Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Hypocrites" shows the author at his best. In other respects, he is equally at his worst. There is the inevitable pulpit, for instance, conspicuously placed in the foreground, and appropriately enough, a high-minded, uncompromising young curate to occupy it. He, of course, is the author's mouthpiece, and proceeds to expound the author's text, "Expediency is man's wisdom, doing right is God's." The scene of the play is Weybury—peaceful, remote, exclusive, hypocritical Weybury, whose church-laden respectability is one day rudely upset by the intrusion of a pale-faced young girl. We know her story at once without the unnecessary details that follow, even to the matter of dates. We know, too, that the son of the Lord of the Manor of Weybury is implicated. And the dramatic conflict revolves round the duty of Weybury in the matter as Weybury sees it, and its duty as the high-minded curate conceives it. The issues broaden, however, as the play progresses, until the initial motive becomes a mere incident in the arraignment of our social hypocrisies. In inventiveness and a keen sense of his dramatic opportunities, Mr. Jones has never appeared to better advantage. The play is in the hands of an exceedingly capable and well-balanced company, and much of its success is due to their able presentation.

Why Mr. Sutro's "The Price of Money" was not a success is hard to say. With Mr. Crane in the central rôle, the piece had a worthy presentation, and in point of dramatic interest is a better offering than the same author's "Walls of Jericho," which ran so well last season. It deserved a much better reception.

American dramatists have met with better success in proportion than their English contemporaries, three of the season's hits, "Clothes," "The Chorus Lady," and "The Great Divide," owning to American authorship. "Clothes," by Mr. Channing Pollock, with which Miss Grace George has inaugurated her present season, is a strong play of very evident popular appeal. Though it quotes the immortal Sartor Resartus, it is not a philosophy of clothes by any means, but a timely preachment against the modern social peril variously expressed in "Clothes." It follows—though somewhat afar off, we fear, in point of literary interest—Mr. Sutro's stirring appeal in "The Walls of Jericho." Miss George

has been provided with an excellent part and much of the success of the piece is due to her splendid work. Mr. Frank Worthing also adds distinction to the performance.

"Nurse Marjorie" is an interesting comedy, written in one of Mr. Zangwill's lighter, happier veins, and the rôle in which it presents Miss Eleanor Robson, if somewhat familiar though repeated association, is an ever charming one.

The performance, as we have it, was somewhat hurried, perhaps, for the perfect enjoyment of certain little subtleties that are peculiar to Mr. Zangwill, and the characterisations, especially of our English peers, were not always happy. On the other hand, the fish market scene in Whitechapel was capital. Miss Robson is billed for a season of thirty weeks, and during that time will present a large repertory of new plays.

"The Love Letter," an adaption—very much an adaption one would say—of Sardou's "La Piste," offers Miss Virginia Harned golden opportunities for the display of her many personal charms, to say nothing of the display of hats and gowns that are the envious delight of the feminine portion of her audience. There are charming bits of comedy, too, that afford momentary glimpses of Sardou's bright original, but for the most part the American version is too obviously discreet to be either interesting or plausible. An old love letter turns up unexpectedly, and though the indiscretions brought to light refer to the period of husband number one, now divorced, the testimony of dates is unfortunately lacking. Before this lack is supplied many farcical situations are introduced, and in the original some convincing comedy. The popular success of the play is a personal triumph for Miss Harned, who is invariably delightful in comedy rôles.

Shakespeare has been well represented so far, first in a lovely production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Miss Annie Russell as "Puck," and later by Miss Viola Allen's equally beautiful production of "Cymbeline," both at the New Astor theatre, recently opened. Miss Allen's return to Shakespearean rôles will be especially welcomed by lovers of classical drama everywhere.

MR. HENRY MILLER IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

One unmistakable beacon light in the earlier dramatic fog we have referred to was Pinero's "His House in Order," in which John Drew and Margaret Illington have been appearing with marked success since the season opened. Pinero is probably the most finished playwright we have, and "His House in Order" reflects these qualities in their perfection.

Filmer Jesson's first wife has been dead three years, but notwithstanding this lapse of time and the fact that her successor has been installed for six months, "Filmer's" house is still a house of mourning for the dear departed "Annabel," and he himself the pathetic slave of her snobbish, cruel relatives. This is the situation that confronts the second wife, and after enduring for some time the indignities that such a situation would naturally provoke, the power, in the form of compromising letters, is suddenly put into her hands to destroy this dead idol, and take her own lawful place in the home. The husband's brother, "Hillary," who has been her sole friend, pleads with her in a beautifully impas-

MARGARET ANGLIN AS "RUTH JORDAN" IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

sioned speech either to destroy the letters or give them to him.

She hands the letters to "*Hillary*," and through him the husband finally learns the truth and offers reparation. This offer the wife complacently accepts. Dramatic justice would have dealt otherwise we think, had the Pinero we knew aforetime held the scales. Nor, in that event, would the lover of the dead Annabel and father of the child before us, have complacently allowed himself to be kicked out of doors for a villain. And as it proves, the cold, rather insufferable, order-loving "Filmer" had driven the ardent "Annabel" elsewhere for consolation. In spite of these weaknesses the drama is a powerful one, and is presented with every appreciation of its dignity and fine literary qualities. Mr. John Drew as "*Hillary Jesson*" has never been seen to better advantage, and Miss Margaret Illington as "Nina" is wholly admirable and charming.

The visit of Mr. H. B. Irving to this country has been in pleasant contemplation for some time. Part of the interest was due to the excellent reputation he had already made for himself in England, but still more undoubtedly to the fact that he was the son of the beloved Sir Henry, that prince of actors, at whose

shrine every devout lover of the drama will long kneel in reverence. Comparisons between son and sire were in the nature of things inevitable, but beyond a haunting likeness occasionally noted in gesture or look, we had soon forgotten the old in the contemplation of the new personality before us.

His first appearance in Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," showed not only a scholarly appreciation of its poetic qualities, but was full of those human touches that appeal so strongly in Mr. Phillips' rare and beautiful version of the Dante theme. And not since Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet" have we seen a more moving tragic picture than his "Malatesta," every note of whose character is sounded from love for his brother "Paola" in the first scene, to that top note when he staggers back from the murder, his hand stained with blood, and tells us in tones of unutterable pity: "They look like children fast asleep." No more poetic drama has been seen on the American stage since Mrs. LeMoyne's exquisite productions of Browning's "In a Balcony" and "A Blot on the Scutcheon," both of which are being revived, by the way, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Miller.

As if to emphasise his versatility by contrast, Mr. Irving's next appearance was in one of Sir Henry's old successes, "The Lyons Mail," that fine old melodrama of Charles Reade, Mr. Irving assuming the double rôle of "Joseph Lesurques," Merchant of Paris, and "Dubose," captain of a gang of thieves. Both characterisations were excellent, but Dubose in the last act, the scene of the fatal debauch, when his hilarious triumph is cut short by the arrival of soldiers, was especially powerful in its grim, sardonic, malevolent humour.

His "Charles I," by W. G. Wills, which followed, is tender and dignified, with a nice kingly poise, lighted up by most playful touches, as when he lays aside affairs of state to romp with the children. His best scene is when he meets Cromwell face to face at Whitehall, and with fine kingly scorn reproves him for his duplicity. There is a still deeper note of poignant sorrow in the scene with Moray when he paints the portrait of the traitor. The final scene, his parting from wife and children, is tender and affecting in the extreme.

"The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, as presented by Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, is perhaps the richest experience of the present dramatic season. The only possible exception would be "His House in Order," just noticed, and while Mr. Moody's is a less finished play than the Pinero offering, it is of far deeper import and of more sincerity. It is also well within the limits to claim that the Moody piece marks a most important epoch in the drama of this country, if it be not indeed the great event in our dramatic history. The fact is notorious that men eminent in letters have almost invariably aspired to write in the dramatic form, and men as famous as Henry James and George Meredith have failed altogether in the attempt, while Browning and Tennyson succeeded only in a measure. But the author of "Gloucester Moor," who holds a leading place among American poets, has in "The Great Divide" added to this fame that of a truly great dramatist also. In this offering he has also abandoned his earlier classical form represented in "The Fire Bringer," and "The Masque of Judgment," and treated modern life in a highly original and unconventional manner.

One would like to linger over this play lovingly and appreciatively throughout the course of an entire article instead of trying to condense its impressions into a paragraph or two. Towering as the play does in its own mountain solitude, it offers sides of approach so many that a choice is bewildering. There are its human interest, its psychology, its drama, its literary and poetic charm, and having exhausted these there would still remain its great spiritual interest dominating all the other and lifting us farther into its own solitude. It has been called the great American play, and while it is great and of American authorship, in its more important sense it is no more an American play than "Ghosts" is a Norwegian play, or "Magda" a German play. For like "Ghosts" or "Magda," or any great continental play, its theme is universal, and its

truths as eternal as the hills, which Mr. Moody has so well chosen for the play's setting. The author, it is true, takes his inspiration from the West, but only the West, by which we mean the new Western World of broader opportunity, where life is lived somewhat at first hand—could supply either the background or the elemental brute force necessary to the struggle which he precipitates with our own conventionally spiritual life. And in this connection we have sometimes wondered if Mr. Moody's fine poem, "The Brute," does not offer a suggestive clue, if not to the theme of "The Great Divide" itself, at least to his own larger appreciation of the physical elements of life. For the play is above all things an attempt to breathe the larger spirit of the West, with all it stands for, into the effete East, and to see spiritual truths in a much broader relation to the physical universe than our pious prayer-books permit. But this delays the story.

"Ruth Jordan," left alone one night in her brother's ranch house, is attacked by three roystering, drunken ruffians, whose criminal intent toward her is soon made obvious. To save herself she offers to go away and be married in due form with the least offensive of the three, "Stephen Ghent," a major promise which, as it stands, lacks plausibility and is the weak point in the dramatic structure. But, the situation had to be created even at the cost of a little intellectual brutality, if one may so describe it, and once created, it abundantly justifies itself. This somewhat melodramatic opening furnishes only a very slight clue, if any, to the dramatic conflict that follows. The issues are essentially spiritual, as already stated, and the nominal factors in the struggle are the Puritan conscience represented in "Ruth Jordan," and the brute force of physical nature represented in "Stephen Ghent." And out there on "the great doorstep of the world," as it is more than once beautifully described, where Ruth Jordan and Stephen Ghent take up their life, the eternal conflict, the adjustment of the physical and the spiritual, is waged. To Ruth the situation is odious, and in the second act where her brother and friends come upon her in a scene full of most exquisite human touches—she is secretly weaving baskets to buy back her freedom from the man who now loves her, and treats her with the utmost consideration and kindness. "Stephen Ghent's" natural nobility of heart, touched by spiritual truth, has become pure gold, passion and impulse are bowed down in sorrow, and though he cannot understand his wife's unhappiness, the scene closes with her surrender to her brother.

The next scene finds her in her little New England home whither "Stephen," blundering as ever, has followed her and, unknown to her, cared for and saved herself and family from ruin. The discovery of all this finally results in her own awakening to the larger nobility of the uncouth man whom she has unconsciously loved all the time, but between whom and herself, as between East and West, yawned "The Great Divide."

Of the acting of Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller in their respective rôles too much praise can hardly be given. Mr. Miller's "Stephen Ghent," while it misses nothing of the recklessness and daring of the western frontier man, compels your honest admiration and sympathy in spite of the original deed of violence. The characterisation is full of strength—the strength of bone, brain and muscle—with the simplicity of expression that is often associated with physical strength. The quiet, subdued note of his performance was precisely the note the play demanded for its deeper significance.

Miss Anglin's "Ruth Jordan" marks the most important step in her upward career. There are no bursts of frenzy, such as characterise "Zira," to dazzle us with their brightness, but a difficult, sustained performance such as only an artist in the fullest sense of the term could carry through convincingly. No severer test, unless it be the "Electra of Euripides," could be imposed on an actress perhaps, than the prolonged note of the second act, that runs almost the entire scale of human emotion. It is all the more difficult from the fact that the action is almost entirely psychological. Yet, Miss Anglin not only carries the action successfully, but holds her audience as if in a thrall.

The Glove Stakes

A Race-Track Story

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

EIGHT riders galloping on the parapet of eternity; seven men, beckoned by the hand of fate truant in a lady's glove, and the silent horseman: that was the "Glove Stakes"—the "extra" at the Belmont Hunt Race meet. It was Kathleen Braund's proposing, and fate's disposing.

The Braund acres, lying broad and many about the old manor, "Twin Elms," stretched away in luxuriant verdure and the golden drape of grainfields to the bordering lands that had been Patrick Raeburn's. Raeburn the elder had toyed with the gods of chance with fatuous insistence to the end that there had come an intermission in the ownership of Killahoe; and James, the son, had started out in life capitalised only by his inheritance of the gambling taint.

Perhaps fate had tired of his surly mood; perhaps Dame Fortune liked the happy, smiling, Irish face of the younger Raeburn; perhaps the youth's clear-cut decision had something to do with it; however that may be, Jim Raeburn had steadily drained from the race-course a little stream of gold, and now "Killahoe" knew a Raeburn again. In the rich pasture-fields thoroughbreds begot thoroughbreds, and, like all else that the lord of the manor touched, profit accrued.

Belmont County was a land of horse and horsemen; and the Belmont Hunt—well, it *was* a hunt.

The week of the race meet, quite appropriately, the play "Caruth Hall," splendidly begilt with red coats and velvet caps and knock-kneed horses, eventuated in the little theatre of Belmont town. Nobody knew that Raeburn owned the company, lock, stock, and barrel—or, rather, coat, cap, and horse, but he did. The characteristic of Raeburn's way of going was secrecy, which is highly commendable on the turf.

In the stage hunt, the master of hounds, *Lord Caruth*, was Banfield Leigh, whose chief qualification for the leading part was that Raeburn admired him as he did a stake-horse, which was regard *in excelsis*. Leigh was a gentleman; not only because his pater, like Raeburn's, had had money and lost it, and had schooled Banfield only in the gentle art of doing nothing gracefully, but because he was thoroughbred—wind, limb, and brain.

Now we come to the night Kathleen Braund, Fenner, Barry, and two others sat in a box trying to follow the tortuous plot of *Lord Caruth's* wondrous career. Fenner was an egoist, an egotist, a prig—he was many more disquieting things; and, being all this, his worst sin was an insistent attention to the young mistress of Twin Elms.

Banfield could look the part of *Lord Caruth*, or Lord Anybody, for he was handsome—tall, lithe, and supple as an Indian. And Kathleen, imaginative, susceptible, as the big violet-gray eyes proclaimed, grew blind to the incongruity of the cheap play, and, after a little, Fenner, with jealous intuition, felt the presence of an annoying influence, and, unwisely, grew brutally captious. It was the egoist's evil destiny that Raeburn should have come into the box, to sit through his sneering arraignment of the make-believe M.F.H. and his knee-scarred hunter.

Raeburn, listening, knew that Fenner ought to be punished for his own sake; and in the violet eyes that had darkened to ultramarine he read that the man ought to be punished for the girl's sake. So, in his room that night, he drove his mind along the tortuous trail of Fenner's gratuitous affronts, which was altogether unlucky for the captious one; and the next morning he went to Twin Elms with

anger in his hot Irish heart, and a plan in his cool American head.

He smiled inwardly when talk of the play, which he started, passed prematurely into an admiring eulogy of *Lord Caruth*. Then he knew he was on safe ground, and said: "Miss Kathleen, your friend Fenner is considerably a bore, isn't he?"

"He was uncomfortably facetious last evening."

"Generously rude. He ought to be punished—don't you think so?"

"I haven't thought about it—I never do, about Fenner. It would be a life's work for somebody to take up."

"I'll take it up gladly if you'll help—for a day."

"Why—how? Why worry? It doesn't matter."

"He poked stupid fun at Banfield Leigh. Leigh's a gentleman"—the fugitive flush that faintly rosed the girl's neck and cheek was not too short-lived for the speaker's sharp eye—"and, worse—I mean also—he sneered at Smuggler."

"Who is Smuggler—the villain of the play, or the bailiff?"

"Smuggler is Leigh's hunter. Here, Miss Kathleen, I'll tell you all about it. There's sport ahead, I can promise you. Smuggler is my horse——"

"*Your* horse?"

"Oh! I forgot. The whole outfit is mine—yes, I'm fairy godfather to that melodramatic entanglement. I'm a theatrical promoter. I don't know anything about the profession, and neither do they, but that doesn't matter, we're having a lot of fun out of it; and—well, I like Leigh. He's not a bad actor—I've seen worse—though Booth's fame is safe."

"This grows interesting, Mr. Raeburn. Mr. Leigh certainly is a gentlemanly actor, anyway."

"Yes, and he can ride; and that beast Fenner said Leigh sat his horse like a tailor. I'm going to tell you a secret. Oh, don't expostulate! I don't need it as a secret now, or I wouldn't tell you—any woman, I mean."

"Thanks, from all of us."

"Smuggler is a rare steeplechase horse—or he was till he broke his knees. He jumped so well that he grew overconfident—understand?"

"Yes I know; Black Diamond is like that. He has got to skimming his jumps till he is unsafe."

"Well, Smuggler hit the rails once too often, and came down with his knees on a granite monument or something, and cracked them. I've nursed him for over a year; stuck him in that play just to keep him from moping; he's got brains—he's like a human. He's all right now—I was saving him for a big coup, I don't mind telling you; and that—that——"

"Mr. Fenner?"

"Yes, *that* called Smuggler—the best steeplechaser I ever owned—a broken-down cab-horse; and——" Raeburn broke off and clenched his fist at an invisible enemy.

"Well?"

"The coup is off, that's all. Your hunt meet commences to-morrow, and if you'll make a social hour for the hunt chaps and invite Leigh and me—why couldn't we make an extra race—a special?"

"I see; for the undoing of the critical one, eh?"

Raeburn nodded eagerly, saying: "It will be easy; I'll put Barry up to draw Fenner to disparage what he styled last night the equine bric-à-brac at Caruth Hall."

"Mr. Fenner has a very good hunter, Firefly; do you think Smuggler up to beating anything we have here? Because, if we made a race, and Fenner won—you don't know what he really is like—we'd simply have to sell off the hounds and abolish the hunt. He *can* ride, too; though, for the sake of content, there is a sworn compact in the club never to admit this."

"Smuggler can beat Firefly or Wasp, or any other ornithological quadruped Fenner owns; and Leigh can outride him. Smuggler is fit, too—fit enough; and his class will more than make up any little difference in condition. He's been galloped regularly—long, slow work, of course—by the boy who looks after him; besides, Leigh rides him a great deal, so he's had plenty of work."

"Mr. Leigh knows, then, about Smuggler's qualities?"

"Not a bit of it. I don't work a coup

by telling everybody what I've got. Smuggler broke down before he advertised himself to the public, and I sha'n't tell Leigh of the horse's quality till he is in for the race. I want to try out his nerve."

"I like it; it sounds like those impossible racing stories I've read in the magazines, where the horses and the people all play into each other's hands. I'll do the social, and you the horse part. You want me to write a note inviting Mr. Leigh, I suppose?"

"Make it a man affair," Raeburn added. "D.O., demi-official, to drink tea and arrange about the hunt races. If you had women, they wouldn't give us a chance to pit Leigh and Fenner together; they'd mob the boy—they always do. He's handsome off the stage."

As Raeburn left Twin Elms he chuckled. "Two birds with one barrel," he muttered. "Mr. Critic will get the surprise of his life, and Kathie—she's too good for such a creature—she'll—well, I won't say what will happen—I hope it does. I like the boy; he's like herself—a thoroughbred."

Kathleen sent a horseman about with an invitation that was like a summons, and when Raeburn and Leigh arrived at Twin Elms, on the stroke of four, there were a dozen men of the Belmont Hunt in the drawing-room. As Raeburn drew Leigh toward the corner of the room where Kathleen was holding a little court, he said: "Keep your temper, Leigh, if that sallow, hawk-faced individual beside Miss Braund says stupid things. It's his way, and he's a bit jealous. Just leave his punishment to others—he'll get it."

"Ah, Mr. Leigh, so good of Mr. Raeburn to bring you," the girl welcomed, and the violet eyes made stronger the greeting. "Now, we'll have something besides horse to talk about. Sit beside me."

But presently she rose and, slipping her hand through the arm of Barry, said: "Come with me. I want you."

"At last!"

"No, not yet, that way." She drew him into a recessed window.

"What's the game, Kathleen?" he asked. "Raeburn looks as mysterious! There's something up—what is it?"

"You love me, Barry, don't you?"

"If I say yes, you won't believe me—you never do; if I say no, you'll know it's a lie."

"Don't be stupid; I want you to prove it."

"That I'm stupid?"

"You have; that you love me. Fenner was beastly last night."

"He's such a natural chap—never hides anything."

"Well, we've got to put him through a kindergarten course in manners; Raeburn thinks so, so do I. You're to make the running, Barry. Draw him; give him a chance to be witty—over the play, you know; that horse, and Mr. Leigh yonder. It's all Raeburn's idea." This explanation was an answer to a quizzical gleam in Barry's blue eyes. "Then start the idea of an extra race, keep Fenner going. He's sure to corner Mr. Leigh to enter his stage hunter. He had some wretched joke last night that it was a sawhorse. Oh, he *is* witty, Barry! Now, come."

"I don't understand it, Kathleen," Barry complained, wrinkling his brows as they moved toward the men. "Who's the joke on? What chance will the stage horse have against Firefly if we make a race for them?"

"Do your part, Barry. And leave it to the gods."

"And the Lady of the Silver Veil."

As they joined the group, Leonard, of the hunt, was saying: "We're shy of horses, and fellows, too, by Jove! Half the Padoug Hunt chaps have gone down to Brookline to back that crazy rack of bones, Topsail, in the International. The Foxglove Annual has fallen through; it had bad conditions, anyway."

"Have to make up another race to take its place," Barry suggested casually.

"Where are the horses to come from?" Stanton asked in objection to this.

"Change the conditions—throw it open to anything. There are no fliers coming to Belmont."

"We're shy of riders, too," Fenton wailed.

"Mr. Leigh might take a mount," Kathleen lisped tentatively; "that would be one more."

"Capital!" exclaimed Fenner, who had

been watching for an opening. "Mr. Leigh might also enter that chestnut of his; he'd qualify, regularly ridden to hounds in the Caruth Hunt."

The girl smiled. It was lovely; the ready rise to the bait. Barry laughed outright, maliciously.

Leigh coloured, his smooth face showing stronger under the brick red.

And Fenner, not knowing, returned cheerfully to the attack:

"I should say he was a safe sort of beast, that hunter of yours, Mr. Leigh; no nonsense about him—go straight as an arrow."

Raeburn smiled indulgently. "You have a good eye for a hunter, Fenner," he drawled approvingly; "the chestnut is as fine a made one as I've seen for many a day. I shouldn't be afraid to bet a thousand he's seen the real thing in his time. He looks it. Have you ever put him over the jumps, Leigh? He takes the bars on the stage like a cat."

Kathleen had most esoterically come by a paper and pencil, and she said: "We'd better arrange this race at once. Who'll enter—who'll ride—what's it to be? An extra to take the place of the Foxbrook Annual, not filled? What's it to be? Distance, weights, and all, first."

The girl's earnestness spurred the men to eager suggestion. Every one contributed.

Kathleen wrote rapidly, filtering the buzz of miles, pounds, conditions, simplifying the interminable mass. "Listen!" then aloud she read: "A steeplechase for horses owned by members of the Belmont Hunt and——" she hesitated, her eyes had wandered toward Leigh; they ran cognizantly over his lean, sinewy figure—"and members of the learned professions; catch weights over one hundred and sixty pounds; two miles."

"Oh, Augustus!" muttered Barry. "If that isn't clever! I'll bet Leigh can scale it, and Fenner can't ride under one hundred and seventy to save his neck." Aloud he queried: "What do we run for?"

"That's so," added Raeburn. "Who donates—what's the prize?"

"We must make the stakes worth while," came with Fenner's disagreeable voice. "Mr. Leigh's horse, I suppose, draws a large salary, doesn't he? He can't take a chance of breaking a leg for nothing."

Leigh had a strong temptation to reach over and tweak Fenner's nose, but even the angry retort that rose to his lips was checked by the girl's voice saying: "This is to be an affair of chivalry. Belmont is many hundreds of years behind, so this is tournament days. You knights shall ride for My Lady's Glove—I donate it—the Glove Stakes."

"My best horse, Oregon!" exclaimed Barry; "I'll win that glove or——"

"If you beat Bluepoint," interrupted Stanton.

"Wait, please," Kathleen pleaded; "I shall get the sentiment and the boasting and the horses all mixed. Now—Firefly, Mr. Fenner?"

He nodded eagerly.

As the girl's slim, tapered fingers limned the outline of the plot, the men, enthused, made entry with clamour—all but Banfield Leigh, who sat silent in astonished, sullen anger. He was evidently being baited; and it was altogether execrable form, or else he had lost all bearings as to what constituted sport or good breeding. He was like a captive among brigands, about to be made to dance for their amusement. But Raeburn! That was the confusing part of it—that Raeburn, his friend, was one of the insistents. If he had not been there, Leigh would have flung himself from Twin Elms without the grace of a farewell—indeed, with an imprecation on his lips.

"Now, Mr. Leigh, your horse?"

It was the soft voice Leigh had linked so pleasantly with the violet-gray eyes. Yes, they had looked thoroughbred; but if their owner was not heartless—well, she was lacking in other qualities equally desirable.

"It would be nonsense," he objected. "My horse, Dick——"

"Dick?" Fenner re-echoed the name in a voice that might be interpreted to mean anything of derision.

"That name won't do at all," Raeburn declared—"not for a classy race like the Glove Stakes. Enter him as—

as—Smuggler, Miss Kathleen; that's his name, I'll be bound."

The violet eyes drooped over the paper, and only the name-horses saw the malicious merriment that ran riot in their depths. "It's delicious," she whispered to her pencil. "Poor chap—I mean Fenner. There, gentlemen," she cried, passing the entry list to Barry.

The men crowded around him and saw:

THE GLOVE STAKES

A Steeplechase for horses owned by members of the Belmont Hunt and the Learned Professions. For a Lady's Glove. Catch weights over 160 lbs. Two miles.

1. Mr. Barry's Oregon.
   Blue, White Cap.
2. Mr. Fenner's Firefly.
   Cerise.
3. Mr. Stanton's Bluepoint.
   Magpie.
4. Mr. Leonard's Tally-Ho.
   Old Gold.
5. Mr. Stewart's Mars.
   Silver Gray.
6. Mr. Loudon's Red Rose.
   Green, Black Sleeves.
7. Mr. Leigh's Smuggler.

"By Jove!" cried Barry. That'll make a corking fine race. What are your colours, Leigh? There's none here."

"Leigh will ride in my jacket—crimson and black cap," volunteered Raeburn.

"To be run the last day, Saturday," Kathleen added; "that will give Mr. Leigh a chance to school his horse."

"I can't make one hundred and sixty," growled Fenner; "I can't ride a pound under one hundred and seventy."

"You've got to waste or carry overweight, that's all, then," Barry declared. "I can't make it either. Firefly ought to be handicapped at one hundred and eighty, anyway. For my part, I'm going to get down light—I'll live on cream-puffs between now and Saturday to win Miss Kathleen's glove."

In reality, the raison d'être of the afternoon tea had been realised, so soon the broad avenue, with its double file of soldier elms, echoed to the grinding whirr of wheels, and the metalled tramp of eager hunters. As Raeburn and Leigh bowled along in the master of Killahoe's trap, the younger man said: "It's all devilish fine—damn funny, I must say—but I tell you this, Raeburn—it's not startlingly original, but it's trite to the occasion—you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"Trite as related to anything in particular?"

"Yes, that I don't play the goat Saturday, and I won't play the inhuman with old Dick by giving him the chance to crack a leg. What the devil does it all mean, anyway? The laugh was on me, of course, but why? That's what I want to know—why?"

The master of Killahoe looked quizzically at the flushed, angry face of his companion. "My dear boy," he said presently, "you've got the loveliest chance! Heavens! It's glorious. That girl's all in, I tell you; you're a three to five chance."

"In the race?"

"Yes, even in the race, but I meant something else. Let me tell you—you've got to know, of course. Smuggler, if it weren't for those knees, would now be the best steeplechase horse in America. He's that now, because the knees are all right again, only he'd need six months' schooling to beat the cracks; but he can win from these hunters or I'll eat crow."

"Does Miss Braund know this?"

"Of course she does. Together we've cooked this little business to trim that objectionable cuss, Fenner. And from now on everything rests with you, and I'll back you to make good. When you've won that glove, you'll have landed one of the biggest stakes ever ridden for in this country. I know what Kathleen Braund is—she's a Braund, and they're all alike, thoroughbred. You've got four days to show Smuggler the Belmont course. You needn't worry over his jumping; he knows every trick of the game. Just lift him a bit at the mud walls; he likes to race over them—jumps too close."

As the horses were being saddled for the Glove Stakes Saturday, Kathleen stood beside Raeburn, looking at Smuggler. Somehow, the two, rider and horse, made up a picture that sent the girl's eager blood galloping. The sun drew little rainbows of bronze and green and purple from the vein-mapped satin skin

of the big chestnut; and the perfume of the clovered inner field, the indefinable scent of battle that was in the soft summer air, wafted through the big, thin, coral-lined nostrils of the blooded horse, and roused his racing spirit, ennobling him into a dream of equine beauty.

As the girl looked, she understood why Raeburn had said that Smuggler was one of the grandest horses he had ever owned. Surely it was in those powerful loins, the great quarters, and the sweet-lined neck to gallop so strong that the humiliation of Firefly and his owner was assured. And as she passed her small gloved hand down the seal-brown neck, the horse turned his lean, bony head and snuggled her shoulder with a gentle pressure of his lips.

"What an eye, Miss Kathleen!" Raeburn cried, in the voice of a horse lover. "Isn't that courage for you? And wise—he knows more than a great many men, I can tell you."

Just beyond, talking to Smuggler's boy, was Banfield Leigh.

The girl felt that some strange necromancy must have transformed everything into a complement of beauty lines. How wide and square the shoulders looked under the crimson silk; how the limbs tapered in the riding gear, fined down in lines of suppleness and strength, and beneath the black cap, the clear-cut face was like an eager, confident boy's!

Yes, surely those two actors in the little drama plot would play their part well, whatever happened.

"Ah, now they're going to mount!" Raeburn cried, and as Leigh swung himself leisurely into the saddle on the strong-backed chestnut, the girl said: "My good wishes, Mr. Leigh." He smiled in happy gratefulness, and when his face was turned towards the course she flicked Smuggler's quarter with the glove of desire—just a foolish touch for luck.

Raeburn walked on at Leigh's stirrup, saying: "Watch that beast on Firefly; I know what he's like. If he thinks you can beat him, he'll try to bring you down. Keep clear of him. Smuggler can stay forever, so don't be in a hurry."

As Fenner passed Kathleen, he checked Firefly, and, bending down, with an ugly look in his eyes, said: "This was to have been a *gentlemen's* race, but now it's the best man wins. Oh, I'll give them enough of it! I'll come for the glove; the actor will find he's not on the stage."

He was crowded past by Barry calling to him to go on.

"Barry," the girl whispered, "Fenner's ugly; don't let him bring on any accident."

"I'll put him over a wall if he cuts up! Never fear, Kathleen; I'll watch the sweep. I'm still in this game to draw Fenner, Kathleen. I know I'm not in it to win, but I don't mind. I'll race Firefly off his legs for a mile; I'll make the pace so hot that he'll be staggering the second time round. Firefly is high-strung—he'll want to race. If Fenner attempts to take him back, he'll sulk and blunder. I know—so does Fenner."

"You do love me, Barry; you've proved it," the girl answered. "I'll be a sister to you."

From the stand, sitting beside Raeburn, Kathleen watched the splash of colour that was like a great square of tapestry let into the green background of the course. The horses were at the upper turn for the start. A crimson dot claimed her eye always. How quiescently restful it was in that irritating, ever-changing woof of green and blue and old gold, that wove in and out interminably!

Raeburn, watching through his glasses, kept up a monologue. "That Fenner's an exquisite beast! That would have been a good start, but he calmly swung Firefly about, just to rattle Leigh; cannoned into Smuggler, too. He *is* a beast! There they go! The only way they'd ever get off—Fenner in front. He's just a cheap jockey!"

A horn sounded on the lawn; a yellow flag fluttered to the turf just in front of the rushing charge of eager horses; there was a shuffling of feet in the stand; the air came up off the course carrying soft symbols of struggle as though it felt the press of straining muscles against its back.

As the big chestnut, swinging along in easy stride, took the first mud wall as though it were a shadow across his path, Raeburn looked at the girl with a smile in

his eyes, and said: "He'll do! Isn't he a great one?"

"But he struck! It was too close!" The girl's voice carried a wail of apprehension. Across at the mud wall, where Smuggler had skimmed its top, a cloud of dust rose in the air like a puff of rifle smoke. Raeburn looked curiously at the drawn face of the girl, and as he turned to the field again he muttered: "Gad! She's harder hit than the mud wall."

Down the back they raced with the speed of horses that strove on the flat, Barry driving at Oregon, drawing the high-metalled Firefly into foolish haste. In vain Fenner soothed at the bay with gentle restraint of the rein—he dared not do more; strong-checked, Firefly, rattled, would surely blunder at his jumps.

Out in front the two swept around the lower turn, and up the green-swarded course toward the stand the seven horses, eager of strife, thundered, their hoofs rolling from the turf a merry tattoo, the green and crimson and magpie and blue silks coloured against the sombre background of the distant trees like a memorial window in some vast cathedral. Now the leaders, Firefly and Oregon, were abreast the stand; now they gathered their loins to fly the water jump.

"Fenner's over! That Firefly *is* a good horse. And *Barry*, too," Raeburn drawled. "Ah-h-h!"

The "Ah" ran through the stand as though it were a living thing that shivered in apprehension, as Red Rose, jumping short, reeled, shot downward shoulder first, blotting Loudon, her rider, from view. But a sigh of relief went up as something in green, draggled and wet, sprawled drunkenly from the ditch. Loudon was alive.

Almost at the mare's heels Smuggler, with lean, far-stretched neck and ears pricked inquisitively, gathered his mighty muscles, crouched; then, rising, his knees well clear of the hedge, shot forward and landed many feet clear of the water that lay like a huge flat mirror in the greensward.

"That'll do for riding," Raeburn said, soft joy in his voice. "Did you see Leigh ease his weight from the horse's quarters, and crouch over the wither? When they landed he wouldn't have crushed an egg in the saddle. He'll do!"

On the upper turn Fenner failed to steady Firefly, and Oregon shot across to the inside. Barry's blue jacket blotted out the cerise for a moment, then flickered derisively in front.

Down the backstretch, like a yacht's pennant, floated the parti-coloured silk streamer—Barry's blue, then Fenner's cerise, the checkered magpie of Stanton, and, trailing the others, a splash of crimson that was Smuggler. The great chestnut's slender ears were pricked in the happy content of conscious power, for on his rein rested a hand as light as a woman's.

Just before the lower turn Firefly and Oregon took the first jump of the in-and-out together, and blue and cerise blended as one. As they rose for the second, Oregon hung, wavered, a cloud of dust almost hiding the horse.

"Fenner crowded Barry," Raeburn began. "He's down! No, he's not. Good! My God! something else gone. Smuggler's in on top of them—they'll bring him down!"

Kathleen held her breath, her eyes strained on a blotch of colour that lay quiescent on the grass; her hand clutched at Raeburn's arm. "Who's down—oh, my God! who's down?"

"Leonard. There goes Tally-Ho riderless; poor Leonard's out of it! *Smuggler's* all right. See him come!" Raeburn's voice was a squeal of unholy triumph—selfish, indifferent, claiming interest in nothing but the big chestnut.

Then sobered, the two sat silent, and up the course for the last round, came the bay horse Firefly, still in the lead. At his heels Barry urged Oregon, cursing the man who had tried to bring him down at the in-and-out. Just behind Mars and Bluepoint raced Smuggler, with his long, swinging stride. With a weary lurch as he galloped, Bluepoint crossed his legs on the flat and fell, shooting Stanton under the very nose of Smuggler. The stand held its breath and shuddered. But the chestnut lifted over the sprawled man as though he took a low wall in his stride, and a chorus of praise vibrated the air.

And now Leigh drove his horse, and Smuggler spread his muscles till the turf

floated by, a smooth sea, a many-acred mantle of green velvet. Leigh knew that he must pass Mars, who was rolling groggily in his gallop, before he reached the water jump, or the tired horse might bring him down. Now Smuggler was clear of Mars, and at Oregon's quarter; now Leigh raced shoulder to shoulder with Barry; and in front beckoned the cerise jacket of Fenner.

"Go on, Leigh!" Barry panted. "I'm done! My mount's—dead beat."

Fenner heard the pound of eager hoofs. He shot a look backward, and saw the golden head of the horse he had jeered at. He swung at Firefly with arm and knee, he drove his spurs into the bay's flank; but inch by inch the chestnut head thrust forward till it was at his girth.

"Curse that lumbering chestnut!" he muttered. "I'm beat."

Just ahead, a dozen strides, the brushed rail of the water jump showed, and the angled, guarding wing. A small devil whispered: "Put the chestnut over the wing. All's fair in love and war. You're beat, you're beat, you're beat!"

The drumming hoofs of the chestnut thundered the dreary monotone: "You're beat! You're beat! You're beat!"

Fenner's shoulders swung low over the bay's withers, his right hand hung heavily on the rein, and Firefly, boring to the right, blotted from Leigh's eyes the jump-guarding hedge till he saw only the white rails of the wing, and they were two lengths away. "Pull out—give me a chance!" he yelled; and Barry, a length behind, saw the deviltry afoot, and drove at Oregon.

A stride; too late to pull back—a fall is inevitable! Leigh will be put over the wing and out of the race!

A fury of strength made strong his heart. If fall he must, they would come down together; he would bring down Fenner.

As the head of Firefly rose in the air for the jump, Leigh, with a drive of the spur and a swing of his arms, lifted the chestnut and swung him full at the bay. Down they go, cerise and crimson, like splashes of spurting blood; bay horse and chestnut brought to earth like fighting stags.

And Oregon, with a lift from Barry, swerved to the left and landed clear.

The stand echoed a moan that was a smothered cry of fright.

"Hurrah, they're up!" somebody yelled, in an exultant tone of relief, as the bay struggled to the grass, dragging his rider. Now Fenner, one foot in the stirrup, pulls drunkenly at the rein, and Firefly spins around in a circle. Leigh has been thrown clear; the chestnut struggles to his feet, plunges, is off. Just in time! Barry, who had pulled up Oregon, grasps Smuggler's reins. Leigh is in the saddle; Fenner is up. "Hurrah!" shakes the stand in a roar of applause.

Down the backstretch, bay and chestnut and gray, the three race; cerise and crimson and blue sitting atop. Over the two jumps of the in-and-out the trinity of colour undulates, the cerise first. Firefly is surely drawing away; he has a length the best of it. Into the stretch they come, and it *is* a race. Even there on the turns Leigh has nursed the chestnut in wisdom; now he calls: "On, boy, on!" He lifts the horse with his knees—he gains.

The golden chestnut and the bronze bay now blur into one.

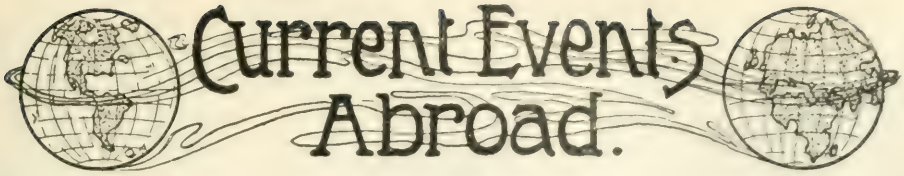
The stand shouts: "Smuggler wins! Firefly wins!"

It is anybody's race. The turmoil in the stand dies away, the tongues are hushed; the fierce struggle between bay and chestnut has silenced the clamour.

Smuggler's head, lean, eager, black-wet, pushes past the bay's quarter, past his girth, past his shoulder; they take each other's breath. Fenner's whip-hand falls useless at his side—the chestnut blocks the sweep of his lash. A dozen strides, a last effort; then Raeburn, slipping his glasses into their leather case, turned to Kathleen with a sigh of relief: "Gad! it was a close thing, but we won."

And presently a man in a crimson jacket came across the lawn from the judge's stand, and over his face, still drawn from the grasp of strife, flitted a happy smile as the girl, looking into the tired face out of deep violet eyes, gave him a glove that was crumpled and twisted out of all semblance to a gage of love.

A SEQUEL TO THIS WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY



FRITHIOF NANSEN'S "Farthest North," was the last word about Arctic exploration in 1895. Then the Duke of Abruzzi pushed a few more miles beyond eighty-six degrees in 1900, and now Commander Peary has written the latest edition of "Farthest North," with the record of 87.6 degrees. To be thirty-four miles ahead of former Arctic explorers is a proud position indeed, for the north is a test of those qualities of pluck and endurance which are deemed manly even by this commercial age. One of the earliest congratulatory messages to the Peary Arctic Club came from William Bruce, of Edinburgh, who spent two years exploring the Arctic regions with the *Scotia*. To the absolute utilitarian, the spirit of Nansen, Peary and Abruzzi is something to marvel at, if not to despise. But in every age there are some natures to whom the long trail is irresistible; and to these adventurous spirits civilisation owes many a new highway and fresh territory. The Arctic snows have drawn explorers from all latitudes; the Italian nobleman has felt the lure as keenly as the Norseman. Commander Peary of the *Roosevelt* at present holds the distinction of having been nearer the Pole than any other of the adventurous band. But his supremacy is already threatened by Walter Wellman, who has strong hopes that his airship will cover, next summer, the two hundred miles between Peary's stopping-place and the Pole. Wellman's base is to be Spitzbergen and he is to have every aid of modern science and finance. Should he succeed in his aerial trip, it will be like a Jules Verne tale come true. The explorer appeals to cosmopolitan sympathies and his success means international congratulation, for all the world will be in debt to the man who reaches the Ultimate North.

The work of the National Congress party in India has lately been attracting European attention, and strangely enough the French journals have shown more active interest in the matter than those of Germany. The defeat of Russia by Japan has had the effect of making more remote the danger that always threatens England from beyond the Khyber Pass. But it has also had the effect of rousing the Hindu to a realisation of the possibilities of Oriental resistance to an European power. The authorised programme of the National Congress party includes increased representation of native opinion on the councils of government, a larger share in the administration and a more effective control of public expenditure. However, a matter that has touched the Hindu people much more closely than the questions of representation or finance is the partition of Bengal, which act, according to a French critic, "divided a territory ethnically one, and hurt the pride of a race of fine civilisation." What may seem entirely reasonable and practical in Western eyes may be to the Oriental an insult to his faith or an outrage of his prejudices. Half a century ago innocent English women and children paid a fearful price for the blundering of unimaginative officials.

But it must be remembered that this National Congress party can hardly represent the complex millions of India, peoples of different races, creeds and languages. The warlike tribes are almost contemptuous of the political aspirations of native teachers and professors, and the body of barristers and pleaders. There is no question about the spread of a restless desire among the Hindus to take a more active and conspicuous part in the public service, and Home critics of the Government have not been altogether judicious in the attitude they have assumed towards native agitations. The British electorate understands the "Pickwickian" interpretation of campaign oratory, but the Hindu is too likely to think that the politician is as sincerely downright as the soldier. The statement made by a writer in the London *Times:*

A SOLACE FOR DISHONOUR

GENERAL OFFICER: "I see some of our fellows have got the punishment they deserve for this job. What have you got?"

ARMY CONTRACTOR: "A *pot o' money*, my boy!"—*Punch.*

"The English educational system, combined with the introduction of representative institutions, has created new political forces antagonistic to English Rule," recalls the reflection of the historian Green, that the success of Thomas Cromwell's policy involved its final defeat. England may discover that a little Occidental learning in the school of politics is a dangerous thing for the Hindu.

However, the comment of an American observer: "The natives of India seem to be working for the same objects as really occupied the minds of our forefathers when they took part in the 'Boston Tea Party'," is highly amusing. To compare the Hindu political conditions of 1906 with the ferment in the American colonies of 1776 is to mistake entirely the peoples and their problems. The Americans who revolted were chiefly men of British and Dutch descent, with traditions of centuries of political conflict and conquest in their blood. The Hindu has but a vague idea of representation and a still more nebulous conception of ministerial responsibility. We have Mr. Kipling's authority for it that the East will never learn to vote save with swords for tickets. He also represents the late Marquis of Dufferin as declaring that the Viceroy of India is a man who smokes in powder-magazines. The present situation, no doubt, calls for all "that singular sagacity with which England has retained her hold on the Eastern Continent." But it is comforting to British subjects in the self-governing colonies to reflect that England has seldom lacked the far-visioned statesman who knows when and how "to make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

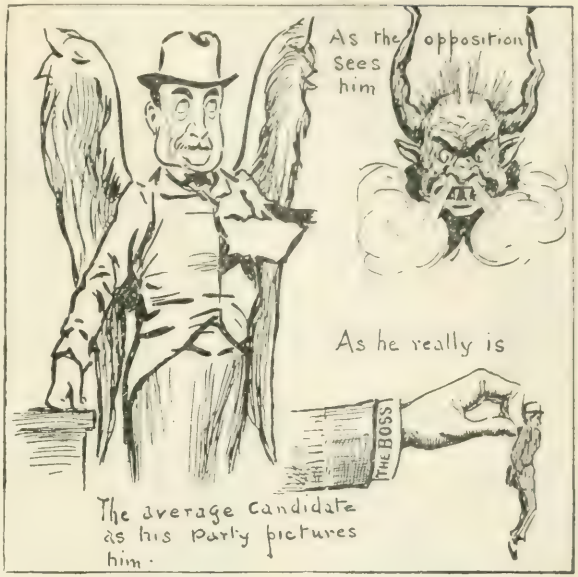
French ministries change so often that it is difficult for a Canadian to keep familiar with the names of the Premiers, much less with the various members of the ministry. In the recent Sarrien cabinet, there was one name better known than that of the Premier; M. Georges Clemenceau, Minister of Interior, has long been a notable figure in French politics. When, therefore, it was announced that, owing to poor health, M. Sarrien would retire, public opinion at once concluded that he would be suc-

ceeded in the reconstruction by M. Clemenceau, and the surmise proved correct.

M. Clemenceau is a highly cultured scientist and philosopher. He is known throughout Europe as a scholar and a man of affairs. Though he entered Parliament in 1870, he only recently became a cabinet minister, but his progress to the leading position was rapid and decisive. By education he is a medical man; by experience he is a journalist and a professor of literature; by choice he is an administrator.

When the Empire fell in 1870, Arago made him Mayor of Montmarte, where he had some rare experiences for even those troublous times. He was a conciliator and as such narrowly escaped extermination because of his opposition to Thiers. In 1876, he entered the Chamber of Deputies, and has since been a brilliant exponent of strict republican principles. He has laboured strictly to give France industries, schools, roads and the highest domestic prosperity. He has protested against all colonial ventures as dissipating the strength and effort of the republic.

He became editor of *L'Aurore* just when the Dreyfus case was first heard of, and *L'Aurore* struck the first blow for revision. Through this journal, Zola spoke his protests. Zola is dead, Dreyfus is vindicated, Clemenceau is Premier —but what a ten years' struggle! What a conflict of honour and dishonour! Until that case was settled, M. Clemenceau could not have become Premier. When a man unites with a cause, he cannot reap personal reward until after his cause has won. And it is best so.



FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK
—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*

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M. Clemenceau must take up the continuous struggle with the Pope. Like his predecessors, he believes in disestablishment, and will carry out their policy. Because of his bulldog character, his forcible methods, his undoubted courage, the Church has little to hope from him. Yet he is not a socialist. He has no sympathy with that extreme movement, and he will not even dally with it in the manner of the present British ministry. He considers that movement to be anti-republican, and that is enough.

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Germany has had a month of excitement over the publication of excerpts from the diary of the late Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. These were published in two periodicals, and afterwards issued in book form. They throw new light on the career of the late Prince Bismarck, and prove that he was a great menace to European peace, that he desired a second war with France five years after the first had closed, that he was continually aiming at an aggressive policy which would increase his own power. It is also made plain that during the short regime of Emperor Frederick, Bismarck caused him much trouble by his autocratic methods. He was rude to the late Empress Frederick, and aroused

REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

KAISER WILHELM: "Donnerwetter! I thought I'd seen the last of you!"

SHADE OF BISMARCK: "The last of me? Wait till you see *my* revelations!"—*Punch.*

the even temper of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Finally, the young Emperor found it necessary to get rid of him because of the incompatibility of their aims. In a word, a rude and ambitious Bismarck stands revealed.

Even more interesting to Britishers, in these Hohenlohe memoirs, is to be found a declaration by the late Czar, Alexander II, that the reputed will of Peter the Great, which has caused so much antagonism between Russia and Great Britain, is a myth. It is stated that the Czar told this to Lord Augustus Loftus, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and asked him to remember three points: (1) The will of Peter the Great does not exist; (2) I shall never make conquests in India; and (3) I shall never go to Constantinople.

On the whole, it would seem that the publication of these memoirs will tend towards a better understanding in Europe. In spite of the *Times'* protest against such disclosures as not being in the interests of diplomacy, it would seem as if the secrecy of the diplomacy of the past allowed nations to be plunged into conflicts which they did not understand. With more information, the people would have been less likely to be misled, and conflict would have been avoided.

The continental press is still busy with the alleged relations between Great Britain and Germany. Those "Pan-German" alarmists, who believe that the Anglo-French *entente* means antagonism to Germany, have been disturbed by the visit of the Lord Mayor of London and certain aldermen to Paris. The Parisians proved admirable hosts to the visiting Britons, while the lavish display in entertainment reminded one of the historic description, "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the brave days of old when Henry of England and Francis of France met for a friendly conference. The unfortunate *Meteor* episode proved that the visit of the German editors to England had been swiftly forgotten by the guests, who were at no pains to allay the popular irritation and misunderstanding.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

OLD friends, old hopes for Christmas,
And the dreams of days gone by!
Hark how the bells are clanging,
Beneath the frosty sky;
The world is full of gladness,
Greeting and clasp and song;
And in our hearts a music wakes
That has been silent long.

Old ways, old words for Christmas,
And the love that knows no bar;
Though some true hearts are near us,
And some are scattered far;
The world is full of partings,—
But space and time are vain
To blur the glass that memory holds
When Yule-tide comes again!

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

"WHAT was the nicest present you ever received?" was the question asked of a popular woman. "A long letter from a busy friend," was the reply. "I received it the day after Christmas and I was just beginning to feel the blueness of the next morning when it came to me, full of jolly 'don't you remembers!' and little evidences of not having forgotten the old times and associations. It was so brimful of thought for me that I put it away more carefully than I did the silver toilet set that had come the day before."

We are all affected by the fact of a friend's remembrance of our individual tastes and preferences; and the woman who is quite superior to being appreciated and considered is altogether too impersonal for human nature's daily diet. The small gift tied with ribbons of your favourite colour and accompanied by a message which belongs to you alone is more to be desired than the richer gift, chosen carelessly, with no thought of the dainty intimate touches that make the better part of the present. "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind," was the English poet's judgment, and an indifferent giver is almost as bad as one that proves unkind.

In spite of the ridicule of wedding gifts and Christmas presents, the custom of bestowing gifts on a bride, and of interchanging friendly remembrances at Christmas time are among those traditions which touch life with a glow of unselfishness. Like everything good, these practices may be abused; but only a Scrooge, as that crabbed old chap was before his change of heart, could wish a bride to go giftless or could rejoice if the Christmas candles remained unlighted. But we have got into a foolish way of thinking that a present must suggest money, or, in other words, show its price. That idea kills all the real Christmas joy, while it soils and spoils the custom that sprang from "good-will to men." That which shows thought and time bestowed by the giver is the gift that kindles and brightens the blaze of Yule-tide.

TIMELY DON'TS

CERTAIN columns for women have a cheerful way of suggesting little gifts for the men of the household—ties made out of discarded piano drapes, and such dainty fancies. It is always easy to choose a present for a woman friend, for the small feminine wants are so many that it is difficult to make a serious blunder. But a present, however insignificant, for a man is entirely another story, sometimes with a sad or profane sequel. Whatever you experiment with, refrain from My Lady Nicotine. What is said by the professional humorists concerning man's despair over woman's choice of tobacco is pro foundly true. The woman does not live

who can please a man by her tobacco tributes. "A woman is only a woman; but a good cigar is a smoke," sang Kipling defiantly. There is an inherent feminine inability to tell what cigars make a smoke; and the wise woman refrains from the attempt to choose the "dusky brides."

Then it may be remembered that men dislike fussy things. Whisk-holders that are chiefly pink ribbon, hand-painted inkstands and highly-decorated Stevenson's prayers are not among the things that make for masculine comfort. Pictures also are not to be bought in an idle moment, for the average man has weird notions about art and is likely to prefer a cartoon or a football photograph to "The Angelus," or the Sistine Madonna. Perhaps a good dinner or "just being let alone" is the greatest favour that can be bestowed upon man by his feminine relatives.

WOMEN AND THE WEST

A GREAT deal is being written just now about the golden opportunities that are lying about, all unseized, in the West. A correspondent has written a word of warning about the chances for enterprising women to make good livelihoods in Newest Canada. While she admits that a woman possessed of strength and pluck may make a place for herself and prosper greatly, she asks would-be Westerners to remember that Manitoba and the two new provinces are not the home for weaklings, or for those who consider work a hardship. You must be prepared to labour and to wait, and even to smile, "when everything goes dead wrong." The woman who cannot cook, who cannot sew, who cannot enjoy long walks and rides is better away from the West. There is no room there for the loafer or the grumbler. Wherefore, if pink teas and bridge parties are essential to your happiness, do not take the express for the prairies. For advice on the subject, given by one who has recently had an excellent opportunity to find out the openings of Western life, the letters written for "Woman's Kingdom," by "Kit" of the *Mail and Empire*, are timely and valuable.

A writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* says: "In my own case, I may add, I came to the Canadian West with exactly thirty-five cents in my purse; just enough to buy my first breakfast. In three hours I got work; in two years I began to have a small bank account, and after twenty-six years' experience of wait and work, as a journalist, I can say to all other women, come to Canada the golden—come with means or come without means; but if you do come, come prepared to work, for the reward is sure."

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING

THE Women's Institutes of Ontario now have quite a considerable literature of their own, issued by the Department of Agriculture. The "Hand Book" contains much interesting information, among which is a series of articles by Ellen H. Richards concerning modern housekeeping. The following remarks on co-operative methods are of interest, in view of the frequent advocacy of such a course:

"Those who advocate co-operative housekeeping, often forget the infinite diversity of American habits, tastes and incomes. Even in an industrial or trade centre, where there are thousands of operatives or clerks doing the same work and receiving the same wages, the homes of the majority of those earning more than a living wage will be found to differentiate into infinite variety: one family spends all its surplus on clothes, another on food, another on pleasures.

"It is the very freedom which we boast that our air is carrying into everyone's lungs and with which everyone's brain is being intoxicated, that favours the diversity of appetite which is the bane of every boarding-housekeeper's life and every shopkeepers' balance sheet.

"To one who has listened to the caustic criticism of a group of housewives upon the methods of an absent acquaintance, the praises of co-operative housekeeping provoke only an incredulous smile. No painstaking, conscientious woman who likes housekeeping, who feels a pride in the power she wields in her domain, will ever take kindly to any plan which compels her to subordinate her will to that of any number of others. We may as well acknowledge defeat in that direction; but there are, if rumour be correct and appearance not deceitful, many women who find housekeeping irksome, and who do not care to have things as their grandmothers had them, and who are deaf to their husband's pleadings for 'mother's mince pies.' There

are women who would welcome any relief from the constant strain upon nerve and temper and purse which modern conditions are imposing on the city housekeeper. These women are now seeking the comforts of 'a home' in boarding-houses, changing them with Easter hats and winter cloaks. To my mind the worst evil of this habit, after its deleterious effect upon the health and character of the children, is the license it gives to a woman to grumble about everything without lifting her finger to improve anything. Chronic complaining has come to be a familiar spectre at gatherings of women."

This is not a rosy picture of co-operative conditions. Of course, the latter arrangements are artificial, but city life is a poor thing, at best, for small people, who ought to have somewhere to skate and run and shout, instead of being fed and housed in a stuffy flat and educated upon the street with such stray crumbs of culture as the ethics and art of "Buster Brown" may provide, but if one is obliged to live in a city, co-operative housekeeping seems to afford one solution of the difficult problem of "keeping up the table." It is not likely to become decidedly popular, for it is against the strong desire most women have to do things in their own way. Two women may be excellent housekeepers, but they will differ in small ways and trivial tastes, so that trying to work together is not likely to be a domestic triumph.

"Looking Backward" and similar novels were widely read and discussed during the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. They depicted a condition of affairs in which everything was done by electricity and everyone was clean and calm. The whole arrangement was deadly and mechanical, even to the music that went by springs and buttons. "A poor thing, but mine own," was Touchstone's sprightly reference to his rustic wife. Most women would prefer the tiniest kitchen where the rulership was undisputed to the dreary sameness of having and eating meals in common. Give us individuality and indigestion therewith rather than the stalled ox of co-operative housekeeping.

EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

ALTHOUGH the life of a generation has passed since Eugénie, as the consort of the Emperor of the French, held one of the proudest positions in Europe, her name still occasionally appears in the journals that keep track of forgotten celebrities. Her fondness for Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg or Princess Beatrice, has been frequently manifested; and this affection she has extended to a

SOME LEADING STAGE BEAUTIES

later generation in the person of the present Queen Victoria of Spain. The woman whose life was once a round of the most brilliant gayeties now spends her days in nun-like seclusion, and is said to present a pathetic appearance with her robes of heaviest black and her face lined with age and sorrow. One reason given for her extreme fondness for Princess Beatrice is the attachment said to have existed between the late Prince Imperial and the English princess. Long ago, before the son of Napoleon III went out to fight for England in Zululand, it was rumoured that Queen Victoria would not oppose a match uniting the exiled French royalty with her own household. But the young Prince was to give his life for the country which was the great Napoleon's premier foe and for many years the love and joy of her earlier life must have seemed to the lonely Eugénie nothing but a shadow.

FOOD FASHIONS

THE meat packing disclosures have resulted, as was prophesied, in women turning their attention to home-made meat jellies, veal loaf and other luncheon dishes that are never as good when manipulated by a can-opener as when they are turned out of the familiar mould. These revelations regarding Chicago's little way of "using everything" have also given the rigid vegetarian a chance to decry the diet of his carnivorous friend. It is an interesting fact that never has there been such a variety of vegetable dishes as we now enjoy. Even in these days, however, there are many people who are quite unacquainted with more than half a dozen vegetables. Our grandmothers thought that the tomato was deadly poison, called it the "love apple," and used it as a ruddy ornament for the mantel. Unknown to them was the piquant salad, the delicious baked tomato, the comforting cream soup and the scooped-out receptacle for the latest concoctions with fruit and nuts, crowned with a whisk of mayonnaise dressing. We are glad that someone was brave enough to experiment with the tomato and discover its virtues.

But for the very latest fashion in foods we must look to London. There the currant fad is at its height, and there are already currant cups and dishes with small silver currant forks. But the fashionable currant is not at all the small black affair which adorned the plebeian bun of our childhood. It comes in the daintiest wrappings from Zante and Corfu, or whatever classic islands are noted for that toothsome product. Its virtues are being extolled daily and its value as a complexion purifier has put cold cream and skin food in the background. A hopeful article has appeared, declaring that the poet Shelley was in the habit of dining upon raisins exclusively, and suggesting that a course of currants may provide poetic stimulus. But such a consummation is hardly to be expected. Mr. Balfour said in criticism of Mr. Winston Churchill: "Unfortunately good taste is not to be acquired by industry." Likewise, a diet of currants will hardly prove stimulating to the dull or the uninspired. But whatever powers are behind all the shifting fashions in food must be highly entertained by the seriousness with which society takes up each new doctrine of diet and preaches it with earnestness for at least a month.

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ART AND THE PUBLIC

DURING the present year, art exhibitions in this country have been conspicuous by reason of their number and their excellence. Those held by the Ontario Society of Artists and the Royal Academy were more notable than their predecessors, yet almost futile because of the poor buildings in which they were held and because of the lack of public attendance. The artist associations have placed themselves on a very high pedestal so far as their own exhibitions are concerned, with the result that they are difficult to see. The public are fairly busy founding new families and new fortunes, and they are not inclined to gaze any great length of time at a body of people that cannot be understood nor criticised. They go to see the drama, but they do so under decidedly attractive conditions—music, coloured lights, graceful action, cushioned seats, and the approbation of their neighbours. To go to a deadly dull gathering of canvases, even though some of them be "speaking" likenesses, is not to be compared with an evening in a fashionable theatre.

On the other hand, the art displays at the Winnipeg, Ottawa, Halifax and Toronto fairs, were much more important, simply because the public saw the pictures. At Toronto some excellent canvases were displayed under favourable conditions in a suitable gallery. Some of these were Canadian, some were by other British artists and some were by foreigners. People gathered from all over the Province of Ontario to see this notable collection selected from the art galleries of Great Britain and from the private collections of Lord Strathcona, Sir George Drummond and Earl Grey. There is a lesson in this for the Canadian artists, but it is doubtful if they will see it.

Three of the pictures exhibited at that time are reproduced in this issue. The two by Caton Woodville are not of the highest form of art, but they are excellent examples of paintings made primarily for illustrating and plate-making. The painting by Jules Briton, from which the frontispiece in this issue is made, is one of the most celebrated of modern canvases. The story is told of a keen contest for this picture, some years ago, when it was sold at auction in New York. The rival bidders were Lord Strathcona and Mr. J. J. Hill. The value was supposed to be $18,000 and when Mr. Hill's agent got to $20,000 he proposed to stop. Mr. Hill, however, would not stop there, and it was bid up to $45,000. Then Lord Strathcona made a bold bid of $50,000 and secured the prize. When he afterwards learned that Mr. Hill had desired to secure it for his wife, who is a devout Roman Catholic, Lord Strathcona offered to present it to her. The Hills would not hear of this too generous offer and so the picture remains with its purchaser. For a while it was kept in Montreal, but recently it has been housed at Knebworth Park, Lord Strathcona's near-London residence.

A BUDDING BISHOP

ON the second of October, at a meeting of the diocesan synod of Fredericton, Rev. Canon Richardson, rector of Trinity Church, St. John, was elected coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton. Canon Richardson was born at historic Warwick, England, in 1868, and came to Canada in 1888, going to the West. He took his arts course at St. John's College, University of Manitoba, graduating in 1895 with first-class honours in mental and moral science. He received his M.A. in 1898. In 1897 he became rector of St. Luke's, Winnipeg, and two years later he was appointed rector of Trinity Church, St. John. He is a Churchman of broad

REV. CANON RICHARDSON

The newly-elected Coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton

views, evangelical earnestness and practical common sense and should find a wide field for his episcopal activities in the Cathedral City.

John A. Cooper

THE STEEL-COAL CONTROVERSY

THE friction between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company, which resulted recently in open hostilities, might almost rightly be described as a pitched battle between two of the largest industrial concerns in the Dominion. There is, however, a modifying influence: the fact that some of the directors of one company are directors also of the other. But in face of that there is much significance in the announcement made the other day by Sir William Van Horne that he had resigned from the directorate of the Dominion Coal Company as a protest against the action of that company in supplying to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company what was claimed to be an inferior grade of coal to what had been previously supplied. To some persons it might be quite as significant also that Sir William was at the time of his resignation only a small holder of Dominion Coal stock, and it might reasonably enough be inferred that the resignation was made in order that a greater interest in the Steel Company might be served without a conflicting interest in the Coal Company. At the same time, while there may be some reason in that, it should be borne in mind that Sir William Van Horne is not a man to be lightly moved, nor is a matter like a few shares of stock in an industrial enterprise at all likely to induce him to sacrifice the principle involved.

One would naturally suppose, in view of preceding facts, that this dispute has involved a good deal of personal feeling. Mr. James Ross, the President of the Dominion Coal Company, has not been kindly disposed towards the Steel Company ever since the two companies were separated about two years ago. The Steel Company had leased the Coal Company's properties for a term of years, but Mr. Ross had wished to cancel the lease in order to develop the coal properties as a separate industry, untrammelled by the weaknesses of the Steel Company. About this time Mr. J. H. Plummer, late of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was induced as an expert financier to guard the interests of the steel companies in the negotiations that were about to begin, with a breaking of the lease in view. Seldom in Canada has a keener contest taken place between big men of affairs than took place then over the separation of these two chief mainstays of prosperity in Cape Breton. Mr. Ross did then almost precisely the same thing that Sir William Van Horne did a few days ago. He was President of both companies, but his chief interest was in coal, and he therefore abandoned steel. He would have liked to break the lease without any binding agreement as to the future supply of coal to the Steel Company. But Mr. Plummer, who was closely in touch with Mr. Frederick Nicholls throughout the negotiations, held out for months, and finally secured for the Steel Company what at the time was considered to be an almost perpetual supply of coal for smelt-

ing purposes at a very low price. The agreement was to last for 999 years, and the coal was to be run of mine, suitable for use in smelting, and was to cost $1.24 a ton, but subject to an advance every five years in proportion to the advance, if any, in the cost of labour. Lately, however, the Steel Company complained that the coal then being delivered was inferior to the usual supply, and on that claim they absolutely refused to accept any more. As the President of the Coal Company, Mr. Ross offered to risk $50,000 on the question of whether the coal was of the grade defined in the agreement or not, accepting the decision of a committee of coal experts as final, the issue assumed an interesting stage. Unless those who are directors of both companies can bring about a reconciliation, the dispute threatens to be unfortunately acute, and to result in a period of negotiation, if not litigation, causing much unrest, not only in Cape Breton, but in many other parts of the Dominion.

RT. HON. SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, G.C.M.G., P.C.
Who has resigned the post of British Ambassador to the United States

STUDENT ROWDYISM

AUTHORITIES of McGill University, Montreal, have decided to hold a number of students responsible for inexcusable conduct on what is known as "Theatre Night." When this naturally fascinating custom was observed recently, bodies of students marched through the streets, before and after the performance at the theatre, and not only did they indulge in what might be described as highly boisterous, yet generally harmless demonstrations, but they actually found cause for merriment in wantonly destroying property. That is why students often fall into disrepute. And that is a regrettable fact, because if any body of young men should be looked to for assurances of general culture, good-breeding and refinement, it is the young men who go up to our seats of learning. Following the outburst of rowdyism by McGill students, Principal Peterson took the first opportunity to express his extreme disapproval of this reckless conduct and to announce that thereafter "Theatre Night" would have no official recognition. While "Theatre Night" is now, as it were, under the ban of the faculties of McGill University, that fact will scarcely strike terror to the heart of the average student, and to those whose tendencies are towards rowdyism the absence of the professors from the boxes will likely merely serve to cause a further loosening of the cord. Official recognition would almost always be acceptable, but official presence would be readily excused. It

should not be misunderstood that these observations apply solely to McGill University, because there are other halls of learning in Canada where student rowdyism is not unknown.

In considering this subject seriously, and it is really a very serious subject, one naturally wonders whether student life at Canadian universities will follow the example set at some American universities, and go on to downright brutality and ruffianism, or whether it will mellow out into the more sedate and becoming characteristics of the universities of Great Britain. Close proximity to the United States is against us, but, on the other hand, our professors and lecturers are drawn largely from those whose training has been received at the older universities, and they undoubtedly have had and should still have a tempering influence. It would be an unfortunate thing indeed were the ones who are largely responsible for the manners of university students to neglect an opportunity to check unbecoming tendencies. Principal Peterson took a stand against rowdyism at the peril of his own personal popularity, but it is only by such action that the good name and integrity of our universities can be safeguarded.

But there is, after all, a word for the student. The young man who comes to the city fresh from the farm or the country village and finds himself in a class apart from other people naturally and imperceptibly feels that the rules that govern the ordinary members of society do not apply to him. He cannot help wishing to shout when the lecture is over, or to pound the desk with his note-book before it begins. Nor can he prevent himself from being described as an untethered steed which, finding itself loose from the ties that have hitherto bound it, dashes recklessly forth and causes damage, not only to itself, but to almost everything with which it comes into contact. It is not altogether the animal's fault, nor is it altogether the student's fault. Neither intelligently realises the situation. A horse that is docile and obedient will sometimes become fractious under strange hands. A young man who carries himself becomingly under parental or communal restraint, oftentimes defies the law or the canons of respectability when he passes out into new fields. And when we get together a large number of young men undergoing the same transition, it should astonish no one if enough of them should combine and encourage their waywardness until the whole company has been disgraced. Still, it is a poor sample of humanity that cannot sympathise to some extent with the student, and it must be admitted that in a new country like Canada, or even like the United States, many of the students, and frequently the best students, come up from an environment where there is necessarily a limited opportunity to practise the graces and refinements that usually come in after years. Increasing university "residence," and a broader consideration of the advantages of club life and mutual intercourse, are among the things that are likely to give the student a better understanding of his place in the community.

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

TO have served under every Prime Minister of Canada since Confederation, and under every Minister of Finance, save one, is a remarkable record, and yet that distinction can be claimed for Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.M.G., who recently resigned the post of Deputy Minister of Finance. Mr. Courtney observed that fact himself, in addressing the Canadian Club at Toronto, and as a little sidelight on this unique experience he called attention to the fact that in 1869, when he entered the public service of Canada, the entire revenue of the Dominion was but thirty million dollars, while last year it was more than eighty millions. It is interesting to note in this connection that while the population of the country has not quite doubled since the time of Confederation, the total annual revenue has been multiplied by six. But there was something of even more significance in Mr. Courtney's address, his avowal that while the public service of Canada is efficient, comparing well with any other public service in the world, it is miserably underpaid.

Newton MacTavish

A BOOK OF CONJURY

THERE is only one thing certain about Mr. Kipling—that he will write the unexpected. Just as the critics are deploring his prosaic motor verse and his political lyrics, a volume is produced, so full of the "careless rapture" of childhood and fairy lore, that hostile voices are silent, and there is nothing to do but listen with Dan and Una to the stories told by "Puck of Pook's Hill."* In one of his later volumes of verse, Mr. Kipling writes lovingly of his new English home in "Sussex by the sea," and it is the very spirit of ancient Sussex that takes us back to the days of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and makes us breathless eavesdroppers as the "Old Men at Pevensey" tell of the dangers they have passed. There is a history of England in these ten magic chapters, only the author did not intend to write anything so dull as a mere history when he set out on

> ". . . . the dimpled track that runs
> All hollow through the wheat."

"Puck of Pook's Hill" has been called a book for children; but, like "Alice in Wonderland," it is for all those readers who have the luck to remain boys and girls, so far as the enjoyment of a real story goes. We have not forgotten the "joy of life unquestioned" in the wanderings of "Kim," or the multifarious wayfarers that thronged the Great Trunk Road of India. Mr. Kipling knows the way to the heart of youth, and this time he has allowed a small sister to accompany the boy who strays into the domains of the "People of the Hill." In the dreary wastes of popular fiction, this is a place of enchantment, where the flowers are always fragrant and the river murmurs just enough to let us know that it is on the way to the great restless ocean. Stupid children, surfeited by the vulgarities, to say nothing of the inartistic atrocities of the "comic" supplement, may fail to be captivated by "The Knights of the Joyous Venture," but to them of unspoiled imagination, these tales of gentlemen unafraid ought to be rare reading.

There are bits of verse, slipped between the stories, that are as daintily fanciful as any of the author's earlier lines. There are three leaves that bring the children back to the everyday world—leaves of oak and ash and thorn:

> "Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good Sirs,
> (All of a Midsummer morn)!
> England shall bide till Judgment Tide,
> By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!"

In "The Children's Song," which concludes the volume, we have the poet of the "Recessional" and "Envoi to Life's Handicap":

> "Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
> By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
> That under Thee, we may possess
> Man's strength to comfort man's distress."

"Puck of Pook's Hill" is the work of an artist, of a man who has written for the joy of the writing. He has kept the promise made to us by Puck:

> "She is not any common Earth,
> Water or wood or air,
> But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
> Where you and I will fare."

May it be long ere he betakes himself to that "separate star" where he will "never be tired at all."

*Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

GASOLINE FICTION

THE motor car has undoubtedly come, as the Americans phrase it, "to stay." But, whatever may be public sentiment towards the latest thing in locomotion, the automobile novel is becoming a weariness to the reader of magazines and popular fiction. There is such a deadly monotony about the whole range

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT
Author of "A Hymn of Empire"

of gasoline stories. The *chauffeur* is usually an English duke or a French marquis (an Italian count is rather below the notice of the up-to-date novelist), who is wonderfully and fearfully in love with the incomparable American heroine, who has a beauty which shines even through a motor veil and a wit which sheds sparkling epigrams, though the motor car may be whirling along at fifty-something miles an hour. The Canadian writer is, as yet, comparatively unversed in the moods of the machine with a wild-goose note. The plebeian ways of the bicycle and the buggy are more familiar to the native teller of tales. But as large fortunes are made in Cobalt and Addington, even the writer of ephemeral fiction may add unto his possessions an automobile and the Canadian writer will no longer be forced to go to northern woods and western streams in order to get local colour and odour.

AMERICAN BARDS AND AN ENGLISH REVIEWER

A LONDON critic, dealing with two recent anthologies of American poetry, is somewhat concerned to find it both timid and mournful, with a message of "the triviality of mundane things." He is disappointed at not finding a high spirit of youth and adventure. But may not the English critic be mistaken in attributing merriment to youth? There is a certain kind of twilight melancholy which appeals strongly to young persons and in which the juvenile bard frequently indulges. We have the high authority of Robert Louis Stevenson for the dictum that the Jubilate Deo belongs rather to age than to youth. No greybeard can be so utterly in despair as the youthful hero of "Locksley Hall." The French writer was quite within the truth when he referred to those delightful days when we were so miserable.

The English critic accounts for some of the unpleasant wailing in American verse by the "Calvinism" inherent in the American temperament. John Calvin has been blamed for a great many speeches and principles that he would have blushed to own; but to make the great theologian responsible for the maudlin despondency of much of our modern poetry is to perpetrate a great injustice. Blame it on our politics, our diet or our climate, but not on our theology. In fact, the English critic at this point shows that lack of accurate information on matters trans-Atlantic which occasionally pains us in the criticisms, geographical and otherwise, made in the columns of the British periodical. The observer of the modern Americans who can go back to Europe and declare that 'Calvinism" is characteristic of their temperament must have viewed New York and San Francisco through smoked glasses.

It is not surprising that the Southern poets, Lanier and Poe, have been more sympathetically studied in England and even in France than in their own country. The *Times* critic says of the former:

"He was the most considerable of all the poets who came after the war. . . He remains the most fearless and passionate, the widest in range, the greatest master of melody of any of the American poets."

Bliss Carman is regarded with more favour than most of his brother bards:

"The poet of the immortal 'Eavesdropper' has too often written nonsense. But with all his lamentable extravagances, weaknesses and lapses from true taste, he has

that quality of which we have noted the lack in most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery, due, perhaps, to his Canadian birth. It seems, indeed, as if he might be showing to his adopted country the way to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit, which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs.

"At least, he is never sentimental, never afraid of passion, any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses."

WHERE LAMPMAN WAS BORN

A POET'S BIRTHPLACE

ON the north shore of Lake Erie is found the village of Morpeth, which is a picturesque spot in summer with its spreading shade trees, its old homesteads and wharf, where juvenile fishermen may usually be seen. From Morpeth to Rond Eau is a pleasant drive on a summer afternoon with the sparkling lake to the left and the vineyards of Kent to the right. In this quaint village of one of Ontario's most fertile counties the poet, Archibald Lampman, was born. He has been called the gentlest of our poets, and his temperament and work deserve the epithet. The house in which he was born is, as may be seen, the plain, old-fashioned frame structure, familiar in small towns of this continent. It was then the Church of England parsonage. There were old trees near it, and we hope there was a garden. The lake, so sudden in storms, and so beguiling in calm, was not far away. Thus, however brief may have been the poet's experience of quaint old Morpeth, its memories may have lived in his lines. The house remained standing until a few years ago, when it was torn down to give place to a more modern, up-to-date structure. It is matter for regret that some steps are not taken to preserve places like this—connected in sentiment at least with the beginnings of our Canadian literature. In the broken-down village of Morpeth there are scores of building lots that might have been secured for a new parsonage site almost for the asking, without interfering with a building which should now be the property of the nation.

VIA BOREALIS

BOUND in a forest-green cover, with a woodland vista, comes a booklet of twenty-one pages. And of each of these pages it may be written: "This is poetry." Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott has followed the northern trail and verily it has led to a land of surprising treasure, from which he returns with such songs as seldom fall from modern lips. Here are seven magic poems, rich and full and sweet as the notes of the April thrush. From "Spring on Mattagami" to the eight lines of "Ecstasy," which form the closing chords, there is a strain of deep earth-gladness which reveals and stirs the best in humanity. The exquisite association of the earth's new life, with the purest passion of manhood, thrills into sheer poetic rapture in the lines:

> "What I dream is mine, mine beyond all cavil,
> Pure and fair and sweet, and mine for evermore."

Even through the sombreness of "Night Burial in the Forest" gleams the final triumph of "The Angel who gathers the souls from the wastes of the world."

The charm of these poems comes largely from the contact of a delicate, discerning nature with the strength of primitive things. "Afar from the fret, the toil and the din" the poet has dreamed, and wrought his fancies into forms of art so rare that we almost think them effortless. "The gold-moted wood-pools" is a phrase

"Now Good-bye, and Go On"

From "Benita" by Rider Haggard. Courtesy of the Copp, Clark Co.

to delight your true forester and to bring a throb of boyhood memory to the heart of the city toiler.

In feeling, rhythm and colour, "Via Borealis"* represents the best work of the poet whose art has never been "without the vision." In fact, no former production of Mr. Scott's ranks in depth and tenderness with "Spring on Mattagami," which for some subtle reason associates itself with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers."

The illustrations by Mr. A. H. Howard are as airy and fantastic as the winds and the shadows that sweep and haunt the forest ways. He has the rare good sense to know when to suggest, rather than to depict, and pays the reader the nice compliment of crediting him with taste and imagination. Altogether, "Via Borealis" takes us along a path where we

"Feel the gipsy airs that gather up and tangle
The woodsy odours in a maze of myrrh and musk."

*"Via Borealis," by Duncan Campbell Scott, with decorations by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co. 50c.

NOTES

"Inventors at Work," by George Iles, author of "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," is the work of a writer well known in Montreal, now living in New York. The recent technical improvements in the building of bridges, ships, tools, telephones, electrical machinery, gas engines and other modern mechanical inventions are admirably described and explained. The volume is large, comprehensive, well-conceived and profusely illustrated. It might justly be described as a popular handbook on mechanics. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Cloth, 503 pp.).

"Set in Authority," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), is a novel of Indian life dealing with the trials of an idealistic Viceroy whose views regarding the natives are opposed to the ideas of all other Europeans in the state. The book is characterised by

the subtle humour, the quiet fashion of exposing "life's little ironies," which make Mrs. Cotes' fiction a source of genuine and gentle enjoyment. (Toronto: William Tyrrell and Co.)

"The Flock," by Mary Austin, is beautiful in illustration and design. It deals with sheep-herding in the Western States, and may justly be described as an idyll of the shepherd's life and work. It is a story, but is not fiction. The "get-up" is like that one of Thompson Seton's animal books. (Boston: Houghton, Miflin & Co. Cloth, $2.00).

"Quiet Talks About Service" is the third book in a series by Dr. S. D. Gordon, dealing with the elements of the Christian life. Its earnestness of spirit and purity of literary expression make it a suitable companion to "Quiet Talks on Prayer" and "Quiet Talks on Power." (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The Art books of the year are limited, but "The Old Testament in Art," edited by W. Shaw Sparrow and published by a reliable English firm, is worth mentioning. The selections are representative and the mechanical work is creditably done. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $2.50.)

"Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci" belongs to a series of drawings by the great masters, published by George Newnes, Limited, of London, England. The present volume contains forty-eight plates, which amply show that "Leonardo da Vinci found in drawing the readiest and most stimulating way of self-expression." Among the reproductions those which are studies for "The Last Supper" will have the greatest artistic interest. But the "caricatures" are of unique value in displaying the versatility of "that continent called Leonardo."

"The Woman Thou Gavest," by Lady Troubridge, is a story of cheap melodrama, in which a fair creature with purple-black hair plays the part of persecuted heroine, and a most unpleasant "misunderstood" wife makes a villain of exceeding depravity. (London: T. Fisher Unwin).

Of all the women who write advice for girls, Margaret E. Sangster is easily the foremost. She leads both in quantity and in quality. "Fairest Girlhood," her latest volume, deals with various topics—a liberal education, an even mind, right and wrong in recreation, conversation, our restless girls, and so on. The book is daintily printed in brown ink, with charming ornament and illustration, and a dainty cream-yellow cover with gilt lettering. (New York and Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Hunting big game in the Rockies with camera and rifle is an alluring sport. For those of us who must stay at home, William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, has written an admirable account of some of his recent "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," illustrated with some magnificent photographs taken by John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania Game Commissioner. It is a book to thrill the amateur sportsman, delight the lover of adventure, and add to the sum of knowledge possessed by the student of Canadian natural history. It is well printed, handsomely bound, and altogether an admirable and desirable volume. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $3.00).

The Van Dyke "Friendly Year" will attract any person looking for daily readings. The quotations are not too short, and Dr. Van Dyke's wisdom and style are away above the average. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25).

"Frank Brown," the Sea Apprentice, by Frank T. Bullen, is a splendid story for youths. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Nelson, the Adventurer," by Nora Archibald Smith, is a story for boys. It is breezy because it is told in the first person singular, and because it deals more or less with Nelson and the sea. (Boston: Houghton, Miflin & Co., Cloth, $1.00).

"In the Van," by Price-Brown, is a reprint in book form of a story published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as "The Builders," by Eric Bohn. It describes some incidents in connection with the War of 1812-13-14. The illustrations are by F. H. Brigden. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

IDLE MOMENTS

THE FAULTFINDERS

THREE men took joy in finding fault,
And thus it came to pass
The gods upon each one of them
Bestowed a piece of glass.

The fool contrived of his a lens
Wherein to gloating eyes
The smallest blot that could be found
Was magnified in size.

The just man made of his a pane
All clear without a flaw,
Nor summer sun nor winter rain
Affected what he saw.

The wise man pondered long and well
How best the search to aid,
Then taking up the crystal gift
Of his a mirror made.—*New York Sun.*

REMARKABLE RENTALS

STRANGE rents were being discussed—how this church paid one red rose annually and that convent paid two doves. A real estate man said:

"We have some remarkable rentals, but England beats us here, for she is the older country, and she delights in maintaining the quaint customs of the past.

"The splendid manor of Farnham Royal is held by the service of putting the glove on the King's right hand and by supporting the arm that holds the sceptre on Coronation Day. There is no other payment.

"The rental of the manor of Aylesbury is three eels in winter and three green geese in summer, besides a litter of straw for the King's bedchamber thrice a year if he come that way so often.

"The manor of Addington's rental is a pair of gilt spurs, a pair of tongs, a snowball on Midsummer Day, and a rose at Christmas.

"The rental of the manor of Coperland is the holding of the King's head, if needful, as often as he crosses the sea between Dover and Whitsand."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE WILLIE BOYS

(Compiled for the Baltimore American by Ralph A Lyon)

WILLIE to the circus went,
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Willie put his stocking on
Wrong-side out and thought it fun,
Mother didn't like his whim,
So she turned the hose on him.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Loud the baby screamed, and louder;
Willie fed her insect powder.
Scolded, answered with a shrug,
"Little sister acted bug."
—*Anonymous.*

She sits in sorrow, her refined
And still unwrinkled face is grave,
Though Time to her has been most kind—
Her Willie has begun to shave.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Willie saw some dynamite;
Didn't understand it quite;

Poked it with his little stick;
Rained little Willie for a week.
—*Anonymous.*

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By-and-by the room grew chilly—
But no one liked to poke up Willie.
—*Harry Graham.*

Willie ate a tablet
The family doctor gave;
Now he's got a big one
On his little grave.
—*Anonymous.*

Willie, on the railroad track,
Failed to hear the engine squeal;
Now the engine's coming back
Scraping Willie off the wheel.
—*Anonymous.*

With green apples little Willie
His interior precincts piled;
For the first time since he toddled
Willie's now an angel child.
—*Baltimore American.*

APPRECIATED

LITTLE Kathleen was being put to bed during a heavy thunderstorm, after being assured by her mother that God would watch over her. She seemed much concerned for a time and then said:

"Mamma, does God make all this thunder and lightning?"

"Yes, dear."

"And can he see me here in bed?"

"Yes, dear."

"Not if I cover up my head like this?"

"Yes, my child. God can see you at all times."

Her little face looked serious for a moment, and then she said: "Well, mamma, He must be a smarter man than my papa." *P. C. S.*

THE SEQUEL

IS it true that at one of Dr. Reich's recent lectures he exclaimed: "Take away woman, and what would follow?"

DICK (*looking at picture-book*): "I wonder what the Noahs did with themselves all day long in the Ark?"

MABEL: "Fished, I should think."

BOBBIE: "They didn't fish for long."

DICK AND MABEL: "Why not?"

BOBBIE: "Well, you see, there were only two worms!"—*Punch.*

Is it also a fact that a male voice cried out: "We would"?—*Tatler.*

"I DREAMED I WAS A KING"

TWO darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum ya-h! Dat would suttenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hundred watermellions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggar, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caihn't wish fo' yo' own watermellions."—*Selected.*

HE: "Fond of bridge?"

SHE: "Awfully!"

HE: "Do you know I always think there's something *wanting* in people who don't play?"—*Punch.*

THE LUCKY RICH

MAMMA ROXTOBURN: Ethel will be five years old in a week.

PAPA ROXTOBURN: True.

"Of course, she will have to have her own footman now, as well as her three maids."

"Of course."

"And I've been wondering"——

"Well?"

"If she oughtn't to have her own social secretary likewise, what with all the affairs she will be invited to."—*N.Y. Life.*

GRANDPA'S TOY

WHEN grandpa was a little boy—
And that's a far-off day,
For now grandpa is very old,
And never thinks of play—

Grandpa lived in the good old times
When "everything was right";
They had no carpets on the floors,
And they read by candle-light.

And his toy-horse looks very crude,
Its tail is like a broom;
The waggon is high and funny,
And has but little room.

But grandpa thinks it the nicest toy
That ever yet was made;
He would not for an automobile
This queer old waggon trade.

I suppose when *you* are grandpas
You 'll think *your* toys were great
'Way back in the days when you were young;
But *you'll* be out of date.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE OLD LADY FROM DOVER

THERE was an old lady of Dover
Who baked a fine apple turnover.
But the cat came that way,
And she watched with dismay
The overturn of her turnover.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

WOULD EXTEND OUR TERRITORY

DR. R. J. WICKSTEED recently delivered an interesting address before the St. George's Society, Ottawa, on the delimitation of the Canadian boundaries. He took the stand that the time has come for the necessary and natural extension of the territory belonging to Canada; the delimitation of the boundaries of the Dominion, and the more equitable rectification, adjustment and delimitation of the several provinces and territories.

He recommended in effect as follows:

That Ontario be extended to Hudson Bay until it reaches the parallel of 58 degrees north latitude.

That Manitoba be extended within the same meridians of longitude in a northerly direction to the parallel of latitude 60 degrees north; and extended easterly between the parallels 58 degrees north latitude and 60 degrees north latitude to Hudson Bay.

That Newfoundland be invited to come into the confederation.

That the United States and Denmark be amicably invited to cede, surrender and make over all their claims and titles to Alaska and Greenland, respectively, to Canada.

That the parallel of 45 degrees north latitude running eastward from the county of Compton in the Province of Quebec to Passamaquoddy Bay or the Bay of Fundy in the Province of New Brunswick, be the southern boundary of Canada; and that the United States be amicably invited to cede, transfer and make over to the government of Canada, with the free consent of the legislature of the State of Maine, all claim and title to all the territory lying and being to the north of the said line of 45 degrees of north latitude.

That New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island be united under one name and provincial legislature.

That Canada and Russia construct and operate a line of ferry boats across Behring Straits, or a tunnel under the straits, or both; and also lines of railway connecting the Trans-Siberian Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with the ferry or tunnel across or under the Behring Straits; thus connecting the continent of America with the continent of Asia.

PARADES ELSEWHERE

ACCORDING to a New South Wales exchange, Canada is not the only country where certain popular parades have attained dimensions sufficiently large to cause inconvenience to persons who wish to go about the streets in the ordinary way. In Sydney recently there was a celebration of the eight-hours' day. Fifty-three trades unions were represented in the procession, and a number of the societies presented spectacular and trade displays. Thousands of spectators lined the route taken by the procession through the city, and tram traffic had to be temporarily suspended.

NO MORE DEFICITS

A PROMISE was made recently by Hon. Mr. Emmerson, before the Canadian Club at Ottawa, that there would be no more deficits on the Intercolonial Railway. He observed that the surplus for this year would be larger than that of last year, and it would continue to grow. The Intercolonial was Canada's greatest national asset, and as a consequence of its construction and operation, the Canadian Provinces had been welded into one harmonious whole. Had past deficits been ten times as great, still the road, from a patriotic and sen-

timental standpoint, would have been a good investment for the Canadian people. While predicting surpluses in the future, Mr. Emmerson vehemently combatted the idea that the Intercolonial should ever be expected to be a great revenue-producer. The profits should go towards its improvement. Eighty million dollars had been spent on the railway for the development of trade in the same manner that one hundred millions had been spent on the canal systems, one hundred and seventy-five millions on railway subsidies, and twelve millions on steamship subsidies.

THE NEW TARIFF

IT is easy to be a Free Trader in Nova Scotia, but it is difficult to remain one in Ottawa. If Canada will continue to bind us by tariff walls so as to prevent us from winning ocean trade with other lands; if Ottawa will go on making all its transportation and immigration plans for the West to the neglect of Nova Scotia, where are we to come in? Just now our people are preparing to ask for a piece of pie by way of a shipbuilding bonus, but you can see by the backwardness in asking, and the manner of going about it, that there is not a strong hope of succeeding.—*The Suburban.*

WELL DONE, MR. TAIT

FOUR years ago Mr. Thomas Tait, a prominent official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, left Canada for Australia on what many people called a fool's errand. He had accepted an offer to become chairman of a Commission to manage the Government railways of Victoria. For years the lines had been a continuous drain on the colonial exchequer and expert railway men were ultra-pessimistic as to the probable success of Mr. Tait's efforts. At the end of the first year under the new management (1902-3), there was a deficit of $1,778,787. Last year, which ended on June 30th, there was a surplus after all expenses and interest charges were paid of $968,960. Moreover, the service has been the most efficient in the history of the country, and the freight rates have been reduced considerably. Besides this, the Commission has wiped out an old liability of $3,000,000. While in the blue book the reason for these figures is said to be the general prosperity of the country, it cannot be doubted that much credit is due to the brilliant abilities of Mr. Tait and his colleagues, Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Hudson. It is no small achievement to make a railway pay. It is a task of herculean proportions to provide a surplus for a Government railway. Floreat Tait.—Toronto *News.*

READY FOR THE HUSBANDMAN

ACCORDING to Mr. William McInnes, of the Geological Survey, there is a tract of land lying north of the lower Saskatchewan, between the river and the valley of the Upper Churchill, which is wooded and available for agricultural purposes.

Here is what Mr. McInnes has had to say about it: "This country is essentially a rolling, clay-covered plateau, from seven to nine hundred feet above sea-level, the valleys of its streams and lakes lying generally but little over a hundred feet below the level of its uplands. This clay mantle, a hundred feet deep in the eastern end and gradually thinning out westwards, is the result of sedimentation over the bottom of an ancient glacial lake that has been named Lake Agassiz, once covering all the lower parts of Manitoba. Throughout the whole northern part of the area the Indians grow potatoes with good success, and to any one who is at all familiar with Indian agricultural methods this means that the potatoes are grown without a great deal of trouble, to say the least. Some of these crops are quite abundant, and at times produce tubers of exceptional size. I believe that all the common vegetables might be grown there as well as potatoes.

"The climate is not at all so cold as is commonly imagined. Records were taken during the summer, from the middle of June to the 29th of September, and, with the exception of one night in August, when the thermometer fell a little below freezing point, there was no frost during that time."

"THE KING'S HIGHWAY"

Westington, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, England

For article, see page 272

THE
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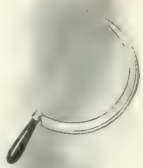
The Turning of the Glass

IT has come once more to the turning of the glass. The sand is all but spent, and the days of the old year are as chaff in the wake of the wind. By the gray light in the western shack, at the heaped tables of the rich, within the great places of exchange, and even amongst those who go out upon the high seas, men will give pause. For it is the time of reckoning, and sober thought must go to the balance against mirth and merrymaking. It is the supreme hour of resolution. May the trend of worship be not towards the god of gold. May men not overlean towards the side of materialism. May there be reverence for simple things, for the young babe in the cradle and the old man nearing the valley. May the milk of human kindness and the good hand of common sympathy go forth to the natal feast. Then might the New Year dawn bright, and people the world over could repeat with the poet:



"Turn again the wasted glass,
Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest."

Newton MacTavish

AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY IN ENGLAND

The King's Highway

By JANE LAVENDER

WHERE is the Britisher in all the world who has not felt the tingle of his own importance as he walks forth on the King's Highway? And yet few perhaps ever stop to think of the glamour of romance, the great pageants of history, the traces of chivalry and the dignity of age that are connected with this ancient and honourable institution. In these days of rapidly advancing democracy the vagabond may follow or precede the footsteps of the monarch, and the humblest cart in the whole countryside has an equal right with the most elaborate equipage in the realm. How often you hear the warning: "Remember, you are on the King's Highway." But it does not matter how many miles you have travelled, or how many years you have lived in lands that are new, if you would see the King's Highway in all its primitive beauty on the one hand, and in all its majestic splendour on the other hand, you must come to the old land. There is a direct divisional line—stone paved, dusty enough, treeless—which separates modern rows of houses or modern rows of shops, and has no greater beauty in the British Isles than anywhere else; and there are districts in even smiling England where a village street is bleak and a country road is rough. But, as I recall that initial glimpse of the suburbs of towns and of British country generally, there it appeared, the King's Highway—a broad and level track with well-paved footpaths, a wide sweep of firm earth curving through a valley, a gleaming streak of yellow-white skirting a hillside,

a splendid enclosure between safe, stone walls, an alluring thing, winding among green hedges and over little rills and under branching trees, on through a very garden land, quite from the southern seaports up to Gretna Green; a road continuing indeed, a Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever, all the way up to Edinburgh Town.

Maybe you have slightly outgrown the idea that only three great reasons attract tourists to England, particularly to London—to see the King with his crown on, to visit Madame Tussand's, and to go to the Zoo. But a primary glimpse of the gold and the white and the scarlet at the gates of Whitehall, and you have the sensation of a beginner learning to read living, not printed, history. You deliberately stop a friend or a street officer and ask, "What are these?" just because you wish to hear him say, "Those are the Horse Guards," and to answer, "Oh! *are* they?"

Perhaps any one crossing for a first time from the West rather expects to plunge into the differences of the older civilisations; even an English street is going to be at once a strange and attractive thing.

But all Atlantic ships do not come to port at London City and in broad daylight. You stop perhaps at Liverpool, and drive to a hotel when it is almost dusk, thinking only of how similar are the evening streets of everywhere—patches of shade and areas of brilliance, the flickering of lights set up on lamp-posts, and a flashing past of high and shining trams.

However, just this itself, the English tram, is not quite familiar, not exactly our own street car. There is an air of difference as about the coal-scuttle and the window blind, and a few other furnishings of the pleasant room allotted for rest and sleep; so that at the sound of morning traffic you awake, interested to view things generally and to look from the window at the day-lit street

It is strange not to think of it at night, this deck or upper story, which is the different thing from the electric car. These places on top appear to be popular. Down there on the roadway are hurrying women and girls of the masses, probably. Each has an apron and a shawl; no one has a hat; and how does the one with the loaded basket balance it on her head? How did she lift it up

ROTTEN ROW, LONDON

ROADWAY IN EVESHAM, WORCESTER, ENGLAND

there? There are long rows of very flat-looking houses over that way; here, a monument, and another partly in sight at the top of the square, and splendid groups those massive brown buildings opposite.

Thus, a few people and a few things at close hand, a bit of life or action centred at some spot, a glimpse through a window, and the stranger, any day, anywhere, gathers some first impression. He may hardly say to himself or others, this is acquaintance with a country or a folk; but isn't it the conviction with most of us that first impressions are frequently characteristic things?

It was just in glimpses from a railway carriage window that the ordinary British thoroughfare began to interest, for instance, me; and a bit of glamour that was ever attached must have truly belonged to what was seen. Quite practical acquaintance since has not dispelled the conclusions of first sight.

When I reached Edinburgh it was clear that here were stones to walk upon, even cobble stones; for it was in Castle Street that cars and cabs finally left me standing, with, alack! my face turned not to Edinburgh's storied mount of green and grey, but toward some fifty circling white-washed steps between one doorway at the ground and another at the house-top. But, up and rested, down and out again by-and-by, and there was Castle Rock against the sky; and after a step or two along the cobbled way it was but a choice whether to walk through that upper street, whose every intersection has a monument to some maker of history or of fame, or directly forward to the galleries and the statues, the green gardens and the magnificent vistas of the city's chief highway.

Now, the ubiquitous tram traverses Princes Street, and there are disagreeable people who intimate that the folk who do not come and see Edinburgh soon will find themselves whizzed through even the Wynds off the Canongate in a narrow-gauge "electric" of some kind; but the month of June and glorious weather, or perhaps just blind prejudice (my ancestors were Scotch), make me almost like to meet a Princes Street tram. There was a feeling of relative safety as to crossing a public street, and of relative comfort as to the getting into or out of a public conveyance, which even yet comes like balm at any comparison of the smoke-begrimed monster of Paris or the whirring racer of London, and this, at least for one season, clean, roomy, gentle-moving Edinburgh car.

One smaller and British city held a rival favourite—Chester, whose little, new tramcar was in keeping with its quaint streets, and altogether dignified and delightful in freedom from a load of outside advertisements, and in quiet colouring and furnishing within.

The King's Highway—a way made or

arranged by order of the King, or because a king would travel through! How certainly when in Edinburgh you first walk down from Castle Hill to Holyrood; or, in London, walk by way of Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, or go around to the Tower; or, when at Chester, at Warwick, at Winchester, you pass under such ancient gateways as yet span the city roads—how certainly your thoughts turn to historic pageants, progresses, processions, to the reasons joyful or tragic why these occurred, and to the civic blessing or the civic bane associated therewith.

Perhaps the only preventive to much questioning aloud, is that which keeps you also still in the cathedrals—guide-books can touch but the margins of the story. Old-world roads and walks and passages mean history and literature at every turn, and it is a long and varied chapter that of royal streets and ways.

Way, mainroad, avenue, suited to the uses, the ceremonies, the pleasures of a kingdom or a king! Drive through the Long Walk at Windsor, or even through any central avenue of a London park; seat yourself on a bank at Calton Hill; walk from Warwick to Kenilworth, or out and along such coast roads as you may readily discover in Ireland, in Wales, or anywhere around the British Isles—then try the adjectives you require to fit the splendour there revealed.

This is exactly one matter that impresses at least a Western visitor, the sense of length, width, space, atmosphere, found in some strip of landscape, the while he is being politely assured that greatness, so far as the world of outdoors is concerned, belongs to his particular country, because on the map it is so big.

A highway for the King, yet the road or public highway belonging also to the people; the course or thoroughfare open to all passengers; the way kept free, public, safe for everyone—for the King

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

PARISH CHURCH, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, AND OLD THATCHED CIDER MILL (NOW USED AS DWELLING)

and for the citizen, for the citizen and the stranger, for you and for me.

They tell you to-day in Italy that the wayfarer has no longer any cause to fear the brigand, and that the picturesque carabineers of the villages and the towns are also trustworthy soldiers watching everywhere the interests and the safety of the people. You walk about and do get along there very happily indeed. Yet, what assurance the average stranger on the London streets seems at once to have in the governing power of the guardians of these streets; and how seldom the tourist from anywhere questions of dangers to his purse or to his scrip when walking along the banks of the Avon or the Isis or the Dee.

Oh, the hedge-bordered lanes, the tree-fringed roads of peaceful Britain!

"You tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore thee."

It may be the virtual gipsy of more southern climes who sings:

"Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
Under the sunlit sky;
Who so free in the land,
Who so contented as I?"

But let the vagabond mood seize your soul some summer day and you'll find that Britain's Isles are very fair fields to wander in; and that the wayfarer there—if not just a lawless tramp—may sing if he care to:

"Ride past, my proud Lord and your Lady so gay;
I, too, share the sunshine, and all you survey;
I'm as happy, as free, on the King's Highway."

The pedestrian expects a few things to keep a holiday in any land from being idyllic, and does not complain when he cannot here, for instance, leap a fence and wander through quiet country woods and fields quite as in the new world; but, he is disappointed, perhaps, that he can be importuned as freely here as anywhere to buy at least shoe laces and postal cards and posies of wild flowers, if he but seat

himself one minute by the wayside or gaze a trifle too earnestly at things notable to view. But here is this world the mania for speed seldom permits even the private motor-car to pass along at a pace meaning a modicum of discomfort to those travelling otherwise; and all sorts and types of things called modern aids to travel threaten to infest (not adorn) the most retired and lovely of the country roads, rivers and lanes of this whole conservative kingdom.

Therefore, come soon you who would have the enchantment of walking around at all, and of being directed, and of being lost in your first "old country" village.

Bewitching places some of these villages still! How the roads curve and circle between the high garden walls!

Are there, indeed, any British towns, outside of some one or two, where the streets do cross each other at right angles? And what fascination to be told over again, after having already tried and failed, "Go straight on, just a wee bit, just as straight as you can go," and again to find the road immediately forming into a loop, or splitting into the letter Y so that, however pronounced his bump of location, no newcomer can by any manner of means conclude which is the way that does "go on."

Where would I drop you, practical citizen of the West, if I might, into these Islands of the Sea?

Into just which village of streets and lanes and interesting by-ways?

There is one built on a Welsh hillside, another on an Irish lough; there are some up in the far north, and several in the east, the Midlands and the south.

If told, would you go quietly and walk around a little and find enjoyment—that is, not take all your motor-cars?

For a few sojourners and wayfarers will regret when every bit of rural Britain disappears, and no longer the budding artist shall be seen picturing sea sands white as those o' Aberdour, orange as those of Ryde, nor the youthful poet found addressing sonnets to those cottages that whitewashed, pinkwashed, thatch-roofed and tiled are still the typical spots along the country highways.

On the Old Country thoroughfares are the Old Country people. What if writers who write for the papers have used all the themes over and over again, and you read that folk the world around now-a-days dress and look alike, a sort of perennial interest remains, a something new for every new tourist in the actual meeting with residents of any other country whatever than his own; and therefore there is for each stranger a something that has never yet all been told him, and that he sees afresh with his own eyes in The London Bus Driver, The Metropolitan Police, The Huckster of Cheapside, The Fisherman of the Dee, The Country Squire, The Citizen on the Pavement, The Rider in the Row.

And finally there is yet to be found—for with the passing of the horse this goes too—there is yet on the British street the British vehicle, the mere list of its names seems to set a Westerner comparing highway customs and habits: his car, cab, coupé, spring-waggon, carriage (single or double), buckboard, buggy, and light "rig" in general, contrasted with hackney, hansom, brake, brougham, and all that array of cart or two-wheeled private "runabout" which culminates in the little hollow cubical box, with the bolted door behind. Tell me the district of provincial or rural England without this latter and favourite conveyance, this "rig" as noticeable to the eye of the tourist as the Irish jaunting-car?

But have you ever found out its name? Ask and the reply will be, "What do you mean? My Governess-Car? Pony-trap? Gig?" for the Englishman never seems to have a name for it himself, for this odd little two-wheeled box, into whose rectangular depths the citizen of any shire will drop, two-thirds out of sight, and persist to the rest of the world that the vehicle doesn't look funny.

Altogether there are reasons why some of us, Britain's friends or kinsmen, care to cross an ocean to see her genial face just quite at home, her houses and her gardens as these are; to view, in pleasant fact, scenes of city and of country that have often been described—to live a little while, or linger, on the King's Highway.

STATUE OF STRATHCONA HORSE TO BE ERECTED AT MONTREAL
WITH PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR, G. W. HILL

Canadian Artists Abroad

By WILLIAM H. INGRAM

IN any criticism of art and artists it is always advisable to state what you consider the essential factors in a good painting, so that the lay mind can see immediately how you arrive at certain judgments. Thus, with premises clearly set out, there should be no difficulty at all for critic and layman alike to reach the same conclusions.

That being the case, may I say that according to the best French critics there are in reality only two things in a painting: value and colour? Without the first the work could not be called a drawing. It could be called only a daub, or splotches of colour, squeezed wantonly out of a tube. As for the second factor, colour, so many questions arise out of its use that it would be far easier to develop its meaning as we go along.

It may be sufficient for us now to say that a picture is exquisitely coloured, if it is warm or cold, or if the law of complementary colours is well observed. In other words, if we mix yellow and red we get orange, which in turn imparts that feeling so well described as "warmth." Contrarily, if we use blue the resultant feeling is one of a decidedly lower tem-

perature. Green and violet, the complementary colours of red and yellow, if mixed with blue also produce the same effect. Thus in every composition of colour there should always be this harmony and equilibrium.

Carrying this idea further, we can safely conclude that in studies of outdoor life, if the lights are warm, the shadows are cold, and vice versa for views of interiors. It is from this standpoint that I intend to consider Canadian art.

THE BEACH, ST. MALO—PAINTING BY MORRICE

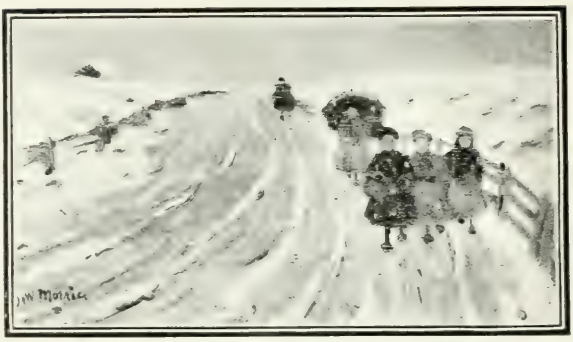
Before doing so, however, I must revert again to the first factor, value, which is the degree of intensity of light from the object lighting to the thing illuminated. Naturally, the greater the distance between these objects the deeper will be the shadow. Values, then, are the various plays of light and shadow; the latter, by the way, always retaining its transparency.

In stating the above facts, I feel that I must make some apology, because to the initiated they will savour not a little of kindergarten methods. But, knowing as I do how many musical and art critics are turned out in modern commercial life, these explanations may not be entirely inane.

To realise this one has only to walk into an ordinary gallery and listen for a brief moment or two to the adjectives bandied about by the learned. Tone, touch, atmosphere, technique, interpretation, and tens of other words are used with an assurance that to the neophyte is not only bewildering but appalling.

That James W. Morrice, a Canadian painter who is now in Paris, has already done something is an established fact. Born forty-two years ago in Montreal, the son of David Morrice, he received his early education in the University of Toronto, where he was graduated, and in due course he entered Osgoode Hall. It would

PUBLIC GARDEN, VENICE—PAINTING BY MORRICE



A QUEBEC PASTORAL—PAINTING BY MORRICE

seem, however, that the life in the old 'Varsity "residence," together with his natural liking for the artistic, called him away from the musty tomes of law. For some years after he could be found studying art in England, where his surroundings were more in keeping with his profession. Leaving England, he drifted to Paris, the great art centre of the world, which ever since has been the guiding star of his life's work.

He is a peculiar fellow, is Morrice, in more ways than one, but in none more so than in his sensitiveness to personal estimates. In his art, however, he is quite at home, and thus ready and willing to discuss what, to him, is a labour of love. His progress in that is indeed an interesting study, because one can gradually trace his emancipation from a parochial standpoint to a broader and more cosmopolitan point of view. Then, again, it can be seen how he was converted from the classic to the impressionist school. The picture, "The Public Garden, Venice," now in the possession of Mr. E. B. Greenshields, of Montreal, amply illustrates this. In this picture Mr. Morrice is evidently influenced by the work of Corot, which certainly cannot be said of his "*Quai des Grands Augustins, Paris.*" A comparison of the trees amply proves this. In the scene on the *quai* he definitely joins the impressionist school, and his later work only tends to accentuate his conversion. Both works, however, are excellent examples of the schools to which he has adhered.

But it is to his earlier efforts, perhaps, that Canadians are more akin. In his

A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE—PAINTING BY MORRICE

(Ste. Anne de Beaupré)

studies around Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, the various plays of light and shadow are exceedingly subtle. One unconsciously feels the atmosphere inhaled by the little school children as they plod dutifully on to that village in New France where shrines are not unknown and beliefs are always simple. Follow the same little ones up the hill to the church beyond the way, and then look back upon the road as it winds tortuously through the snow.

Yes, Morrice has drawn better than he knew.

The lights are warm, even if the shadows are cold.

I must now come to the recognition of Morrice, wherein play the various lights and shadows. In doing so I make no comment. If the French Government has seen fit to buy his winter scene on the "*Quai des Grands Augustins*," for the *Palais du Luxembourg*, which is reserved for the work of the great modern painters, any criticism from me would be not only uncalled for but decidedly in bad taste. Let it be sufficient to show a reproduction, as well as one of "The Beach, Paramé," which is now in the Philadelphia Museum. In both, one notices the intensely human touch blotted in an unusually effective atmosphere.

LE QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS, PARIS

And now for a recent work which combines the characteristics of them all; one which is a composite painting, as it were, of the efforts of James W. Morrice. As the eye sweeps over the narrow stretches of sand which fringe the ancient town of St. Malo, memory takes us back in fancy to an episode in Canadian history worthy of interpretation by a Canadian artist. Who knows but that Morrice will essay the task some day, and that, too, for the Government of Canada? If he should, rest assured that the result will be well worthy of his effort.

But that is for the future to decide.

Meantime let us look after the present, and in doing so see how Canadian art is represented in the person of George William Hill, who has just finished his monument to the Strathcona Horse, for Montreal. To the good people of Montreal this seemingly long delayed statue in memory of the fallen Canadian heroes of the South African War will arrive at a most opportune time. For it will show that in the days of her prosperity Canada is not unmindful of the obligation placed upon her when the existence of the Empire was in danger. It will be at the same time a fitting monument to one of Canada's grand old men, the Empire Builder, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. It will also be no mean addition to Canadian art.

From a purely personal standpoint the individuality of George William Hill may not be interesting, but, associated as it is with one of Canada's foremost sculptors, the question as to who he is remains a pertinent question.

The son of a marble dealer, one of the people of old Quebec, young Hill learned his "métier" under the directing care of his father, who probably saw in the son only a clever artisan. But the apprentice lad had higher dreams than that. He dreamed of other heights to climb, and in one of those ascents of fancy won the prize in an architectural competition. George William Hill thereupon left the ranks of the workmen, though continuing to remain in those of the workers. For the next few years he resided in Montreal, busily engaged upon some designs for a number of notable residences. Then,

PANEL, STRATHCONA HORSE MONUMENT—BY HILL

feeling he had gone as far as he could there, he left for Paris, where, inspired by the work of the great masters, he hoped to come into his own. Success has undoubtedly attended him.

Upon returning home Mr. Hill was engaged to design the Strathcona monument, the success of which can easily be seen in the accompanying cliché. As there was, however, no art bronze factory in Canada, he was compelled to leave for Paris again, where, almost within a stone's throw of the Panthéon, he opened his atelier. And now the equestrian statue commemorating Strathcona's Horse is finally completed. The enlarging machines have traced its surface for the last time. The large bronze is an accomplished fact.

As it looms up in the open, the story upon which the monument is based is plainly legible, so that even those who run may read.

A Strathcona Scout has been out reconnoitring. An unexpected cannon shot from the Boers has caused his horse to rear up in fear and trembling. The statue portrays the brave soldier reining in the frightened steed, as he himself gazes keenly in the direction of the hidden enemy. The ensemble effect is most dramatic. The clean, sinuous lines of the horse stand out in marked contrast to the rugged, dusty appearance of the man. The sculptor has moulded faithfully to life his masterpiece for posterity. Montreal need have no qualms about the reception of this work.

In James W. Morrice and George William Hill Canada has two most worthy representatives of the two most noble arts—painting and sculpture.

PANEL, STRATHCONA HORSE MONUMENT—BY HILL

MRS. EDDY AS SHE APPEARED ABOUT A QUARTER-CENTURY AGO, WHEN SHE BEGAN THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOVEMENT

The Mother of Christian Science

AN APPRECIATION

By ADELAIDE P. FITCH

MRS. MARY BAKER GLOVER EDDY, or "Mother Eddy," as her followers call her, is a much-talked-of individual just now. Almost every day sets afloat some extraordinary tale concerning her, the latest rumour being that she no longer exists. Her disciples refute this report, stoutly maintaining that in spite of her eighty-five years, she is as much alive as ever; indeed, there are those who seem to believe that their spiritual mother is endowed with *perpetual* life, and will continue to inhabit her earthly tabernacle until the end of time and all things. Furthermore, say they, the author of "Science and Health," with key to the Scriptures, the medium through which Christian Science obtained its introduc-

tion to the world, is not content to sit in the chimney corner with idly-folded hands, and ruminate on the successive triumphs and rapid growth of the society of which she enjoys the distinction of being founder; on the contrary her active brain is ever employed in solving the difficult problems which confront Christian Science, or composing helpful pastoral letters to the various churches or members of her flock. Thus this servant labours as assiduously in her allotment of earth's vineyard as in the day when Christian Science was in its infancy, and stretching out its arms for recognition.

Without descending to the level of gossip, I shall merely repeat a few harmless incidents relating to Mrs. Eddy, which have recently come to my knowlege, and as they are practically true, the customary grain of salt will not be required. Concord, Mass., is Mrs. Eddy's abiding place, but she does not mingle with her townspeople, and is not seen by them except when taking her daily drive. The doors of her mansion swing open to none but the favoured few—but could we obtain an entrance we would find the house full of precious gifts, presented by doting worshippers of many climes. The drawing-room is the sanctuary wherein are placed the treasures her soul most dearly loves. Upon the walls of this room hang the portraits of her three departed husbands. In gazing at these pictures one cannot but wonder if a large measure of Mrs. Eddy's fame may not be attributed to their inspiration and virile influence.

One summer afternoon, not long ago, a friend of mine in passing Mrs. Eddy's house, observed stationed at certain fixed spots on her lawn ordinary bushel baskets. Curiosity prompted him to linger, in order to discover for what purpose they were so placed. He had not long to wait. Ere he had time to pronounce his own name, one devotee after another stepped up from a gathering crowd and dropped into the baskets a bank note of greater or less value. By judicious questioning my friend learned that the money thus raised was to help swell some Christian Science Church fund.

In an incredibly brief period the baskets were literally overflowing with greenbacks, requiring forcible pressing down to accommodate others. Thus the shower of money descended until a halt was called. Two bushels of bank notes reaped in a single afternoon is a harvest not to be despised.

Mrs. Eddy is no bloodless saint, floating in the upper regions and subsisting on air. She too yields to hard facts, or bows to passing fancies, and while frowning upon the so-called claims of mortal mind, circumstances compel her to submit to the very claims she so strenuously disclaims. She is a firm believer in the gospel of beauty, is always attractively gowned, and dwells in an atmosphere of refinement, luxury and comfort. She is in all respects a womanly woman, responding to the same heart-longings and desires that attach themselves to the rest of womankind, whatever may be their environment. She hungers, thirsts, satisfies the cravings of her palate with good food and drink, enjoying to the full the little pleasures of life, the milk and honey of material existence. She will never, if she can possibly avoid it, permit her face to be seen except by her closest intimates, or those of her own household. When driving, a trusty parasol completely screens her visage from peering eyes.

One festival day a deputation of two hundred Christian Scientists called upon their "mother" in a solid body to pay their respects and receive her blessing. Stepping out upon the balcony, her favourite rostrum, she addressed a few words of welcome to the expectant throng on the lawn below, her face all the while concealed behind the omnipresent parasol. She then withdrew after the manner of angel visitants in general; all that was seen of the "Sage of Concord" on that occasion was the back of her head.

Mrs. Eddy is nearing the end of life. She cannot, if she would, remain here much longer. As far as the general world knows no successor to her has yet been appointed; whether the society whose every action has always depended upon her guiding word will crumble away without it, or whether another will be raised to take Mrs. Eddy's place and continue to sow the seed and gather the grain, is a question which time and circumstances will solve.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

I.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF WORRY

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."—Prov. xv: 15.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."—*Paradise Lost.*

THE supreme and unique character of the mind of man is self-consciousness. This it is which, as Hamlet says, makes him a being of "such large discourse looking before and after." If he loses it, he ceases to be human. Thus, at bottom, the cause of worry is life; its cure is death. To live is to care, and therefore necessarily, at times, to live is to worry. But the end of life is happiness, whether for self or for others, and therefore worry, fear and care, though inevitable, are in direct opposition to the end for which we live. For what do they count in human life?

The two quotations, one ancient and one modern, which I have placed at the head of this chapter, indicate clearly enough what must necessarily be the case—that the importance of the mind and of the manner in which it looks upon life has been recognised by the wise of all ages. Before we attempt to classify the various states of mind which we are to study; before we consider whether there is any worry that may be called normal and necessary, or study the worry that is the product of disease or ill-health, or the worry of which disease is a product, let us first ask ourselves what this fact of worry signifies in human life in our own age and civilisation.

I have called it the disease of the age. This is by no means to assert that worry is not, when widely defined, a disease of every age. But if we consider the psychological condition—self-consciousness—upon which the possibility of worry depends, we shall see that, as evolution advances, as man becomes more civilised and more thoughtful, as he comes to live less in the present, more in the past, and yet more in the future, as his nervous system undergoes a higher organisation, becomes more delicate and sensitive—in a word, as man becomes more self-conscious and therefore more human, so he becomes more liable to that disease of the mind which is certainly unique in this respect, that, alone of all human diseases, there is no analogy to it whatever in the case of any of the lower animals.

Every access of civilisation increases the importance of this malady. Printing must have multiplied it a hundredfold; cities, with their pace and their competition and their foul air, have done the like—and we are all becoming citified, if not civilised to-day. I write not for the easy-going bucolic who, happy fellow, takes no thought for the morrow, realising that sufficient unto the day are the evil and the good thereof; nor do I write for any other whom the swirling tide of the evolutionary struggle has passed by, to lead a quiet life—quiet but insignificant for the future of the race—far from the madding crowd. I write for those to whom the struggle for existence is a stern necessity—those who have others dependent upon them; those who fear forty and grey hair and death and consumption and cancer; and, beyond all these, "the dread of something after death." And I submit that worry is pre-eminently the disease of this age and of this civilisation, and perhaps of the English-speaking race in particular.

We do well to be "strenuous"; we do well to "strive and agonise"; we do well to know the discontent that is divine, that precious seed of insurrection, of which all progress is the fruit. We do well to think of the morrow. Far be it from me to suggest that we should emu-

late the modern Spaniard or Greek or Italian. To renounce the struggle for life is not really to live, but to vegetate. But we must pay the price—and indeed we are doing so.

Year by year, worry and fear and fretting increase the percentage of deaths that are self-inflicted—surely the most appalling of all comments upon any civilisation. Year by year, men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions, every one of which, in so far as it brings peace and content of mind, has a serious claim upon the respect of the philosopher. Year by year, we seem more steadily to lose our fathers' faith that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms." And we turn to Christian Science and the Higher Thought and Psycho-Therapeutics and Occultism and Materialism, or to sheer Epicureanism ("Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die")—to arms that are shortened and weak and temporal.

Meanwhile, all experts tell us that the struggle for existence is becoming too severe, and is telling upon the mind of the race. In olden days men fought with their muscles or their teeth, directly and indirectly. The prizes of life and survival went to him who had the strongest teeth and the most vigorous digestion, or to him who was the fleetest or wiriest. Those who were beaten in such competition had indeed to do without the lion's share. But a beaten muscle is merely beaten: it is as good as it was, and probably better.

Not so with the beaten mind. Infinitely higher in organisation—or rather in the organisation of the nervous system on which it depends—the beaten mind is much more than beaten: it tends to undergo vital injury. Unlike a muscle, it can recognise or brood over its own loss or disgrace. "In ten years," says a prophet of evil, "the hospitals will be on the rates." He is a Cassandra, I fear—whose prophecies came true. Yet the death rate from the filth diseases falls every year. Thank goodness our wise fathers wisely worried over sanitation. *Every condition, however, which eliminates the physical in the struggle for existence merely increases the importance of the psychical;* for there is no discharge in that war. Hence, the more we control infectious diseases and the like, the greater is the strain which we throw upon those psychical instruments with which the struggle for life is now waged. In olden days some could not stand the physical strain; they had to work long hours for poor gain and early graves. Nowadays many cannot stand the psychical strain. They are injured partly by fatigue, partly by worry. *It is a proved and accepted physiological truth that the adult is much more gravely injured by worry than by fatigue.* Hence our nerve doctors are kept busy. Hence the incessant discovery of new nervous diseases.

Of these, two explanations are possible. One is, that observers in the past were not acute and skillful enough to detect them. But this is on the face of it incredible. Men of the stamp of Sydenham had trained powers of clinical observation which probably no physician of the present day can rival. On the contrary, it is generally admitted that the introduction of new (and immensely important) methods into medicine, such as all those which depend upon the discovery of microbes, has gravely tended to lessen our skill in clinical observation. The only reasonable explanation of these new nervous diseases is that they *are* new. I believe that on this point Dr. Max Nordau is undoubtedly correct. Their victims represent the consequences to society and to the individual of the increasing strain to which the nervous organisation of men is now subjected. And I repeat that the general truth, long recognised by wise men, that nothing kills so surely as care, has now received physiological confirmation. These patients are not the victims of over-work as such. I very much question whether mere mental over-work ever killed or injured anybody. Amid the chaos of error and fallacy which embodies the popular conception of insanity—as of all other subjects—we may find a fairly definite impression that mental "overwork" is the cause of much insanity and premature decay. Now let me assert, as dogmatically as words will permit, that

this is the most arrant nonsense, unsupported by facts or logic. The case is simply not so. Do you beg to differ? Well, look up any text-book on insanity, or neurology, or make arrangements for studying the facts of asylums; thereafter you will agree with what is not an individual opinion of mine, but a simple statement of scientific truth. Brain-work —as such—never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia many thousands more; but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep would have had just the same result. If you are prepared to believe a simple assertion that you hear or read this year, pray believe me, for this is a matter of personal, national and planetary consequence, as we shall see.

I have passed from nervous disease, as ordinarily understood, to insanity, but surely it scarcely needs to be said at this time of day that the transition is merely from one part of the same subject to another. Mental disease, in a word, is physical disease or nervous disease, and there is no mental disease that is not. If obscure paralysis and losses of muscular control or muscular co-ordination are increasing, so also, it must unfortunately be admitted, are diseases of the mind as that term is usually understood. For some years I have tried to do my share in attempting to relieve the public mind on this score. To infer that insanity was increasing, merely because the number of the certified insane was increasing, and increasing out of proportion to the national increase of the population, was a worthless argument. A great measure of the apparent increase of insanity is only apparent —due to the fact that a larger proportion of the insane are nowadays certified as such and treated in asylums or homes. This results partly from increased public confidence in such places, partly from the increase in all varieties of accommodation. But, even when these considerations are fully allowed for, it appears to be certain that insanity is increasing amongst us. Recent articles on this subject in the *Times* have drawn very necessary attention to this subject. How, then, are we to account for the "growth of insanity"? And even if it be not growing, it is by universal admission pre-eminently a disease of civilisation, and is already formidable enough in all conscience.

Unquestionably we must recognise that insanity is in no small measure a consequence or symptom of what I have called the disease of the age. But, without emphasising the obvious, I would pass on to consider those many causes of mental disorder which are not commonly looked upon or treated as cases of insanity. The medical profession knows these as "borderland cases." They exhibit neither sanity nor insanity as these terms are generally understood, but furnish living instances of the absurd fallacy which leads us to imagine that men can be classified, like cheeses, into this brand and that. Between complete sanity and complete insanity there are all conceivable stages, and of all such stages many instances everywhere—whereas probably of complete sanity or complete insanity it would be difficult to find ten specimens in as many years. The most that can be said of many of us is, as Stevenson puts it, "Every man has a sane spot somewhere." The recognition of these borderland cases and of the problem which they present is urgently required by society; that their number is increasing, and rapidly, I suppose no one would dream of questioning. Without any desire to magnify my office or to seek for simple but false explanations, I am willing to assert that worry, directly and indirectly, plays an enormous and constantly increasing part in the production of these cases.

Very commonly worry acts indirectly. The unfortunate seeks to drown his care in drink, to stifle it with morphia or to transmute it with cocaine. A noteworthy fact of the day is the lamentable increase of self-drugging, not only amongst men but also amongst women—the mothers of the race that is to be. Alcohol and morphia and cocaine, sulphonal, trional, and even paraldehyde; these and many other drugs are now readily—

far too readily—accessible for the relief of worry and of that sleeplessness which, as a symptom of worry and as a link in the chain of lamentable events to which worry leads, must hereafter be carefully dealt with. These are friends of the falsest, one and all, as none know better than their victims. Hence borderland cases, misery, suicide and death incalculable. There are no causes of worry so potent as foolish means for relieving it.

As the belief in dogmatic religion undergoes that decline which, whether for good or for evil, is unquestionably characteristic of our time, the importance of worry increases. A recent writer has shown how the increase in suicide is correlated with religious belief and disbelief. In European countries the proportion of suicide is least where the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches prevail, and highest amongst the Protestants. The number in Paris, as compared with those in all France, is enormous—"the irreligious city in a partially religious country. Italy and Spain are examples of less suicide in countries where Roman Catholicism yet holds her own, but Italy has begun to think, while Spain remains priest-trammelled, and, therefore, the Italian average is twice as high. Germany and Switzerland, having very high numbers, may indicate the mental unrest in countries where two religions clash.

"Protestantism—a term here inclusive of Lutheran, Calvinist, and other forms—invariably has a high number as compared with Greek and Roman Catholic churches; this probably points to the dark and hopeless Calvinistic principle of predestination, and also to the need of guidance in mental disquietude, the divine touch of human sympathy, of which every soul at some time is in need, being met, more or less well, by the system of confession."*

But the increase of suicide is merely the most complete and important result of the decline of dogmatic religion as an antidote to worry. Many lives are blighted by doubt or sorrow or fear for which, 500 years ago, the Church would have provided a remedy. Hence it is unquestionably true that the consequences of worry, both as an individual and a social phenomenon, become more apparent as men tend to pass further and further from beliefs and practices—such as private and family prayer—against which worry has been powerless to prevail in times past.

The consequences of worry in relation to ordinary physical disease are familiar to every physician. Not a few non-infectious diseases are known which seem frequently to be predisposed to by worry. Amongst these are gout, diabetes, and a certain form of goitre. My friend Dr. Schofield is of opinion that worry about cancer, in any particular site, may actually determine its occurrence there; but personally I am unable to share this opinion.

Directly we turn, however, to infectious diseases, the facts are seen to be evident and indisputable. All kinds of infection which depend upon lowering of the standard of general health are unquestionably predisposed to by worry. We know now that in the case of such a disease as consumption the microbe is encountered by every one. Those pass on unscathed who can resist it. That the bodily resistance is definitely affected by the state of mind—and notably, in the case of nurses and doctors, for instance, by the fear of infection—no one who is acquainted with the facts can for a moment question. In other words, worry about disease is a predisposing cause of disease, and so is worry about anything whatever. It is the repeated lesson of experience that, other things being equal, infectious disease tends to seize upon those who fear it and to pass over those who keep their flag flying. The nurse or doctor or relative who knows that the disease is infectious, and who has always feared its name, does, in point of fact, more frequently succumb than he or she who takes no thought for self at all.

As a direct cause of the kinds of nervous disease which we call functional, worry is, of course, all important. Many people cannot sleep because they worry about their inability to sleep. The more vigorously such persons set themselves to

*Miss C. F. Yonge, in the *International Journal Ethics.*

coax sleep—meanwhile becoming more apprehensive of failure—the more likely does failure become. The case is notoriously the same with nervous dyspepsia. Indeed, any part or function of one's body is apt to become disordered if we pay it too much attention. The higher part of the nervous system, that which is associated with consciousness, is wise when it leaves the lower levels to do their own business in their own way.

Hysteria in all its many forms seems to be increasing, and worry is one of its most potent causes. The patient has lost his or her power of volition. As Sir James Paget puts it: "The patient says I cannot; her friends say she will not; the truth is she cannot will." In other words, she has lost her self-confidence. But space does not at present avail for considering, at this moment, the value of self-confidence as an attribute of self-consciousness. Suffice it to observe that worry and self-confidence cannot co-exist.

If proof of the power of the mind in relation to hysteria and all forms of functional nervous disease be desired, the mere progress of Christian Science will provide it. Christian Science, which we must afterwards discuss, is increasing and is even threatening, as Mark Twain declares, to become the dominant religion, because it meets a real need. It teaches that to worry and to fear must be attributed all the ills that flesh is heir to. And this is true of such an amazing proportion of these ills that Christian Science cures them. The religion that has this kind of survival value will survive, and is quite independent of the good luck which, I for one, wish it. That the thing must be purged of quackery and of the lies with which it abounds is certainly true, but this must not blind us to a recognition of the great truth which, however unworthily Christian Science enshrines it, assuredly is as true as it was nineteen hundred years ago, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." That there is or may be a true religion, though I am a professed student of science, I do assuredly believe. Such a true religion will recognise, as religion ever has recognised with less or greater admixture of falsity, that faith is a supreme power.

The relations of religion and worry are most singular and striking. The true religion and the truths perceived by present and past religions are cures of worry and preventives of its consequences. On the other hand, many religions have been causes of worry, laying stress upon the sinfulness of sin, of the doctrine of future punishment, and immeasurably increasing the fear of death.

Human life is worth living, not in virtue of great discoveries or empires or banking accounts, or armies or navies or cities. "Only in the consciousness of individuals is the worth of life experienced." It may do for the ants and the bees to achieve mere social efficiency, but this, as such, is nothing in the eyes of self-conscious man. In the words of the Declaration of Independence, "Every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When one dares to mention happiness as the end of life, foolish people commonly speak as if one were thinking of race-courses or low music-halls, or wine, or worse. But the word happiness, as used in the Bible and other classics, has no such low meaning. There is no human end but happiness, high or low. Its one absolute negation is neither poverty nor ill-health nor material failure, nor yet starvation—"he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." The one absolute negation of happiness is worry or discontent. A prosperous society, consisting of strenuous, worried business men who have no time to play with their children or listen to great music or gaze upon the noble face of the sky or commune with the soul from which we have quoted, and of which another poet, Wordsworth, said that it was "like a star and dwelt apart"—such a society may be as efficient as a beehive, as large as London, and as wealthy, but it stultifies its own ends, and would be better not at all. "Better is an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

Such, in brief, are the main consequences of worry which, in a word, is the negation of all that makes life worth living. As I believe that life is worth living, or may be, I propose to consider the matter further hereafter.

(The Second Article of this Series will Appear in the February Canadian Magazine)

The Grim Irony of Luck

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

THROUGHOUT the brief afternoon, from the time that the troops opened fire on the people till the cold night of Russian winter smothered the fighting, Pavel had nurtured a fanatic enthusiasm. He was of the fair breed that is by instinct law-abiding, a youth of the slow Gothic stem, long-suffering and thorough, and it needed the barricades in the streets, the doors torn out, the sledges overturned, the songs and the shouting, to fire him to the point of fighting against the livery of authority. The taint of rebellion that ran like a quick flame through the universities of Russia had furnished him only with a creed and a bundle of phrases—it needed action to inform him with faith.

He stood, panting and blinking, at the mouth of an alley, into which he had been forced when a sally of Cossacks drove a lane through the mob. He was realising the day's work, driving his dazed brain back to its normal processes. His right hand was tingling, and he peered at it in the shadow of the alley—the crutch of it was black and burned with the back-spit of his cheap revolver. Half the buttons were gone from his student's uniform, and his cap was missing too.

He laughed suddenly at the contrast of his small troubles with those of the men and women whose bodies lay at that moment huddled about the streets. There were some not a dozen feet from him. The Cossacks had passed that way and the dragoons, slashing feverishly at a mob which, for once, fought back. There had been some saddles emptied, Pavel remembered, with a return of exultation. He had seen one officer's fair head very clearly over the sights of his revolver, and it had been a good, thrilling, clean shot.

It was at this moment that he heard the voice, whining with a querulous note, very like the whimper of a chained dog. It came from among those still citizens who lay in the road, stark black against the snow. Pavel reconnoitred. From a far quarter beyond the houses there was yet the noise of war, the distant clatter of shod hoofs on cobbles, shots and screams, but this road was clear. He adjusted his revolver in his side pocket to be handy if he needed it, and moved over towards the voice. He stepped gingerly over a dead woman, who sprawled with hands that clutched at the snow, and found his man. It was very dark, for the street lamps were all broken, and at first he could only see that the man, throttling his groans to a whine, was struggling to rise on his elbow. Dead bodies were all around.

"Have courage, brother," said Pavel, kneeling beside him.

The wounded man gasped an oath and fell back on the snow.

It was some quality in the voice, perhaps, or possibly a mere precaution, that drove the student to lean closer and look well. He made out a white, aquiline face, no older than his own, but it was not this that held him. The shoulder-straps on the long coat were of heavy gold, a broad scabbard was slung from the belt. It was a soldier, this groaner; more, it was an officer. Pavel started back sharply, divided between instinctive terror and honest hatred. He could never have told which was the stronger. He was staring dumbly at the man on the ground, and then he realised, with another start and a strange shrinking, that the man was smiling.

"I cannot hurt you," he heard, in a voice which still ran chill with easy contempt. "Just now I am harmless. So have courage yourself."

It tailed off into a groan. Pavel could see well enough now, and he watched the handsome face knit in a spasm of agony.

"Where are you hit?" he asked, as he began to recover himself.

"Neck," snapped the other. It was

odd to note the sharp irritation that armed the weak voice—like the threshing of a boxed snake.

"Get a doctor," he continued, "or go and tell my sergeant. I shall die if I lie here."

Pavel was squatting back on his heels, and he shook his head decisively.

"No," he said calmly. "I will help you if I can do it at no danger to myself, but I will not show myself to-night either to a doctor or your sergeant. Do you not see I am—I am——"

"Ah! you are one of them!" The young officer turned his head with an effort and looked up at him. "Perhaps it was you that shot me, eh?"

Pavel nodded. "Perhaps," he answered.

"Well," said the other, "if you leave me here as I am you will have killed me—and not in open fight. Does that appeal to you at all? It will be a murder. But possibly you do not draw the line at murder? You gentlemen of the barricades are not troubled with scruples, I believe."

"Now, look here," said Pavel. "When you call us murderers you lie. If you think that men who see the light——"

The other interrupted acidly:

"Oh, look round you, man!" he cried feebly, but with spirit enough. Pavel stared, but there was compulsion in the mere tone, and he looked about uncomprehendingly. There was nought but the naked snow on the empty street, the dark houses, and the unresentful bodies of the dead.

"Well?" demanded the wounded man, "is that a theatre for your speechifying? Can you do nothing but babble on such a night as this? By the Lord, I don't wonder some of you are hard to convince! Such stupidity! Oh, my neck!"

He groaned frankly, withholding none of the torment that racked him, and his extremity stirred Pavel to aid. His head was clear enough. He would not invite scorn with talk. He could do something to serve the moment's need.

"Listen!" he said. "You can have no doctor, or I should hang to-morrow. Don't trouble to offer your word. I shouldn't take it. But I can take you to a room and a bed, if you wish. What comes after must arrange itself. The alternative is to lie here—and freeze. Which will you have?"

"How will you take me?" asked the officer.

Pavel rose to his feet and bent over him. "Like this," he said, and lifted him easily. The wounded man bit on a cry of pain, and suddenly his slender body became limp in the student's arms. He had fainted.

It was not far to the room. None accosted them on the way. The dead and the maimed were commonplaces of the street in those days, and, for certain reasons of which Pavel was aware, the door of the house was unwatched by a dvornik. He laid his burden on the bed and dragged off his boots. As he got ready the brandy to restore him he took a good look at his captive.

The wounded man was very young. Pavel saw his boyishness with a wise pity, not reflecting that he himself lacked a month or two of twenty-one. He wore the uniform of an officer of dragoons, beautifully laced, and his spurs were obvious silver. There was a foppishness in the tunic's cut that somehow was not ridiculous. The clear-cut young face, obtruding caste and high-breeding in every line, was such that luxury seemed appropriate to its setting. As the brandy stung his throat the eyes opened. He came from his swoon to all his faculties at one step. He surveyed the poor little room with its coarse furnishings lonely amid its bareness, with a kind of complacent amusement.

"Whose room is this?" he asked presently.

Pavel put the brandy on the table, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It was the room of one Stepan Duraf," he replied. "He was cut down by your dragoons this afternoon, so none will know that you lie in his bed,"

"But the dvornik?" asked the officer. For a dvornik watches every door in Russia—he is the policeman on each threshold.

"The dvornik also died," explained Pavel. "Stepan shot him at two o'clock. So, you see, I am safe."

The wounded man smiled. "I sup-

pose you won't tell me your name?" he suggested.

"Naturally not," answered the student. "I am taking risks enough as it is. What is yours?"

"If you will get my cigarette case out, there are cards in it."

Pavel complied.

"Thanks!" continued the other. "Here you are then."

Pavel carried the pasteboard over to the lamp. "Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he read aloud. He looked over to the officer.

"I never met a Prince before," he said simply.

The Prince laughed. "The introduction is not complete," he said. "It is one-sided. It is like being presented to a royalty. You hear your own name but never that of the High Mightiness. You might be the Tsar. And, do you know, I think my wound is thawed. It's bleeding."

Pavel came over to him quickly. "If I were the Tsar, I suppose you'd simply have to bleed," he said. "As it is, I can probably do something."

He worked with bandages over the hideous wound in the neck, while the Prince groaned and strove to still his shuddering.

"Nasty place to be hit—the neck," he said faintly, when the thing was done. "There are all kinds of arteries in it and such things, and the bullet's still there, somewhere. I say," he continued, in a tone of anxiety and remonstrance, "couldn't you manage to get a doctor here somehow?"

Pavel shook his head. "You ask too much," he said. "You don't understand the matter. You're a Prince, and walk where you please. I'm not."

He was fumbling in a little cupboard as he spoke, and now he turned with some black bread in his hand.

"This should have been Stepan's supper," he remarked. "It will serve for us. Stepan would never have grudged it. He was a good sort. Will you have some?"

The Prince refused. "Well," said Pavel, "I will, at any rate. This and the brandy and a dice-box—there was nothing else in the cupboard."

He sat down on the bed again and commenced to eat.

"Dice?" queried the Prince.

"Yes," said Pavel. "Stepan was fond of the dice. Last night he threw three casts, his left hand against his right, for the dvornik's life. The right hand won. Thus he shifted his responsibility."

He went on eating. The Prince watched him, and a sparkle, as of hope or fun or malice, lit his eyes.

"You think the responsibility was really shifted?" he asked at length.

"Why not?" said Pavel. "Here was a life at stake, and God looking on. Do sparrows fall by chance? Why, then, should the dice or the dvornik fall fortuitously?"

"Well," said the Prince, deliberately, "I will play you for my life. Your responsibility is not less than your friend's. Do you also shift it?"

Pavel ceased eating. "I don't understand you," he said.

"Look at it sensibly," urged the Prince. His voice was already stronger. "I am shot in an ugly place, and I think I am going to die of it. At this moment I am all athrill with a fever. The bullet is lodged inside, in a nest of vital parts. It needs a doctor to pull me through—it needs a doctor *now*. It may be that I ought to die—that I belong where you and your fellows have tried to send me. And, then, it is as likely that you are wrong. Who is to judge? Will you take such an authority?"

Pavel heard him in a grave silence, and, as he stopped, nodded. "I see," he said. "What is to be the arrangement?"

"This," answered the Prince, with a slow flush of excitement reddening his face. "Three throws apiece, aces to count as seven each. If I win, you go out at once and bring me either a doctor or my sergeant. If I lose, you do as you please—stay here and let things take care of themselves. Fetch the dice and throw first."

Pavel sat for some seconds in thought. "It is fair," he said and brought the dice-box. He placed it on the pillow while

he wheeled the table to the bedside, and then propped the Prince's shoulders with a folded coat so that he might see the results.

He took the box, rattled it, and, with an expert turn of the wrist, strewed the three bone cubes forth. Five, five, six—sixteen in all. He pushed the six aside, and collected the two fives into the box. Again he threw, and the Prince craned in his bandages.

"What is it? What is it?" he was crying.

Pavel pushed the cubes nearer to him with his forefinger. A six again and a four. The student picked up the four for the final cast, and threw at once. A six again—eighteen in all.

"That will be hard to beat," said the Prince, in a voice of dead calm. "You must throw for me, my friend. This leaning forward hurts me."

Pavel threw, and two sixes and a deuce were the result.

"Leave the sixes," said the Prince, and Pavel threw again with one dice. It was scarcely better—a trey.

"What shall I pick up for the last throw?" he asked. He was quite calm. This was a thing he understood.

"Pick them all up," commanded the Prince. "Throw them all. Let the luck speak at the top of its voice or not at all. Throw me three aces."

Pavel swept up the cubes, rattled them well, and spilled them out on the table. The Prince was lying back looking at the ceiling, and Pavel stood without speaking.

"What is it?" asked the wounded man at last.

"Three aces," said Pavel quietly, "and I hang."

He turned to the door at once, and the Prince lay watching him as he went, with a face of calm, unemotional interest. His heavy feet descended the stairs, and once they hesitated. The Prince, listening, smiled. But they went on.

Pavel walked steadily through the still streets, tracking the troops by ear. He found the dragoons bivouacked about their fires in the square before the Governor's palace, asked for the sergeant, delivered his message, and was then arrested. He was held for an hour or two among the soldiers, who offered him vodka and stared not unkindly at this live enemy. Then, when the guard was changed, he was marched off and regularly lodged in the gaol. He had company enough there, for the net had been filled to bursting, and the great stone corridors were crowded with men from whom the fever of rebellion had leaked forth, giving place to the anguish of fear and repentance.

"Where did they catch you?" he was asked, as he was thrust in among them.

"In the company of Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he answered

"The gambler?" queried someone. "The young man who lost a million roubles in two nights?"

"I believe so," said Pavel. "In fact, I feel sure of it. But his luck has changed."

He abode in the gaol for twelve weeks. He learned what only a Russian gaol in time of trouble can teach—and that is not to be written in a story. From time to time, batches of the prisoners were taken away. They had been tried in their absence, sentenced behind their backs, and now had to face the music. None came back. Pavel had little curiosity about his own fate. He knew he should achieve it soon enough. There were dice in the room, and he played day and night till he lost his boots and had nothing further to stake. Then one day a warder thrust in a head and called him by name.

"Only one," wondered the others. "What is the idea? Are they going to burn men alive that they call them one at a time?"

Pavel was led across the courtyard, and as he went he looked hard at the sky. But there was no platoon awaiting him, no gallows black against the snow-clouds. He was conducted into the Governor's room, and there, sitting limp in a chair, but smart and imperturbable yet, was Prince Constantine.

The Prince nodded to him. "They dug it out, you see," he said. "You were not a minute too soon. I don't

know why, seeing it was fair play, but I have been feeling sorry for you."

"I have been wondering how you were," said Pavel.

The Prince smiled. "More," he went on, "I have done what I could for you. You know your sentence is to the mines?"

"I didn't know," said Pavel. He paled at the thought of it.

"Yes," continued the other. "The mines, but I didn't like the idea. I have not much influence in these matters, but I have arranged it that you will not go to the mines. You will be shot. It's not so bad, is it? And you certainly paid up like a gentleman."

Pavel bowed to him. "Thank you," he answered heartily. "Thank you. You certainly win like a gentleman."

The Prince rose carefully from his chair, and held out his hand.

"We are well matched for a game," he said. "Good-bye, and better luck next time."

Pavel grinned. He saw the joke, and took the hand cordially.

The Four Winds

BY SPENCER FREER

WIND of the south, wind from the southland kind,
Blow soft and low from out the southern night,
And kiss the flowers, slumbering so light,
They are thy lovers, beauty all enshrined.
Oh, springtime wind!

Wind of the west, wind of fair sky and plain,
Blow clear and cool across the heated land,
Thine air is tempered by the Mountain Hand;
And welcome is thy breath to waving grain.
Blow, summer wind!

Wind of the east, wind of the change and sleet,
Which traileth winter in the weird refrain,
And bringeth up the storm-cloud and the rain.
The last lone blackbird dieth at thy feet.
Oh, autumn wind!

Wind of the north, wind of the northern sky,
Blow chill and cold across the waste of snow,
Across the prairie land where coyotes go;
The wild geese scent thee and they southward fly.
Blow, winter wind!

Canada's Place in the Empire

By A. E. McPHILLIPS

THE growth of the British Empire, made up as it is of the British Isles, Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, has been phenomenal. That which has tended most to the enlargement of its bounds has been the adventurous spirit of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races, so well combined in the march of progress, ever reaching out for new fields of conquest. Wherever the flag has been raised there has been established freedom of personal liberty, protection to property and Christian civilisation. In the upbuilding of this world-wide zone of government, the British Empire has now within its confines, not only millions of people, but distinct nationalities. Unquestionably, national unity and strength has its mainspring in sentiment and tradition. At times it is hurtled about that soon will be seen the dismemberment of this aggregation of nations. Those who know best do not hesitate to deny, and with emphasis, that there is any well-defined sentiment that makes for separation. This, however, brings us to the point that I desire to make; that is, there must be an awakening and a realisation that the Dominions beyond the Seas must have some voice in the large affairs—questions of imperial importance. It is inconceivable that any subsidiary place is to be taken or always imposed upon the peoples that for a time, perhaps, were doomed to be at the outposts of the Empire.

The question is, How best can the change be brought about and at an early date? Take Canada's position to-day with a population of six millions. Ten years hence will see ten millions; and in a quarter of a century it is not improbable that the figure will be twenty millions. Population alone is not to circumscribe national aspirations (witness the national prominence, prestige and power of the people of the United States when the population did not approach that of Canada to-day). It cannot be expected that the genius and laudable ambition of the Canadian people will be forever dwarfed and made secondary to that of the British subjects who reside in Great Britain and Ireland. This is a matter that must be grappled with. The large questions of empire must come for settlement before the representatives of the whole empire; and it is for the statesmen of the day to devise the means to accomplish that great end.

It is my opinion that there should be legislative bodies for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which would give complete self-government, covering the scope of legislation that we have in Canada and similar legislative bodies throughout the Empire. This being accomplished, there would follow an Imperial Parliament made up of elected representatives from all self-governing parts of the Empire; and this truly Imperial Parliament would deal with all those great questions of Imperial import, commerce, treaties, peace, war and the like. Until something of this character obtains there will always be danger of dismemberment. It is not in the order of things that the present self-governing nations which make up the Empire will always be contented as things are now. It cannot be gainsaid that to-day the Canadian passing along the Strand does not hold the same position, nor is he the same factor in the affairs of the Empire, as the London citizen. This should not be. The British subject beyond the Seas should have equality of position and equality of opportunity in all matters appertaining to the Imperial Government. Some will say that this view is visionary and cannot become an accomplished fact. I do not think it impracticable. It must be and is the only reasonable consummation of the forces that are now making for the consolidation of the Empire. In so far as trade relationship is concerned to-day with a policy of protection, we find Chamberlain the cynosure of all colonial

eyes; and it is but a part of the whole movement which must come and must be struggled with. Ireland has rather forced the question that I have here discussed; and the situation there will go far to solve the problem, as, undoubtedly home rule will soon become a *fait accompli*. The Unionist Terrorists, with their cry that home rule means separation, have got their quietus. Mr. James Bryce, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking to his constituents in South Aberdeen, said: "The Irish people ought to get a far larger share of the management of their affairs to produce confidence in the law and make them feel that the Government of Ireland was their Government in the same sense as the British Government was the Government of the British people." That could be safely, moderately and temperately done, and it was for that he was going to Ireland.

Then we have Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, in his address to the electors of Haddingtonshire (East Lothian), saying: "Under any system of government, the Irish people can only be ruled, if attention be paid to their own wishes, and these wishes be allowed to prevail in matters which do not touch the integrity of the Empire. Such a policy involves progressive development of the policy of devolution begun by Mr. Gerald Balfour and by Mr. Wyndham. The spirit and ideal of such a policy is home rule. For home rule means the bringing of the system of Irish Government into harmony with the wishes of the Irish people."

There is no doubt that in the granting of home rule to Ireland questions will come up for consideration that will make towards a better conception of the Government of the Empire and for a wider range of responsibility in matters of Imperial import.

What a Parliament of Parliaments that would be at St. Stephen's, made up of representatives from all parts of the Empire, for there should be the meeting-place; and with the ease and celerity of transportation present in these days no difficulties of distance stand in the way. In this connection it is somewhat pertinent to the matter under review to recall the words of Edmund Burke: "My poor opinion is that the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well-being, I had almost said to the very being, of the two kingdoms. For that purpose I humbly conceive that the whole of the superior, and what I should call Imperial politics, ought to have its residence here (London); and that Ireland, locally, civilly, and commercially independent, ought, politically, to look up to Great Britain in all matters of peace or of war (A Letter on the Affairs of Ireland, 1797).

Canada should, of course, not yield up any of her present constitutional powers. If anything, she should even have these powers extended; but, certainly, Canada should, as should all other self-governing nations within the Empire, have a voice in Imperial politics and in what should be a truly Imperial Parliament. Nothing short of this would satisfy the genius of the Canadian people.

The New Year

BY INGLIS MORSE

SLOWLY from the steeple, near,
I hear the midnight bell—the breaking year;
A signal that the old has passed
And given place at last—
E'er yet the wings are furled—
To youth that cheers the world.

Education in Canada

By W. FRANK HATHEWAY

EDUCATION means a drawing out of the faculties and so evolving their powers that students will become the very best men and women. We need to be actors, and doers and thinkers, not mere imitators and followers. The average intelligence can learn more quickly by acting, doing and seeing things done than merely by hearing the details of how things *are* done. The education needed for the engineer, the architect, the mason, the pattern-maker, the farmer, the miner, the eighty-five per cent. of every country's population should be provided mainly by manual training schools, technical, agricultural, and mining schools. Germany and Austria woke to their importance in 1860, with the result that German manufacturers are competing in Great Britain to the anxiety of British statesmen.

In Canada we are lamentably behind the Austrian and the German. These countries, although they keep up enormous armies, think it also wise to spend about three dollars a head for education, much of which is expended by the state directly for technical and agricultural schools. It is estimated that thirty thousand young persons in Canada have paid fees to a Pennsylvania correspondence school since 1900, at a cost of over $1,000,000. This money was paid into a United States school in the hope of getting that very education which our own Government should establish in every Province. Scores of young men leave Canada every year to enter the splendidly equipped technical schools and colleges of the United States, and become experts in mining, engineering, etc. The fees go to United States teachers and the cost of living to United States people. The sad feature of this is that it gradually turns the clever Canadian boy into an active United States expert and inclines him to think of Canada as a *pleasant memory*. I admire the policy claimed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and often expressed in his speeches. It is essentially Canadian in its demand that "transportation lines must run on Canadian soil," and that the "trade of Canada shall flow only through Canadian ports."

I ask him to search through the British North America Act and see what there is to prevent the central Government taking some thought of the educational future of the Canadian, so that the farmer, the miner, the engineer and the mechanic will have his manual training school and his technical and agricultural college to fit him for the life contest. Spend fewer millions in the militia department, and through a minister of education spend proportionally in each Province millions more in technical education. Instead of our people spending their thousands in United States correspondence schools, let the central Government aid each Province to provide technical high schools to which the youth might flock.

Canada, however, shows small inclination to establish herself on the firm ground of thorough education. A young country of six millions which has no enemy, which needs no defence, only a fairly strong militia police, is turning the people away from education and embarking on a policy of defence, as if war were knocking at our gates. Little Switzerland, which spends three dollars a head for education, has to have an army and forts, but why should we need them? The Arctic zone on the north bars out the Russian bear. The Monroe Doctrine makes us safe on the Pacific and Atlantic. Our neighbours to the south are our friends. We have no lands to conquer, and do not need warships. We have no enemy to repel and do not need more forts. We *do* need the ordinary active militia such as we had in 1890 to 1900 to act as police. Externally we are safe and protected. Our expansion must be internal. We need farmers, miners and mechanics, and we need good ones who take pride in their work and who

are skilled. These are more than militia or navy, or traders or professions. These are the makers of wealth. They fashion and form the raw material of the field, the mine and the forest into those commodities which make up our export trade. Let our rulers spend money lavishly for the education of these and their children. These are the Adamses and the workers in brass, and they demand education, not education for the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman, who are but the chips thrown up to the high level of the tide-drift on the shores of labour's ocean; not the education of languages and of the past history of effete monarchies with all their Wars of the Roses, the Tudors, the Stuarts; not that education which deals with dead sovereigns and dead languages, but a live, solvent education of the world around us, the natural world, the chemistry of the earth, the physics of what we feel and the mathematics of what we see. This mechanic, this industrial force, this worker stands like the German trumpeter. The blast he blows comes from knowledge of an abused past. His trumpet-note shall tumble down the walls of prejudice to make way for the new Canadian Technical Colleges. He cries aloud, "In all Canada there is not one Technical College or Institute, and only one Technical High School, and that is maintained by the city of Toronto. Take then," he says, "from the millions we pay in duties for militia cost, for judges and parliamentary salaries, take millions each year and establish a national system of education whereby we may have technical schools and agricultural colleges, so that we could keep our youth at home and equip them at all points to compete in Europe against the skill of the industrial classes of the United States."

That is what labour, selfish, active, eager labour says to the rulers and spenders of Canada's yearly revenue of eighty millions of dollars. There is, however, a much higher ground than the mere trade success on which the industrial forces of Canada should demand more education. Our teaching has in the past been too formal, too much to memorise, and too little upon the development of the child's thought. We are awake to this error, but in our enthusiasm may run the danger of developing all towards the technical in the useful arts, forgetting that the plough came after earth and her beautiful forms were created, forgetting that beauty existed long before utility was known, that beauty is the special need of the soul, whereas utility is for the needs of the body. Plato, who knew much, says "that children should have such a plan of teaching that they may learn without compulsion." Centuries before Froebel or Pestalozzi, he said: "Do not force boys to their learning, but train them by amusement, so that you can better be able to discern the direction of each one's genius."

In this kindergarten, this manual training, we must give precedence to the beauty of nature, for by that we develop the highest Canadian. We must be more than skilled artificers, miners and farmers. By this skill we may compete for trade, which provides the body with food, clothing and comforts. In this we are only a little higher than the animals. That is what they seek—food, comforts, shelter. That in man which demands music, painting and poetry is the soul reaching out for beauty. This desire, this reaching out, demands the study of nature, from which comes all art, both the useful and the finer arts. The trees beyond the field must be to us more than timber for ships, or cords of wood to burn; they must in their beauty express the power that created the life in the germ from which they sprang. The white vein of quartz in which our eager eyes see a thin line of gold or lead, must not be only the gold or lead, but shall show us the laws that rent these hills, channelled these valleys, and poured that white quartz through the coarse granite. The unerring flight of the wild geese returning to the marshes of the Hudson Bay and James Bay must not mean only the shipload of provisions and furs sent by the Hudson's Bay Company every August to the British market; it must also make us wonder at the intelligence that guides for thousands of miles the fleet-winged loon and wild goose as they move northward in spring. Thus the bird, mountain, tree, river and lake speak

to us at last, as the higher education tells us of the power that makes and unmakes. It takes not away from the skill of the farmer to feel tenderly towards the daisy and the clover that his scythe has to sweep into rows behind him. He is a better Canadian if he permits his scythe to pass by unscathed the fringed beauty of the purple orchid as its perfume tells him of its presence in the damper soil. That miner is a higher Canadian who, as he searches for his outcrop, stands a minute in admiration of the purple amethyst or the stalactite hollowed by natural law. He is a higher Canadian who sees in the rapid flight of the king-fisher, joy at its swift motion and pity for its frightened note, who feels in the sweet breath of the arbutus in April, or in the last fragrance of the ferns in October, a visible sign of the spirit of God brooding over the smallest of His creatures in their awakening and in their death. This is the education of the spirit of beauty, the soul, which, as it belongs to the eternal and is eternal, understands the message that Nature has in leaf and flower, in wave-crest and in mountain-peak. It is the revealing of this spirit which forms part of the duty of the higher education, and when our Governments carry out deeply these esthetics in a national system of education, then will our fine arts and our useful arts unite in producing the only sure foundation for the highest national education.

"Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar," and a nation that loses its civility, its love, its heart in the amassing of wealth has lost at the same time reverence for its institutions and love for its natural surroundings. And these, too, are largely the basis of true patriotism. Such a nation loses the power to make songs for the people, and when a nation forsakes poetry and music it has stopped the channels that held it to God, it has cut the ties that bound it to the spirit. Then come the days when Satan walks forth and advises that the world is only for a few, that all men are not to have equal opportunities, that one great class will always be the slave of one small class. Thus may it not be with Canada, but let the higher education so inform her new life that the splendid promise of her Saxon-Gallic people will be fulfilled in a way worthy of this new century and worthy of the Saxons and Celts from whom we have descended.

Ethics of the Farm

WHEN I have, say, a thousand bushels of beans to sell, and my neighbours have enough among them to affect the market, I know just exactly what to do when a buyer comes along with a price that is not high enough to suit me. I sell him a hundred bushels, and mildly hint that he tell the neighbours I have sold. Of course, we are all eager for a higher price, but example is just about as big a thing in the country nowadays as it is in the city. The neighbours sell, and their beans go off the market. Again the buyer comes around, and now he must pay my price or get no beans. And the beauty of it is, he can afford to pay me more, because I set the fashion for him in the first place. Besides that, he knows that he is raising the price only for me and only because he needs the beans to finish a carload.

Of course, my neighbours and I are on friendly terms with one another. We exchange visits, play cards together, and are generally sociable. But above all things, and at all times, we are looking out for Number One. I am not an exception.

Farmer John

The Cattle Country

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(Tekahionwake)

UP the dusk-enfolded prairie,
Foot-falls soft and sly,
Velvet cushioned, wild and wary;
Then—the coyote's cry.

Rush of hoofs and roar and rattle;
Beasts of blood and breed—
Twenty thousand frightened cattle;
Then—the wild stampede.

Pliant lasso, circling wider,
With the frenzied flight;
Loping horse and cursing rider
Plunging through the night.

Rim of dawn the darkness losing,
Trail of blackened loam,
Perfume of the sage brush oozing
On the air like foam.

Foot-hills to the Rockies lifting,
Brown, and blue, and green;
Warm Alberta sunlight drifting
Over leagues between.

That's the country of the ranges,
Plain, and prairie-land;
And the God who never changes
Holds it in His hand.

His New Chance

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

TO the strained sight of Mariette the figure on horseback toiling slowly down the gorge road gradually grew smaller. Although in the clear mountain air that bathed Eagles' Nest Cliff the vivid colours of his trappings were still easily discerned, the girl knew that her father must be fifteen miles away. Dreamily she watched him, clutching ever more tightly the mysterious packet he had placed in her hand at parting. Now he had reached the bottom of the canyon and was lost at the bridge where the shadows lay thick; but eventually he reappeared on the other side, and went crawling painfully up the opposite slope.

"Father doesn't seem to see the danger of treading the gorge alone by night," she mused, as she finally lost him in the silent dusk. "Perhaps, as he says, there is no danger"; and her laugh rang out like a silvery chime, as the new thought struck her. "What a joke if someone would waylay him, when the treasure is all here!"

Eagles' Nest, the most impregnable fastness in the Rockies, was supposed to be known only to Mariette and her father, and was reached by the secret path familiar only to the faithful feet of old Buck.

The girl glanced up affectionately at the frowning walls that crowned the jagged head of the cliff. The pile had probably once been a monks' abode, erected in the impenetrable solitudes by some intrepid religious enthusiast, but long abandoned for a more favourable and sheltered spot. It was in ruins utterly, and from a distance appeared like a ragged projection of rock, showing no signs of the life that lately infested it. No better spot could be imagined for concealing treasure, and that is the use Mariette's father was putting it to; for he had discovered, in the valley below, a monk's treasure, which would bring him a fortune in the cities, could he only collect it all and get it safely past highwaymen and other scoundrels interested in the problem of living without working.

The girl retreated into her little room and opened the roll which her hand tightly clutched. There on a bed of decayed velvet lay three diamonds, whose value she could only vaguely estimate. She turned them to the light, and the vivid blue leapt up gleefully after the darkness of years. She was dropping them one by one into the little bag where more of their kind reposed darkly, when, moved by a sudden impulse, and wholly contrary to her father's directions, she took the bag and thrust all its precious burden into her bosom, hooking her dress over it.

"For what concealment does that box afford," she muttered, "being the most conspicuous object in this bare little room to a robber—should one ever succeed in finding our retreat?"

A strange new fear fastened on her out of the darkness.

"This being left alone is playing on my nerves," she thought, starting nervously at the creaking of a board. "I wish we could get the stuff to El Paso. But," going to what she called her front window and gazing down the sheer face of the cliff now silvered in the moonlight, "I am as safe here as I would be in the heavens I so nearly touch. My home by day is only a rock, as my light by night is only a star."

Nevertheless, in spite of this immunity from harm, which she had proved to her entire satisfaction, Mariette took down the little revolver and thrust it into her petticoat pocket.

"Trusty little friend," she said, patting it, "come with me into that drear old kitchen while I gather up my dishes."

Did the floor creak again? Oh! she was becoming absurdly womanish, she who had ever been her father's "man." She picked up her lamp, humming unconcernedly, but stopped on the threshold as suddenly as if a sword had been flashed

in her face. There in the outer dimness sat—a man, a real man, a big man—a—a *black* man, with his legs comfortably propped up on a chair, and his head meditatively thrown back on her favourite cushion. At sight of the apparition with the bright light, he gave a start that nearly threw him off his chair.

"Confound you!" he cried sharply. "What are you doing here?"

"It might be more to the point to ask what are *you* doing here?" she replied, trying to steady her voice, which seemed to her like the thin edge of sound.

He stretched lazily. "I only dropped in for a bite of supper, ma'am," he said, with due meekness.

"I'm sure you're welcome to what you see," she responded, indicating the remains of her father's supper. He sat up without further invitation, and, while she tremblingly set before him what her meagre store afforded, she was studying him minutely from behind.

He was not black. What had seemed to her the marks of foreign birth in the uncertain light was a sunbrowned skin and a shock of carelessly kept black hair, but the man was, without doubt, a native of America. He wore the gay shirt and scarf of the Spanish herdsmen, and buckskin breeches that had seen hard service in the saddle. His whole makeup was one of gay grace, the queerest mixture of ruffianly politeness that ever tormented the world. To Mariette, those great, restless, brown eyes seemed strangely familiar, and she searched her mind to catch the memory connected with that face somewhere in the dim past, but it eluded her.

After eating heartily, he pushed back his chair and came toward her. She had risen also, and he had no difficulty in hearing the sharp hiss of her frightened breath.

"Confound it!" he cried again, grinding his heel savagely. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"You climbed the Eagles' Nest to get your supper from a deserted ruin, did you?"

"I was told the house was empty. I didn't expect to have to deal with a woman."

"You ought to be thankful I am not a man to throw you over the cliff for your impudence."

"I am not glad though," he responded dubiously.

"I don't know but what I'll do it myself, woman though I am"; and she whisked the revolver from her skirt. "Now leave!"

"Come, come, don't be rash," he said calmly, thrusting his hands into his pockets, a movement calculated to bring to light the shining barrel of a murderous weapon at his belt. "And pray don't be nervous. I hate nervousness in anyone. You act as if you might be concealing something, some precious treasure. By the way, there is a treasure here, isn't there?"

Involuntarily she grabbed her throat to see if it was safe, and he laughed dryly.

"Never mind, ma'am," he chuckled. "I don't want to see it—at least not now."

He struck a match on the heel of his boot and proceeded to light his pipe. "Hoping you don't object, ma'am."

It was that hateful, long-drawn "ma'-am" that supplied to Mariette the missing link in a long chain of memories. She recognised him.

"You are—you are—you—"

"Yes, I am," he laughed, pleasantly.

"Black Duff!"

He acknowledged the title by a sweeping bow that was characteristic of him.

"In more respectful terms, Mr. Dufferin Black, at your service." His grace would have charmed any admirer of manly beauty, as he stood so provokingly cool before her, but Mariette was not thinking of grace. She was in a puny rage at his invulnerableness.

"At least," he said sadly," they used to call me that when I wore these."

Mariette looked and discovered on his blouse the scarlet and gold colours of the University of Denver. A college-trained brigand! But that was only one of the odd contrasts about him.

"Come, come," he said banteringly, as she shuddered; "you'll have to stiffen up if you are going to throw me over the cliff."

She closed her eyes to shut out his horrid image, while her quivering form swayed and would have fallen but for the chair against which she leaned. She had no show

of courage, no bluffs, in the hated presence of Black Duff. The useless weapon slipped through her fingers, and it seemed she must fall on her knees and implore her life at the hands of the most daring and merciless brigand of the south.

"You poor little thing!" he said not unkindly. "This is a real mean scare I'm giving you. Open your eyes. Holy Smoke! It's little Mariette!"

She gave a dry sob. Was the fiend omniscient? Where had he learned her name? She wondered if he had squeezed it out of her as he had the hiding place of her treasure.

"You are thinking of the place where we last met," he said slowly, the smouldering fires of a tender memory lighting up his magnificent eyes.

Both their minds had, indeed, jumped back to that day in the dim past. It was market day in El Paso. The native women, gay in their blue and red skirts, cried their luscious wares to the passers-by. Darkies sang at the wharves of the river, and heavily laden mules came leisurely down the mountain roads. Suddenly the crowd divides, for a guard strides through, dragging a dusty prisoner, foot-sore and faint from hunger. He is only a boy with great wild, passionate eyes, and a quivering mouth that cannot look stolid in crime, but the whisper goes from mouth to mouth that it is, indeed, the notorious Black Duff, driven from his mountain fastnesses by the hand of justice.

"You were there with your father," he murmured, and his mouth still quivered, though the years had hardened it. "I remember how you sobbed when they gave me the lash in the market-place. 'Father! Father!' you cried; 'those men have made some mistake! He is not a criminal. He looks as if he had a conscience that would kill him if he did wrong.' How the crowd laughed! 'Hush Mariette,' your father said (you see I have kept the name); 'it is, indeed, Black Duff, the most infamous robber in the south. Conscience indeed!' But you were not convinced, and when your father's back was turned you gave me a cluster of grapes from your basket—great luscious grapes which tasted like a heavenly feast. I bowed and kissed the hand that gave them—they say I was never lacking in gallantry—and then your father dragged you back into the crowd as if a leper had touched you. Two weeks later, you and all the world heard that Black Duff had broken loose and had gone to the mountains again. Ha! it is a gay life."

A laugh and a frown chased each other over his dark, expressive face, for, while his lips smiled, his eyes never left off looking sad.

"Strange," he continued half-reluctantly, as one who tells against his will, "how straight you struck it about the conscience. I have one that nearly kills me at times. Like to see it?"

He tore open his shirt and exposed the gleaming, untanned skin of the shoulder. The light fell on a short, jagged scar, with the white bone shining under the drawn skin. Mariette shuddered, but gazed in horrified fascination.

"Why do you call it your conscience? Does it remind you of something?"

"Remind me? Oh, yes, it does that!"

"Does it hurt?"

"It stings occasionally, as consciences will." He buttoned his collar and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well! shall not a man pay for his sins?"

She gazed at him in awestruck silence that coaxed his confidence. She was not trembling any more, but seemed to be listening with all her senses.

"You see it was my first attempt, and that is why I remember it. Gracious, how much has happened since, that I cannot remember! It occurred to me while I was wearing these," and he touched the colours of which he seemed so proud; "as a result my chum was put out of business just three weeks before his graduation."

"Put out of business?" she murmured.

"Killed, ma'am, killed," he explained with dark emphasis. "They got me away. A new country, a new chance, they argued. So I thought then, but now I know that no new chance comes to the man who has taken away the chance of another."

He lapsed into a long silence, broken occasionally by a deep sigh.

In her intense interest, Mariette had leaned forward until almost double, allowing the treasure bag to slip loose with

unfastened mouth. It is safe to say that both had forgotten its existence, until the tinkle of a tiny jewel on the floor brought them back to the subject in hand. Into the farthest corner it took its zigzag way. Black Duff followed and rescued it, balanced it on his fingers admiringly, and returned it to her.

"As far as I am concerned," he said gently, "you are quite safe. I will not touch your treasure—little Mariette."

"Oh, then you are going now?" she said simply. All at once she discovered that she was no longer afraid of him, any more than if a mighty cannon that had been pointed at her had been turned to face the other way. It would be darker and colder on the mountain when the brilliancy of his presence was removed.

"Yes, I am going," he replied. "Come with me to the edge of the cliff. Come see me off."

The moon was above the summit of the hills and its light filled the sombre canyon with weird witchery. Far, far below, moving uneasily among the spiny cactus growth of the valley were three specks, which must be men. He pointed to them.

"What are they doing?" she whispered.

"Keeping guard till I get back," he replied. "That is Shorty and Gus and Big Job, the California Smasher. They are impatient. Listen."

"I hear only the hoot of the owls in the cliffs," she answered.

"That is our call."

"Are they coming up?"

"Not if they can help it. It is too hazardous. But if I am not back by midnight, they will come. You see, ma'am, I didn't expect to find anyone home on the cliff, and calculated all I'd have to do was to get the box. I knew all about it from your boy Bill. There, don't plan to have his blood—he didn't mean to tell."

She thought of her own weakness in revealing the treasure, and was silent.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in childish faith.

"I am going down to them to try to trump up a story about not being able to find the path, getting lost, rolling over the cliffs, anything in fact to gain time. Maybe your father and his boy will return sooner than you thought."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by—little Mariette."

She put her hand in his and discovered that it was cold and clammy.

"You are breaking faith with your gang. You—you think they will kill you, I believe."

"I think Big Job will kill anyone who deceives him, and I am going to deceive him and keep him deceived all night."

"Oh! is there no other way? Let's stay here and deal with them as they come up."

"I would rather deal with them by stratagem than muscle," he replied. "I am willing to do your bidding, ma'am; but, consider, I am only one to three."

"Two to three," she corrected proudly.

"You? You are only a woman."

Mariette was nettled. "And therefore make up in wit what I lose in muscle."

"No, my way is best." He was over the edge of the cliff.

"Men's ways generally are. You are going straight to your death."

"Likely," he said obstinately.

"Then go," she muttered under her breath, and he went.

Mariette lay flat on the ground with her face over the cliff.

"Say!" she called. "Say, Mr.—er—Mr. Black!"

He turned at once and looked up. The moon struck his pale face set with grim purpose.

"Don't go away like that," she pleaded.

"Like what?"

"Angry."

His face cleared at once.

"If you see they are really going to kill you," she planned, "confess the truth, and I will give you the treasure for them."

"Never!" he cried, stamping his foot.

"There, he is angry again," she pouted.

"Never," he said again, but the tone was very different.

"I will save him yet, the handsome dare-devil," she cried, springing up, wild with thought. "A woman's wit, which he despises, shall save him, and herself, and the treasure—save the whole situation, in fact."

She picked up the gun, and when he emerged into the full moonlight she took deliberate aim. It was beautifully done. Instantaneously with the report the man dropped in a limp heap across the path.

The specks among the cacti moved to and fro uneasily. It was past midnight and Black Duff had not returned. At times they disappeared, only to reappear on higher ground. They were coming up. Steadily, painfully they climbed, seeking always to cover their movements behind huge rocks, until they came into the open space where the limp body lay, making a gruesome warning to trespassers. They stopped behind a rock, looking anon furtively up to the top, and held a parley. The Eagles' Nest gleamed with subdued, expectant lights, as if its eyes fairly bulged with eagerness to sight the foe. "We are betrayed," they agreed. "The house is guarded. Bill has repented after all—so much the worse for Bill. Black Duff is wounded in the back while fleeing. Judge the magnitude of the danger that would make Black Duff run." And though they kicked his body and called him a coward not one of them dared venture across the open space where he had met his fate. By common consent, they wound down the hill as painfully as they had come, concealing every movement until they reappeared on the plain below.

Then—then a wild figure sprang to the edge of the cliff, dropped over, and by leaps and bounds came to her bleeding victim. She put her ear to his heart, wiped the blood that oozed from his lips, and deftly from her apron made a bandage for the shoulder wound.

"Oh, my hero, my hero," she moaned. "Cursed be that fatal shot! Cursed be woman's wit that has no strength to carry out her plan. Do you not see that I did it for the best? To save you and me? I have saved my self and the worthless treasure—but you—you! Don't look at me with that glassy stare. I tell you I did it for the best!"

All night she watched over the head that lay in her lap, the head that no one else in all the world would have mourned to see in the dust, the head that was worth five thousand dollars in El Paso. She watched the moon set thick and red in the west, and the stars fade before the approach of day. When the sun's broad face smiled above the mountains, the sufferer stirred for the first time and opened his eyes.

"You are crying," he said vaguely, with a feeble attempt to brush away her tears. Then reason came back, and he remembered how he had fallen across the path.

"You little vixen, you tried to kill me!" he panted.

"No, no, no!" she cried, covering his mouth. "Don't you see how I have saved the situation? We are all safe."

"Woman's wit," his fevered lips muttered admiringly. "But why didn't you tell me about this open space, where we might have picked them off one by one as they came up? I had overlooked it."

"I was trying to tell you, but you persisted in your own way."

"You might have made me understand," he said with the petulance of extreme weakness.

"I was afraid," began Mariette, and her cheeks became rosy. "I was afraid, if you stayed up on top, you—you mightn't get wounded."

He nestled his head into a more comfortable position. "You put a bullet into me so I shouldn't get off with the gang again, but to all appearances be dead to the world and to them."

"Ye-es."

He sighed contentedly. "Well, we'll hope this won't be better for four or five weeks. By the way, where is it? I'm numb all over."

"You are wounded exactly on the spot of the old scar," she told him. "Your conscience is gone—that old conscience that was always reminding you of things. From this time forth, you will have a new conscience that will remind you of a noble deed."

The hard lines fell away from his sensitive, womanish lips. The sun shone on his bronzed face, kindling upon it a boyish newness of hope. "Oh, see the sun!" he whispered as the light leapt up the cliffs. "I shall see a new day."

"And, please God, a new chance," she said, solemnly lifting her brow to the morning.

The Other Side of the Fence

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"SOMEONE has come to live on the other side of the fence," announced Elizabeth at the breakfast table.

"Dear me!" said Uncle Edward. "Does the personage occupy the whole fence or only part of it?"

Miss Adams, pouring out the coffee, looked up.

"How you tease the child, Edward," she remarked with a fond glance in the direction of Elizabeth. "Bothersome little thing!" she thought.

Uncle Edward smiled across the table.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Elizabeth, impatiently. Then with a palpable effort to be polite: "It's just a way Uncle and I have. He understands what I mean, and I understand what he means, and neither of us ever means very much anyway—not at breakfast. It is what is called light conversation."

"Something in the nature of a breakfast food," explained Uncle Edward gravely—"predigested. Elizabeth and I, according to Miss Corelli, must belong to the same circle of whatdoyoucallums; we understand each other by electricity."

Miss Adams' smile lost a little of its sweetness. It was really most annoying, the fuss Edward made over that ugly little niece of his—a saucy, uncomfortable child with eyes like gimlets. Still, it would never do to protest—not yet.

"How nice!" she murmured, a trifle vaguely. "Is it one lump or two, Teddy?"

Edward Norton looked up, wonderment, patient and unflattering, written broadly on his face. Miss Adams' eyes were modestly busy with the sugar bowl. It came to him with a little shock that she was blushing.

"Oh, excuse me!" she murmured. "Being so much with Mabel, it comes so naturally."

"Mother hardly *ever* calls him Teddy." Elizabeth's voice was shrill with jealous indignation. "He doesn't like even me to call him that, since a year, because—

"Betty!"

"Because—oh, just because," finished Elizabeth, applying herself to her toast.

But Miss Adams' quick black eyes, though modestly busy with the sugar bowl, had not lost the look which passed across the table, nor her ears missed the low exclamation. It was really insufferable.

"A good reason," she remarked dryly. "Evidently one of those understood only by—electricity."

Again Elizabeth came gallantly to the rescue. "As a matter of fact," said she, "I guess there is not any reason, except that it sounds kiddish."

Miss Adams, of large, if unprofitable, experience in the ways of men, knew that it never pays to be cross. She raised her eyebrows prettily at Uncle Edward.

"Children talk so much," she said plaintively. "There used to be a very proper rule about being seen and not heard."

"It sounds familiar," agreed Uncle Edward.

"Ever hear about that rule, Betty?"

"I never talk when I'm not wanted to," stiffly, "if that's what you mean. Shall I stop now?"

Uncle Edward waved his hand in a courteous negative. "On the contrary," said he. Miss Adams frowned.

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, "I knew you were dying to know who has come to live on the other side of the fence."

"I am," admitted Uncle Edward, eagerly. "Hurry up. I don't want to die with two eggs and a slice of toast still before me. Who is it?"

"Give you three guesses."

"Let's see! Old Mr. Merrion come back to live?"

"Wrong. He's dead."

"Old Mrs. Merrion come back to live?"

"Wrong again. She's dead."

"Well, then, old Mr. and Mrs. Merrion come back together to live—ghosts!"

Elizabeth eyed him with suspicion. "Are you quite sure you don't know?" she asked. "The person has been here three days, perhaps you have met h—the person?"

"If he had he would most certainly have mentioned it." Miss Adams' tones were full of the utmost trust and confidence. Uncle Edward fidgeted. Elizabeth grinned.

"Would he?" she asked skeptically. "Anyway there's no harm in telling. It is old Mr. Merrion's niece who has come, and I think it's horrid. She's sure to go poking around. She'll find out all my nice places and I'll never be able to make believe they belong to me any more. I shouldn't be surprised if she claims my Ali Baba cave just because it happens to be on her side of the fence—see if she doesn't!"

"Merrion, Merrion," said Miss Adams thoughtfully; "if it is Miss Gertrude Merrion to whom Elizabeth refers, Edward, you could not have a more charming neighbour. She is the greatest living woman authority on religions—other peoples' religion. I mean, of course, heathen peoples. I once heard her give a paper on Buddhism. I was quite taken with her. Not at all good-looking, you know; at least I never could see it, and not very young, but so intellectual. You will like her immensely. I remember the Hon. D'Arcy Malloy saying afterwards that she was simply tremendous."

"Tremendous!" said Uncle Edward a little sharply. "Why, she is—at least I don't see how a child of Rodger Merrion could possibly be tremendous."

Miss Adams placidly sipped her coffee. "I presume he meant the paper on Buddhism," she said coldly. "Personally, I believe Miss Merrion is rather slight."

"That's better." Uncle Edward rose from the table a little hurriedly. "I like slight people."

Miss Adams smiled. She also admired slight people.

"Not when they're thin as sticks, though," commented Elizabeth.

Miss Adams, to whose carefully preserved figure an enemy might possibly have applied the word skinny, exercised a truly Spartan self-control and continued to address Uncle Edward archly:

"Oh! you don't have to *admire* her, you know."

Elizabeth saw the archness and rebelled inwardly. Aloud she said innocently: "Oh! there's no danger of that. Uncle Edward doesn't admire girls any more since——

"Betty!"

"What were you going to say, Elizabeth?" Miss Adams' voice was very smooth and gently persuasive, but Elizabeth, knowing the look upon her uncle's face and considering discretion the better part of valour, had already followed his retreating figure from the room.

Left alone, Miss Adams sat idly, frowning a little and crumbling her bread with nervous fingers. Gradually, however, the frown smoothed itself out and with a sigh of relief, as if her meditations had been comforting, she arose, smiling cheerfully.

"He simply couldn't stand Buddhism," said Miss Adams to the coffee cups.

Meanwhile Elizabeth, outside, had slipped a repentant hand into an unresponsive one.

"Uncle!"

No answer.

"I say, Uncle, shouldn't I have said that?"

"Said what, Elizabeth?"

"Why that—what I didn't say, you know?"

"Oh, that! I don't know. I was afraid you were going to refer to my private affairs. If I was wrong, I beg your pardon."

"No, I guess you weren't wrong," regretfully. "I was going to say, 'Since you stopped being engaged to Kitty Ferrers.' I suppose you might call that a private affair."

"Well, yes, rather private, I think."

"I'm sorry then. But when Miss Adams looked at you so—so—oh, so flirty—" Elizabeth paused, as one who is unable to find further words, and together they walked in silence to the orchard gate.

"Betty," said Edward Norton at last, "I think I ought to correct a misapprehen-

sion. Your partiality for me is apt to prejudice you. As a matter of fact, Miss Adams did not look at me in the—er—manner you describe."

"Didn't she?"

"Miss Adams, being such an old chum of your mother, naturally looks upon you as—well, as a near relative, you know?"

"What kind of relative?" asked Elizabeth.

"And I look upon her in the same light, in the same light entirely. I do not like to see a spirit of jealousy in you, Elizabeth, and now that this little misapprehension is removed I hope to see an improvement in your manners—they need it."

Elizabeth reflected. "And why," asked she softly, "why didn't you remove this misapprehension before—say three days ago?"

"Well, you see, it is only lately that I—"

"Began to consider the question of the near relationship of Miss Adams," finished Elizabeth. "I see. But oh, Uncle, I don't think I'll like the new one any better if she reads papers of Buddhism!"

"Elizabeth!"

"Oh! you needn't; you didn't tell me. I just guessed—electricity, you know."

Elizabeth was now a panther, creeping stealthily through the underbrush toward the river, ready to spring and seize upon her prey when it came to drink. Though the prey, in this instance, was only an old grey cat, the utmost caution was necessary, for old Timothy had become so used to being a prey that his hearing had developed an acuteness almost abnormal. But to-day, although the panther crept with absolute noiselessness, it was still not within springing distance when the prey arose and walked slowly but determinedly away. The panther crouched. She knew what that meant—Human Beings were approaching.

"I will show you all the very best places for fish," said one Human Being, persuasively. The panther frowned, it was Uncle Edward's voice.

"Oh! thanks," answered the Other Human Being, doubtfully. "But really, you know, I think perhaps—you see I've known you such a very short time, Mr. Norton."

The panther peaked through the bushes. The Other Human Being wore a blue shirt-waist suit and a shady hat. The panther had never seen either of these before. "It must be the other side of the fence," decided she. "Oh, how I wish Miss Adams would come along!"

"Yes, but I seem to have known you for ages," Uncle Edward's voice went on. From what the panther could see, he seemed to be addressing himself to the shady hat. "You see, Miss Merrion, when a lady is more or less in the eyes of the public——"

"Public!"

"Well, not public, exactly. But I can't feel like an acquaintance of three days. After having heard you give your remarkable paper of Buddhism I felt that I—that I——"

"You must have felt very strangely indeed," interrupted Miss Merrion kindly. "So you heard me give that paper? Let me see, it was at—where was it, Mr. Norton?"

Quite carelessly the shady hat had turned itself so that he could observe nothing but an interesting bow at the back, but the panther, watching, saw a delightfully fresh and youthful face with dancing eyes and lips that were trying hard to keep from smiling. "Oh!" said the panther, "and Miss Adams said the other day she couldn't see it!"

"It was, let me see," said Mr. Norton, hesitatingly—"well really now, I'm not quite sure. Awfully treacherous thing, memory. Now, though the place escapes me, I can quite well recollect Hon. D'Arcy Malloy saying afterward that it was simply tremendous."

The shady hat turned round again. Miss Merrion's face was sweetly serious.

"How kind!" she smiled. "The Hon. D'Arcy always makes such luminous remarks, they are apt to dazzle one. But do I understand that you are interested in Buddhism, Mr. Norton? You have studied the subject?"

"Oh, awfully! But as I was saying, I really believe you will find me indispensable in your fishing. My little niece

knows this stream by heart, and if you will let me come with you I can show you some splendid pools."

The panther writhed. "Oh!" she whispered, "the mean thing, the traitor! He'll tell her about my Ala Baba cave next!"

"If I could be sure you would talk about an improving subject," said Miss Merrion thoughtfully.

"I assure you——"

"Well then, perhaps. I am so pleased that you know all about Buddhism. So few people do. I should so much like to know your opinion of it, from a religious standpoint, say, or a Socialistic standpoint, or a political standpoint, and from any other standpoint that happens to occur to you."

"They don't," said Uncle Edward, helplessly.

"Don't what?"

"Occur to me. That is—er—you see the whole thing is so tremendous. It's just as that Malloy chap said, it is tremendous, you know."

Miss Merrion sighed. "Indeed, I feel it as deeply as you do," she said, gently. "Still," she went on, evenly, "I would so much like to know what you think of it as a whole."

"Shall I put your worm on?" The tone was so humble that Uncle Edward might almost have been the worm himself.

"Thank you. I admit that I do not manage worms successfully. But you were going to tell me how you looked upon Buddhism as a whole."

"Oh, well!" desperately, "as a whole I expect there are some pretty decent points about it, don't you think?"

Miss Merrion raised her pretty eyebrows slightly.

"Decent points! Oh, I suppose you mean that Buddhism does contain some ideas which are essential truths and without which no religion could be built up? I see. Now, what do you——"

"Hush! s—s—sch! Now then, put her there, no, no, a little to the left. Right. Now then hang on to him! Oh, look out, let me help you! Got him? Slowly now; there he is!"

"Oh, what a beauty! Did you ever catch as big a one as that, Mr. Norton?" Miss Merrion's tone was ecstatic.

"Never!" said Mr. Norton, eagerly.

"Did your niece? The one who knows the river so well?"

"Certainly not."

The listening panther fairly wriggled with rage. "Oh, if Miss Adams would only come!" she breathed. And then, because things like this do happen right along, Miss Adams did come.

"Oh—Edward," said a smooth voice which could belong to but one lady. "I thought you were running into town on business this morning."

"Just returned," cheerfully. "Miss Merrion—Miss Adams; but, of course, you ladies have met before."

"Never before, I think." Miss Adams' tone was chilly.

"Oh, no, never!" If Miss Adams' tone was cold, Miss Merrion was frigid.

"I remember meeting your charming and talented sister once," went on Miss Adams. "I had the privilege of hearing her paper on Buddhism. It was a remarkable paper. I remember hearing the Hon. D'Arcy Malloy speak of it afterward. He said it was——"

"Tremendous," finished Miss Merrion sweetly. "Mr. Norton, too, has just been telling me how much he enjoyed that paper!"

"Edward! Why, I was not aware that he was present."

"Oh, but he was, only he took me for my sister. Do you think me like her, Miss Adams?"

"Not at all," slightingly.

"Oh!" with a sigh of relief, "I am so glad. Esther looks so learned, she frightens people. Now, I am quite harmless. I never wrote but one paper in my life, and that was at school on "The Cat as a Domestic Animal," so I don't consider myself learned, you know. Mr. Norton has been terrifying me by his display of profound knowledge."

"Oh!" Miss Adams' tone was not encouraging.

"I was giving a fishing lesson—er—just a few hints, you know," explained Edward hastily. "You may perceive that we have caught a fish."

"We!" said Miss Merrion, sharply.

"Do I understand that you claim a share of that fish?"

"You could hardly divide it," remarked Miss Adams kindly. "It is so very small; not bad, though, for one who is taking lessons."

"Oh, but I don't think it's small!" said the proud fisher. "It's quite large. Mr. Norton says he never caught one as large himself."

"Does he?" If looks could kill, it is terrifying to think of what might have happened to Uncle Edward. "Then some of the stories I have heard him tell—however, I must not interrupt the lesson. Good morning, Edward. Miss Merrion, I will do myself the pleasure of calling soon. Good morning."

The culprits stood spellbound until the last flutter of the indignant lady's dress had disappeared. Then they both sighed. I can't explain just why, because people sigh from such different causes.

"Gracious!" said Miss Merrion, when she had collected herself. "Who is she?"

"Chum of Mabel's, my sister-in-law; she is staying with us at present. In fact she is almost an institution here. Acts rather as if she owned the place, doesn't she?"

"If you might be considered as going with the place, she does."

"You are unkind. I assure you, I am quite ownerless. Often I have tried to even give myself away, but no one seemed to be looking for snaps. Once, I grieve to say, I was returned with thanks."

"Ah! any reason?"

"More material on hand that could be conveniently used for matrimonial purposes."

"I suppose you—felt quite badly?"

"Y-es. I did then. Lately I have begun to wonder if I were not reserved for better things."

"The study of Buddhism, perhaps——"

"Oh, Miss Merrion, please! You wouldn't tread upon a worm, would you? Not a humbled and helpless worm like me?"

"I don't know. If I were a Buddhist worm I might, or a worm that told dreadful fibs."

Uncle Edward began to reel in his line. Dejection showed plainly in every line of his handsome countenance. The watching panther was disgusted. "He thinks she's mad," moaned she. "Oh! isn't a man silly?"

"I suppose," Uncle Edward's tone was dogged, "I suppose I may as well go along. It's evident that you won't play with me any more, Miss Merrion. And yet I did it for the best. It is always when I am doing things for the best, that I put my foot in them. It is exceedingly discouraging to a man of high principles."

"You would call it high principles, I suppose, to say that you remembered me reading that paper?"

"I hold that it was an extreme case, in which the means were justified by the end."

"And the end was?"

"The end was—may I tell you what the end was—Dorothy?"

"You may not, Mr. Norton. I am compelled to remind you that you have known me just three days.

"You don't need to remind me. I will never forget those three days. Are you angry? Do you think I had better go home?"

"Perhaps you had."

"Do you think I had?"

"I'm—afraid so."

"Very well, I go. But to-morrow I return."

"I can't help that."

"And the next day."

"I can't prevent you, of course."

"And the day after, and every day after, right on to the end."

Dorothy threw little stones into the water, and said nothing. Uncle Edward began to disjoint his rod.

"Don't you want to know *what* end?" he asked persuasively.

Dorothy threw another stone and followed it critically with her eye. "Did you see that stone skip?" asked she.

"Don't you?" he persisted.

"When I read a book I never look at the last chapter."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Not even when you get there?"

Dorothy stopped throwing stones. Her

face was now quite hidden by the shady hat.

"Oh, when I get there, naturally!"

"Then don't you think," said Uncle Edward, taking in a firm clasp the little sunburnt hand, searching aimlessly for stones, "don't you really think that a man would be a fool if he didn't try to hurry up the last chapter—Dolly?"

"Don't!" cried she, starting up, crimson and trembling. "Oh, please don't! I want time, I want to be sure, I—please let me go, now."

"I don't suppose I'm supposed to listen to this," thought the panther miserably. "I never dreamed they were going to be so silly! He's dropped her hand; what's she waiting for?"

But the liberated lady did not make good her escape. Instead of flying she even came a little nearer and giving him a glance, half entreating and wholly beautiful, she whispered: "It has been such a lovely story, I want to be quite, quite sure that the ending will be a happy one!"

Then, swiftly eluding his outstretched arms, she vanished into the wood.

And the panther, as she crept stealthily away to seek once more her prey, mused sorrowfully, and perhaps a trifle scornfully, upon the unaccountable ways and manners of human beings. Yet deep in the panther's heart there lurked a very unpantherlike determination, which might have been interpreted in words somewhat after this manner.

"When I grow up I will have a shady hat, and goldy hair and eyes that look like the sky in the fishing pools, and—oh, dear, I'm afraid Uncle Edward will be awful old then!"

At Christmastide

BY HELEN BAPTIE LOUGH

AT Christmastide, what matter if the trees
Stand gaunt and leafless, and the early snows
In ragged drifts, wind-scattered here and there,
But make the dull, brown fields more dull and brown,
And flowers sleep as though to never wake?
The old world dreams of holier things, and all
The hearts of men—hard though they be and cold—
Throb with a mightier joy than summer flowers
Or spring's full-flowing brooks could ever bring,
Because the God of heaven and earth and sea
Deigned to send down, in His surpassing love,
That mightiest gift of Fatherhood divine,
His own begotten Son at Christmastide.

SILLERY IN THE EARLY DAYS
From an Old Print

An Old-Time Novel

"The History of Emily Montague"

REVIEWED BY IDA BURWASH

IT is not surprising that this old-fashioned book is now seldom seen. Judged from the standpoint of letters its story has little to commend it, though in its day it ran to two editions—one, published in London in 1769, the other in Dublin in 1786, in four thin volumes.

Yet the book has a certain interest—chiefly perhaps in the fact that it stands to-day the first attempt to reflect the social life of Canada in the days of English rule. In the first of those transfer days Frances Brooke, the writer of the book, came to Quebec, where her husband was chaplain of a regiment. According to the fashion of the time, in the year 1769, the preface of her novel is addressed "To His Excellency Guy Carleton, Esq., Governor and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Province of Quebec, etc., etc."

As an author Mrs. Brooke was not a novice. She had already written an opera which was produced at Covent Garden and a novel, "Lady Julia Mandeville," which was widely read in England. In London she was somewhat of a personage, a *familiar* of the famous "Blue-Stocking Club," and an associate of such distinguished wits as Johnson and Garrick. She kept her footing too in the world of art, for in connection with Mary Anne Yates, a noted actress, she was colessee of the Haymarket Opera House, and in the studio of her friend, Miss Reid, she mingled with the celebrities of her day. There she encountered Fanny Burney, whose novel "Evelina" was soon to take the London world by storm. Shy Fanny as yet had not ventured into print, but if her greeting to Mrs. Brooke was timid, her opinion of that authoress was boldly confided to her Diary. As usual on returning home that evening, down went her live impressions. "Mrs. Brooke is short and fat and squints," she scribbled, "but

she has the art of showing agreeable ugliness. She is very well bred and expresses herself with modesty upon all subjects, which in an authoress, a woman of known understanding, is extremely pleasing." So much for the woman.

For the writer there is unfortunately less to be said. Mrs. Brooke had a rare opportunity. The life of a New World vivid in its contrasts lay open to her view. Daily, men and women of different races and nations went their ways beside her within the walls of old Quebec. A pen-picture, even of the surface life about her, would have been a precious heritage to-day. The old Chateau St. Louis must have been the background of fascinating scenes. A description of its quaint interior, or of the odd mixture of Old World pomp and New World circumstance that doubtless marked its state receptions—an account, indeed, of any of its functions would have been invaluable to the story-writer of a later date, a treasure to the modern student struggling to recover a true impression of the past. But the great novelist, like the poet, is born, not made. With all her chances, Mrs. Brooke but grazed the surface. Not a word descriptive of the city did she leave. Not a social event is detailed. She had not the power to create a single character. Yet weak though her book may be, we owe her something for the effort—something for the fact that behind the "plot" there still flit glimpses of a Canada of long gone days. They are fleeting glimpses, it is true; but "he," says the wise man of old, "who having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on." Having fairly laid our hands then on this old book, a glance at its fading pages may not be amiss.

The outline of the story briefly runs as follows:

To ease his mother's embarrassments at home, Ned Rivers, a young Englishman, takes up a grant of land in the New World, preferring Canada to New York, because "it is wilder and its women are handsomer." At once a favourite in "society," he meets at Montreal the charming Emily, and regardless of her engagement to a rather vulgar Baronet, Rivers falls in love with her at first sight. Luckily the baronet becomes heir to a fortune and is induced by his scheming mother to put off his marriage for six months. During this interval Rivers and Miss Montague are thrown together at the house of a mutual friend, Miss Arabella Fermor of Quebec. The usual happens in good old-fashioned story-book style. Emily's engagement to Sir George is broken off—to the delight of Arabella, who considers the Baronet "more an antidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt." Rivers woos and wins his Emily, but on the point of marriage is disturbed by news of his mother's illness. Fearful of interfering with her lover's "duty," Emily in a transport of self-sacrifice sails for England. Rivers, frantic, follows in a second ship. Arabella goes later with her father, and the story shifts to England. There all is arranged as in the fairy tales of old. The plot becomes extremely confused, but Emily's unknown father turns up at the right moment to bestow her hand on Rivers. Mrs. Rivers is left a fortune in the nick of time. Arabella marries her Irish Captain Fitz, Lucy Rivers her brother's favourite friend, and in the light of this glittering honeymoon the story ends.

Following a fashion of the day, the tale is told in the form of a series of letters written by these English settlers in Canada to their friends at home.

These letters are written chiefly to the Colonel's sister, Lucy Rivers. Her brother at first gives her his impressions of the country as he sails up the St. Lawrence from the Gulf. He describes "its wildness and loneliness, its solemn silence with no sign of man's occupation," when wrapped in the mystery of primeval woods and hills, it is more than beautiful and rouses in him a sense of the "great sublime."

But gradually overcome by his passion for the pretty but bespoken Emily, his outlook, manlike, takes a pessimistic turn. He grumbles that the glory of the Indian is fallen—that the savage has learned little from the white man but "excess in drinking." Disgusted, he declares the French Canadians are superficial; that gay and fascinating as the

women are, "never on earth has he met females that talk so much and feel so little of love." The nuns, it is true, are gracious and dignified, gentle by birth and breeding—the Ursulines so much so that "he frequently forgets the recluse in the woman of condition"; but, while he is willing "to let the world play the fool in its own way," he is depressed by the sacrifice of so much youth and beauty swallowed up by convents and in gloom watches novice after novice go to her doom.

Luckily for Lucy, she has a gayer correspondent than her love-sick brother. Arabella Fermor, a school friend of the Rivers, had recently joined her father on his charming property at Sillery. The letters she sends to Lucy are full of chatter of Quebec and its surroundings. To the English girl in the midst of London fogs the English girl in Canada writes delightedly of the clear skies, the brilliant Northern Lights and the glorious moonlight of the West. Though the sun is hotter than in England, it is tempered by breezes and the evenings are deliciously beautiful and cheerful, particularly when the flashing fireflies, like a thousand stars, shed their delicate splendour on trees and grass. The modern Quebecker will smile as she reads that on such evenings it was a common sight to see on the Ste. Foye Road (then the Hyde Park of Canada) forty or fifty "calèches" bearing their burden of pretty women, French and English; the latter wrapped in loose, floating cloaks of India silk.

The climate is described as all the year round agreeable and healthy, the summers divine, the sun cheering and enlivening, the heat as great as that of Italy or Southern France, without the damp of England. And then, as now, this glorious summer was made the most of. Then, as now, picnic parties visited the lovely scenes in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The exquisite Falls of Montmorenci and the wild charm of the Natural Steppes cast as keen a spell on beauty-loving natures a hundred and forty years ago as they do to-day. Arabella writes in transports of admiration "of the wild grace of the Montmorenci River, deep and beautiful, bursting its way through the stupendous rock—of its magnificent walls crowned with noblest woods, its gayest flowers, its little inlet streams gushing through a thousand grottos, suggesting the haunts of the Nereids, and of its little island set in mid-stream, like the home of the river-goddess herself, beyond which the rapids rival in beauty even the cascade." This in itself, she writes, "is worth crossing the Atlantic to see."

AN OLD-FASHIONED CALÈCHE

To describe the beauty of autumn she can find nothing more expressive than the

Canadian phrase "superbe et magnifique." In November, however, she is surprised to see "windows being pasted up," particularly as both Indians and beavers have prophesied a milder winter. But when December arrives with emphasis, the beaver's falsity is insult heaped on injury, for the snow lies six feet deep on the ground, rising above the windows so that they have literally to be "dug out" every morning.

The Canadian girl of to-day carries her summer with her through the depths of winter. Dressed in the flimsiest of garments as she floats about her furnace-heated, flower-decorated rooms, she doubtless has her own opinion of the "good old days of her ancestors." She may even hug that opinion to herself with an inward chuckle as she reads of Arabella, shivering and distinctly cross, trying to write in an atmosphere where the ink freezes on her pen; where wine freezes beside the stove and brandy thickens like oil; and where the largest wood-fire in the chimney does not throw the heat a quarter of a yard."

But Arabella had her compensations.

If there were days when she ruefully gazed at the snowy path down the hill to the farm—down whose turnings on summer days past she had gleefully watched "her beaux serpentize"—at least on every Thursday there were the Governor's Assemblies, when into the Assembly Chamber the little beauty swept surrounded by a troup of her encircling "beaux"; and at the State Ball in the Governor's Palace, she writes to her friend, "at least three-quarters of the guests were men."

Nor were cariole-drives despised by this saucy beauty—when "weather or no," wrapped in buffalo robes and snug in peaked scarlet hood lined with sables, quite the prettiest hood in the country, winning for its wearer from the "military" the name of Little Red Riding Hood—the little coquette was off at a pace of twenty miles an hour, skimming over the beaten snow and finding the inevitable "upset" not the least exhilarating part of the "experience." Even in weeks when the cold was too severe for any outing, in the old house at Sillery the days were scarcely dull. There was little chance for moping with Emily Montague and Colonel Rivers and Arabella and her Irish Captain Fitzgerald playing shuttlecock all morning to keep their frozen blood in action, and livening up their evenings by "playing at cards—playing the fool—making love and making moral reflections." Among the latter, Arabella in a very chilly moment "reflects" on those stupid enthusiasts who talk of a "new Athens near the Pole," being firmly convinced that "Genius can never exist in Canada," where the faculties lie benumbed six months in the year." She is also illumined by the possibility that Pygmalion's statue was after all "only a frozen woman thawed by a sudden warm day."

The colonial fashion of receiving gentlemen on New Year's Day meets with her heartiest approval. That the gentlemen of the city should call in person to wish their friends and hostesses the Compliments of the Season was a graceful attention. A later writer states that on such occasions the ladies were greeted by their visitors with a "chaste and holy salute." When it is remembered that this was a time when tea was twenty-five shillings a pound, and wine twelve shillings a dozen, the modern hostess may have her doubts as to the peculiar grace of this ancient custom.

While Arabella dashes off her quips to Lucy, her father corresponds with a noble Earl. To his lordship he writes sedately: "The system of the French is military not commercial. Every peasant is a soldier, every *seigneur* an officer; all serve without pay, and their lands are practically free. The habitants are tall, robust and indolent, loving war and hating labour; brave, hardy and alert in the field, but indolent at home like the savages whose ways they quickly take to. But though ignorant and stupid they have a strong sense of honour, and are vain and look on France as the only civilised country in the whole world. Yet they have an aversion to French troops, but idolise Montcalm, for whom even his enemies wept."

Montmorenci has its charms for Captain Fermor too. In winter, as he stands below the fall, on the "glassy level" of the frozen river, he is dazzled by the colours as the sunlight strikes the ridges of the ice. He describes the scene in its wild mag-

nificence as one of grandeur, variety and enchantment.

"Quebec," he confides to his friend, "ranks as a third or fourth rate English country town; where there is much hospitality, but little society—where there are cards, scandal, dancing and good cheer, but where the politics are as difficult to understand as the Germanic System."

This correspondence is short and ends with the following unique suggestion:

"Your Lordship's idea in regard to Protestant convents here on the footing of the one we visited together at Hamburgh is extremely well worth the consideration of those whom it may concern, especially if the Romish ones are abolished, as will most probably be the case. The *noblesse* have numerous families, and if there are no convents they will be at a loss where to educate their daughters, as well as how to dispose of those who do not marry at a reasonable time, and the convenience they find in both respects from these houses is one strong motive to them to continue in their ancient religion.

"I would wish only the daughters of the *seigneurs* to become nuns, obliged on taking the vow of obedience to prove their *noblesse* for three generations, which would secure them respect and limit them. They would take the vow of obedience but not of celibacy, with power as at Hamburgh of going out to marry, but only for that, and as at Hamburgh even the Abbess should have power to resign."

Before the scene shifts from Canada, however, we have Arabella's farewell to the spot she prefers above all others in the world except London—her farewell to gay Quebec where "the beaux were six to one," where she drank chocolate with the General in town, and syllabub with her friends in the woods of Sillery; her farewell to "the sweetest country in the world, where she danced twenty-seven dances at the Governor's Ball on Thursday." To Montmorenci she hurries again, where "for the last time," she writes to Lucy, "I visited every grotto in its lovely banks, kissed every flower, raised a votive altar on the little island, poured a libation of wine to the river-goddess; and, in short, did everything it becomes a good heathen to do."

Every age has its exaggerations. To the visitor, fleeing from the modern park, the blare of the merry-go-round, and the cruel advertisement of the zoo, this picture of whimsical Arabella saying a romantic farewell to grove and stream in the wild silence of the gorge has its enviable points.

Then comes an impression of the Bic of a hundred and forty years ago, jotted down in passing. "At Bic," she continues, "we landed to pick raspberries, just in view of shores wildly majestic, the south water just trembling to the breeze, the ship with all her streamers out, floating on the tide, with a few scattered houses seen among the trees in the distance."

Finally, we have a last glance at the lively scribe just as she disappears from western shores, for in August the ship lies becalmed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Here," she writes once more, "we fished under the Magdalen Islands in a dimpled sea and dancing sunbeams, the fish playing on the surface of the water, while in the distance rose the Magdalens, fenced in by their walls of rock."

Here the connection of the story with Canada is dropped. If the impression it leaves is slight, it is not unpleasing—this passing glimpse of an old New World, of Montmorenci in its first wild grace, as of the majesty of the St. Lawrence in its lonely and unpeopled days! This glimpse of first winters when the snows lay deep on isolated farms—when houses were bare of luxuries, yet had a grace of their own as we see them still in the light of their pine-wood fires blazing up the rough chimneys and in the warmth of the welcome they so graciously included! This glimpse too of amusements simple in style yet keenly enjoyed, and of that first rubbing together of the edges of French and English natures, each at the moment incapable of understanding the other's point of view. Best of all, perhaps, to the present day Canadian is the suggestion of the growth even then of the settler's love for the home of his adoption—for "Canada the sweetest country in the world."

LEAVING CAMP FOR THE DAY'S WORK

Patriotic Military Training

By LT.-COL. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT

I SHALL try to consider military service purely from the point of view of a patriotic citizen of the British Empire, and indeed limited to the exigencies of our North American situation. In our people at large there is a phlegmatism with regard to our Canadian militia which is appalling when we think that the very existence of our country may depend on the basis of our military organisation as largely as upon the spirit of our people; and that the former may be moulded to influence the latter.

It may readily be answered that the reason such a small number of representatives of the people take any part in parliamentary discussions of the militia, or why so few persons in the country at large even write or speak on questions affecting it, is because these things are held to be purely technical and professional. The average citizen thinks that they should be left to the comparatively small circle of men who are at the moment taking an active part in the militia itself.

The technical or professional side of the matter is not what I aspire to treat of in this article, but rather of other considerations which should be apparent to every patriotic citizen. And I hope that I can put them plainly as grave matters, which, instead of being merely of academic interest, will appeal to every intelligent man and woman in Canada as primary duties to the country. Take as preliminary considerations: What is the object of our military force? Do we need a military organisation in Canada?

Taking the object into consideration, what should be the form of our military organisation? If it is necessary to give

every able-bodied citizen some training to fit him to defend his country, then how will it affect the individual, the community at large, and the British Empire?

With these preliminary matters in view we first ask the question, What is the object of our militia? Is it a paid army kept by the rest of the community to defend them against attack from foreign foes, or is it a species of constabulary like our North-West Mounted Police or the Irish Constabulary, but in this instance maintained to act against strikers, or to prevent riots? An answer to the first question might reasonably be that the militia, as it exists, is so helplessly inadequate when considered as a force which could defend the country, that some sympathy must arise for the people at large who do not take it seriously. Then, on the other hand, if it is viewed as an organisation whose object is chiefly to enforce law and order when called upon, we are amazed that we require such a large and expensive constabulary in the heart of Canada; and the question immediately arises whether, having this object in view, it could not be remodelled on vastly simpler and less expensive lines.

When we look back and consider the history of the militia, with which is inseparably linked the history of our country, we find what, at all events, was the intention of our forefathers as to the object of the militia, and we are also brought face to face with the consideration of the second question, "Do we need a military organisation in Canada?"

In 1812-13-14, for three long eventful years, the handful of people in Canada withstood the armed force of the growing nation to the south of us and bravely repelled thirteen invasions of that vastly more numerous people. After that was all over these brave men decided on a form of national defence, in the light of the practical experience obtained by them in their three years' successful death-struggle for their country and their flag. The plan they decided upon is the same plan that has been adopted by every country in the world save England in her "magnificent isolation" and the United States in her North Americanism and vast numerical strength. The plan our forefathers deemed essential to the safety of Canada was that of the Boers, of the Swiss, of the Japanese (though less drastic), and with the same

1906 CAMP, CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES, ALBERTA

C.M.R. CAMP—TROTTING DRILL

patriotic fundament of home defence that underlies the extreme rendering given by Germany, France, Italy and Russia, to the only possible system for a brave and patriotic people.

Our forefathers therefore determined to provide for again defending their country if it should be necessary; and as they reasonably held it to be "an every man's job," they framed laws which compelled every able-bodied citizen who was not a criminal to turn out under arms once a year while in the prime of life.

But unfortunately in Canada in that day there was inequality in the rendering of an otherwise perfect system.

In Ontario it was necessary to turn out but on a single day; in Nova Scotia during the five days' training provided for in that province much useful work was done, while in Quebec three muster days were exacted at different times. Naturally anything like efficiency was out of the question in Ontario, and after the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the Acts of 1846 and 1855, instead of strengthening the weak spots in a national patriotic military system inaugurated the voluntary standing army system of England, which all recent enactments have been following and emphasising ever since.

We have drifted somewhat away from a direct answer to our question. Evidently our forefathers thought a militia organisation necessary. Their view of its object undoubtedly was to repel invasion from the south should the great nation there at any time make up its mind to repeat the attempts of a century ago.

Though the original design of our militia has been lost sight of, though we are not working on the lines thought necessary by our forefathers, and though we have so far drifted away from them as to have made the inadequacy of our system for the defence of the country so apparent that the average business man does not take the present militia seriously, yet with all that the heart of the people is true as steel; they believe that the object of our militia should be the defence of Canada to the death, and that we do need a military organisation.

I cannot give a better example in support of this than to allude to the splendid feeling of loyalty whenever a county council is appealed to in support of Canadian defence organisations.

It is not many years since I approached more than one county council and laid before them the matter of the struggles and difficulties in connection with keeping up our volunteer militia. I put the question to them somewhat in this wise: If for any reason they believed the defence of Canada so hopeless as to be waste of energy in attempting, or undesirable for any other reason, the matter could end there; but if they believed we should, and would, put up the fight that our forefathers did in 1812-14, then the county should play its part in giving countenance and aid made necessary under our present military organisation. Though it is usual to have party feeling shown in almost everything in our Canadian administrative bodies, I have yet to see a want of unanimity in a county council on this question. Conservatives and Liberals alike vote solidly to a man in favour of the principle of the defence of Canada and a willingness to give any reasonable aid on their part to necessary and well-conducted military organisations. I will say this, that instances have arisen where the behaviour of some loafers who have "gone out to camp" for the money they could get out of it, has shocked county councils and caused withdrawals of assistance. These men care as little for the work or the regiment they enroll in, as for the patriotic object of the training, and do grave wrong to the militia in the eyes of many worthy men and women among the farms and villages of our country. There are many county councils whose recognition of their duty to their country is a gem in the diadem of Canada, but I am never tired in instancing the sterling loyalty and patriotic devotion of the good old counties of York and Peel, as examples of the stuff of which the county councils are made.

This brings us to the consideration of the third question. Taking the object of our militia to be for the defence

C.M.R. CAMP—DISMOUNTED FOR THE FIRING LINE

C.M.R. CAMP—THE HORSE LINE

of Canada and not a police force, what then should be the form of its military organisation? In any ordinary every-day affair, when people wish to feel sure that they will have a safe opinion—or as safe as we can get anything in this life—they turn to those who have had experience in the particular matter concerned. It would be expected, therefore, we would obtain the best practical view as to the most satisfactory form of military organisation to ensure the safety of Canada, from the men who have taken part in actual operations carried on with that object in view.

This naturally takes us back again to those giants of 1812, whose plan of military organisation I have touched upon. The original plan mapped out by these men, from their practical experience, was that every male citizen, physically fit and not a criminal, should be liable for military service between the ages of eighteen and sixty. They also were of the opinion that an untrained, undisciplined mob, not knowing one end of a rifle from the other, was undesirable; they therefore provided by law that all should be compelled to acquire some experience in military organisation and the use of arms. As has been pointed out, all the provinces in Canada at that time adopted this principle, but, unfortunately for the general success of the plan, it appears to have been carried out in a very slip-shod manner and it soon degenerated into a voluntary turnout, those who cared to be present at muster answering their names. It is even said that often an adjournment to the nearest public house constituted the dismissal. A system such as that must soon fall into disrepute, which was the case in this instance. This system is what is known as universal service or conscription. It is in reality a form of patriotic service in that it provides a national organisation, whereby all loyal citizens can co-operate in the defence of their hearths and homes.

There is another form of military service which reached its acme in the "mercenaries" of the middle ages. In this class the consideration for service is not on the basis of patriotic devotion, but for so much money paid for services.

To-day in Canada the regulating fac-

tor in our militia, outside of those city corps which do not draw pay, is the amount of money that will induce a man to give his service to the state.

I do not say for one moment that in time of danger a very large proportion of the populace would not be willing and anxious to fly to arms in defence of the country. But on the one hand there are not arms to which they could fly, and on the other hand absolutely untrained men, with strange and untried arms, would be of little use in an emergency, such as the invasion of Canada. The thing to be considered is the best *actual* form of military organisation for times of peace as well as for times of war. It is inconceivable that there ought to be two different systems, one for peace and one for war, as we now have them; so that, virtually, it comes down to the question of the choice of the two—the patriotic form laid down by our forefathers or the dollar basis on which we are now working.

Two considerations of considerable moment present themselves with reference to the latter:

Can we afford to keep a paid soldiery of sufficient numbers to do the fighting for the rest of the people? Are we rich enough, are we debased enough to have to rely on such a system for our defence and, indeed, if such a national luxury is to be continued, is it a possible system from another point of view, namely, the successful defence of the country?

Therein lies the gist of the whole matter. The fact that the "levee en masse" clauses still exist in the Militia Act—the dead-letter part of the Act—is the best answer. The clauses say plainly that *existing conditions are not supposed to defend Canada*, but that in case of real national emergency every man would be called upon to bear arms.

Accepting the fact that the defence of Canada is "an every man's job," then it follows that as trained men are better than ignorant men, it would be altogether advisable to have the "levee en masse" clauses in the Militia Act a live principle, instead of a dead letter, and that we should have some form of patriotic service in Canada whereby every sound man in the country should have sufficient training to be able effectively to take his place in the line of defence of his country.

This now brings me to the fourth question I undertook to consider at the start: If it is necessary to give every able-bodied citizen some training to fit him to defend his country, then how will it affect the individual, the community at large and the British Empire? It would be mere theory to say that a certain amount of military training, engendering system, discipline and obedience, is good for any man. That, added to the intelligence resulting from our excellent school system and the individual resourcefulness coming from effort to overcome natural conditions in a new country, the results of military training become a distinct asset to the country. And again, that the underlying spirit of loyalty, and probable co-operative basis of training, must have a distinct bearing on the unity and power of the whole British Empire.

We can, however, do better than merely theorise. We can look for example to such countries as Japan and Switzerland for results. Perhaps Japan demands more time and attention to patriotic training at the hands of her citizens than Canada would deem necessary, though the compulsory service in Japan is lighter than in most European countries, and is designed to interfere as little as possible with business. Of course, every school in Japan is under a military system, and from the time a male child can think at all the magnificently unselfish ideal of dying for his country, as the highest distinction that can come to a man, is the goal set for him. The development of individual intelligence, respect to superiors and implicit obedience—the outcome of this intelligence—coupled with the abasement of self, in devotion to emperor and country, has made Japan one of the most ideal communities of people in the world. In this latter case I am only able to point to results and to what has been told me by persons who have recently been enquiring into the reason of these results in Japan.

But in the case of Switzerland we for-

tunately have the opinions of men who have summarised statistical information from the result of fifty-two years' experience of the system in their own country. Col. Camille Favre is one of these. He gave a lecture in June, 1903, before the National Service League in London. The Duke of Wellington, President of the League, alluded to the lecturer as "the distinguished Swiss military writer and historian." The lecture is published in pamphlet form, with a preface written by the noble duke which concludes as follows: "In the belief that the Swiss militia system presents a sound model on which we may form an adequate and efficient home defence force, 'A Nation in Arms,' without laying undue burdens upon the people, without harmful interference with industry, and without departing from those traditions of civic freedom which we share with the Helvetian Republic, I commend these pages to the thoughtful considerations of my countrymen."

The first thought, by way of digression, that at once arises to the mind of any Canadian is, What on earth does England need the Swiss system for, cut off as she is from all the world by one of the choppiest and most disagreeable parts of the storm-ridden North Atlantic ocean? The second thought is that there must, however, really be something in it if regular organisations to promote patriotic service exist in England, headed by such men as the Duke of Wellington, and that we recollect having read extracts from speeches of Lord Roberts advocating these principles. And, finally, a third thought must creep up in our minds, to the effect that if, indeed, there is any real need for the Swiss system of patriotic service, as against the Canadian "dollar" system, in sea-girt England, the matter instantly becomes of burning interest to every Canadian who realises that the only bulwarks that exist for 3,000 miles between ourselves and a powerful race with another flag are the loyal hearts and unarmed, untrained hands of a sturdy, fast-growing branch of the British race.

Among his opening remarks Col. Favre says: "If we wish to discover the foundation of the Swiss army, itself identical with the Swiss nation, we must seek it in her past history. It is her history that has created the military spirit and the national traditions, which, after the lapse of centuries, form the basis of our military system as it stands to-day. The memory of the great deeds of our forefathers remains graven on the hearts of the people, and is kept alive by festivals and public commemorations, which it is customary to hold on the anniversaries of the great battles of the middle ages. It is remarkable that these celebrations do not provoke any resentment on the part of the descendants of the vanquished, and that, in spite of diversity of language and of race, the sentiment of national unity is a dominating force."

One point that Col. Favre brings out very strongly is the great improvement in the class of the Swiss soldiery since the adoption of their patriotic service. In connection with this he says: "In the old days, two centuries ago, armies were the scum of the population. By the beginning of last century things had begun to improve; but since the adoption of compulsory universal service, which has drawn into the ranks every able-bodied man of the nation, the personnel has undergone a very considerable change." Of the necessity of the system to the community he says: "But whatever the future may have in store for us, one thing is quite certain, namely, that if we wish to counteract the evils inherent in a democracy by a system of national discipline, we must make a beginning either at the school-boy's desk or on the parade ground. In no other way can a nation be taught self-control."

In this connection it is not impossible to imagine the day coming when Canadians may pray to be delivered from a bureaucracy more intolerant than any known form of aristocracy.

Col. Fabre sums up the whole experience of the fifty-two years' trial of patriotic system in Switzerland, coupled with his personal knowledge of it, in the following conclusions: "*Judging, then, from the experiences of Switzerland we*

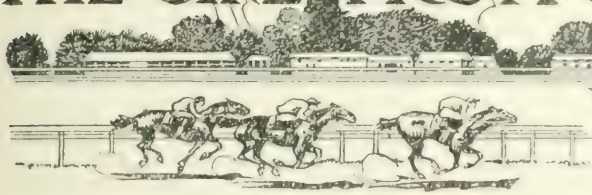
may safely say that compulsory service, besides being intrinsically sound and right, is beneficial to the country as a whole and to the individual man. It is right that in a country which calls itself free every citizen should make a personal contribution towards the defence of his home. It is not right that this sacred duty should be left to those who make soldiering their profession, or to those who, actuated by the loftiest motives, are prepared of their own free will to devote a large part of their time and money to the cause. If the material and moral advantages of education are to be realised to the full, it becomes imperative that every man should fully understand the meaning of the words duty, obedience, discipline and self-sacrifice in time of war. And not only from the moral standpoint is military service thoroughly sound, but also for purely physical reasons. We must take what stand we can against the physical degeneration which is one of the inevitable consequences of modern civilisation. Finally, it is well that all classes of men, brought together by the common duty of military service, should mix freely with each other. Many false notions will be dissipated, many lifelong friendships will be formed. If, indeed, we feel any misgivings lest some of the younger men pick up bad habits from their town-bred comrades, it should be perfectly easy, by the exercise of some judgment, to refuse admission to those who do not appear to offer a sufficient guarantee of good behaviour." (In the case of Japan, as many more men every year are liable for service than they can afford to train, the foregoing principle is brought much into use. Thus it is a mark of honour to be chosen in that country.)

"But now you will ask, What are the drawbacks to universal service? In the first place, the personal inconvenience to the civil population. But, as I have endeavoured to show you, this inconvenience is in reality a blessing in disguise, and confers great benefits upon the nation as a whole. By developing the character, and giving a certain stability, the sum total of the moral and material energy of the country is largely increased. The second drawback is the risk inseparable from all human efforts. It might prove a failure (Col. Favre was speaking in England), but if a country were unable to produce a satisfactory army by this means, it would simply mean that *the moral stamina of the people had so far degenerated that they refused to make the sacrifice necessary for national safety.* A national army is, for good or evil, the national barometer. If the army does not prosper, it means that the country despairs of itself. Is it not well worth while, then, making an effort towards its salvation?"

To those who have read thus far, the deduction will be very clear that the popular prejudices, which undoubtedly exist, against what people have in their minds as "conscription" are due entirely to misunderstanding. Anything can be overdone. The most sacred subjects can be misrepresented and misused. Where the training of men to make them fit to defend their firesides takes the form of years of service, the thing is overdone, is unnecessary, and is a burden. But where a form of national patriotic service can be carried on somewhat as in Switzerland, it becomes a benefit to the individual and to the community in many ways, and might easily be the means of defeating the ends of some powerful aggressive nation who could otherwise tear down our flag and conquer our country.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

THE GIRL FROM GEORGIA



By W. A. FRASER

A Sequel to "THE GLOVE STAKES"

RAEBURN, the astute, the cool-nerved, the boyish-faced plunger that scorched the betting-ring with a playful smile on his lips, was sauntering through Lincoln Park so early that the birds peeped at him inquiringly. It was quite too early for a well-dressed human. But that was Raeburn's way of life; he kept as clean physically and morally as he could, environed by doubtful associations as he was. The horses and the dollars he considered clean; but where others faced the bottle or the cards, he roosted early and rose early.

Just now he was turning over in his mind the matter of Pibroch's presence at the Woodlawn races. A slight mystery over a horse had a charm for Raeburn's grappling mind. Mystery meant a projected coup; and in every coup, with its necessarily limited elect, was room and chance for a master hand.

Suddenly the student was reached from his deep retrospective study of Pibroch's races in the past by a woman's cry and the haphazard clatter of iron-shod hoofs. A dozen paces away a girl dangled, foot in stirrup, from a blood-bay horse, that, half held by the clutched rein, head drawn to chest, struggled to break into a frenzied race of death.

Raeburn, man of quick decision, lithe and strong as a panther, sprang forward and, as the animal's head came up with the loosened rein, slipped his fingers through the ring of the snaffle, and swung his weight against the bay's shoulder. Then commenced a fierce struggle for mastery between the fright-crazed horse and the cool, strong, determined man. Once Raeburn was lifted clear off his feet; then he had the bay's head down against his chest, and his fingers closed over the wide-spread nostrils till the struggling creature choked for breath. The man was dragged twenty feet; then the horse was brought to his knees, his lungs strangled by the clutch on the nostrils. But he was up, and they still fought—always in a circle to the left, that kept the cutting ironed hoofs clear of the girl. A crumpled sheet of brown paper, tortured by a scurrying wind, crackled insanely against the white-stockinged legs of the horse. This was the inanimate fiend that had caused the trouble. A sudden gust whisked the paper to the grassed sward fifty feet away, and the bay, held in that strong grasp, cried inwardly: "Master!" and stood still, trembling like a leaf.

With his left hand still on the snaffle, Raeburn cautiously stretched his right till he reached the stirrup; with a wrench he slipped the girl's foot from its holding-iron, and swung the horse clear. Then, as he turned, his eyes opened wide with astonishment, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "By Jove, you're plucky!"

The girl was on her feet. "I'm not hurt," she said simply, "thanks to you, sir; you've saved my life."

"Nothing of the sort. I—I——"

"Yes, you did; I saw it all; you did just the cleverest thing—you know about horses."

The girl had big brown eyes, and there was a soft Southern drawl in her voice.

"Are you hurt? Shall I get you a cab?" Raeburn interrupted the girl's flow of gratitude.

"I'll ride Redskin, thank you; I'm not hurt."

"But——"

"Oh, nothing will happen! It wasn't his fault; I was careless—I fancy I was dreaming. The paper startled him—he's been a race-horse, and has nerves—he jumped, and I fell; that's all."

Raeburn held his hand to his knee, and from it the girl vaulted lightly to the saddle. There was a half invitation in the brown eyes, and Raeburn walked along beside the still restive horse, saying: "This is my way, too. Redskin does look as though he might gallop some with those powerful quarters. Do you race him?"

"Oh, no; he belongs to Jack—" The girl hesitated, and the man, shooting an upward glance, saw that her face was rose-blushed, also that the features, well chiselled, were good to look upon, and the brown eyes swimmingly full of unknowing.

"Jack is your brother?"

"No; he's a—a friend."

"Does 'Jack' race Redskin? Is he a racing man? I'm interested because I—well, I see a good deal of racing, one way or another."

"No, I don't think he knows much about it—he does sometimes." The girl hesitated, looked at her companion, then brushed the horse's black mane with her riding-crop, as though she were debating something.

"Well," continued Raeburn, "you must tell him not to bet on the horses. Tell *Jack*"—he showed his even, white teeth in a smile—"tell him it's a foolish, losing game. You see, I know about this thing, and—and—well, I like pluck."

"He's not going to bet after to-day."

"Why 'after to-day'?"

"He's going to make a lot of money; a friend's horse is going to win, and after to-day we—I mean, Jack is not going to bet again. Do you bet on horses? You do? You saved my life—I'd like to show you that I'm grateful—if I told you the horse's name, you could bet, and make a lot of money, too, couldn't you?"

"Please don't—stop, you mustn't." Raeburn raised his hand warningly. Too late! It was out.

"Pibroch is the horse's name." The girlish lips threw the words at him almost defiantly—certainly with ingenuous naïveté.

The man flushed guiltily. He had stolen a stable secret. But what an extraordinary coincidence—telepathic, to say the least of it; the very horse that had occupied his thoughts when the girl's frightened cry had rung in his ears.

"Have I done anything dreadful?" she queried. "You look shocked."

"No—that is—well, you mustn't betray Jack's secrets. But a woman that can keep a secret is—well, dangerous."

"I'm sorry; but you saved my life, Mr.——?"

"Raeburn, Miss ——?"

"Brooks." The girl smiled. She had pulled the bay to a stand. She pointed to a many-gabled house with her riding-crop, and continued: "I'm living with my aunt. My real home is in Georgia. Will you be at the place where they race to-day? I want Jack to meet you—to thank you."

"And to tell me about Pibroch, eh? Yes, I'll look for you at the course. I'm glad you escaped so well." He lifted his hat, and the girl reached down her small, gloved hand. Raeburn just touched the finger-tips, as Redskin, still nervous, lunged sideways.

A smile conquered Raeburn's strenuous attempts at suppression, and wrinkled his lips as he turned away. It was too droll, this grotesque idea of his receiving a tip from a girl who spoke of the race-course as "the place where they race." There was a sweetness about the simple, direct expression of gratitude; the sublime faith in Jack's certainty of winning a lot of money and then swearing off. The whole thing flitted through Raeburn's experienced mind like a dream of stepping off Broadway into a pasture-field where maids in white poke bonnets milked quiescent cows.

"So Pibroch's due to-day," he muttered as, his hotel now the definite object of attainment, he swung along loose-limbed. "I must find out who really has the horse here."

He drew from his pocket a book of race entries.

"Mr. Bender's Pibroch. I guess Mr. Bender is from No-Man's-Land—the

man in the moon. It's a hundred to one Pibroch is running for the books. And if I'm a judge, the big brown eyes of the girl from Georgia will swim fuller of tears than laughter after Jack's plunge on Pibroch. Highland doesn't make any mistakes, and he warned me in New York that Pibroch had been sold to a short-card gang. I'm going to break up that play just for fun—and for the sake of that girl from Georgia."

For an hour Raeburn trailed the name of Bender through Woodlawn, in and out of hotels, and a couple of saloons where were hand-books, without coming upon the slightest trace of a corporate body labelled Bender. Leading questions, diplomatically put, threw no light upon the ownership of Pibroch. In all Woodlawn nobody evinced the slightest interest in the horse. Nothing of his quality had leaked.

Chafing at the complete stillness of this thing that should have clinked a little in some link of its chain, Raeburn, his eyes lowered in concentrated thought as he walked, almost fell over a little man.

"Pardon—by Jove! you, Paddy?"

It was Paddy Boone, the jockey; and Paddy owed the full success of his upcoming to the man who, because of that, had privilege to ask: "What are you riding to-day, Paddy?"

"Nothing in the first race, sir; in the second, the Lincoln Handicap, I ride Pibroch."

"Pibroch!"

No wonder Raeburn reiterated the name with an emphasis of surprise. Woodlawn seemed full of Pibrochs—just the name; but here, surely, would be tangibility. And if Boone had the mount, the horse must be out to win. There wasn't money enough in the full coffers of the bookies to bribe Paddy Boone—he knew that. Besides, when the owner put up one of the best jockeys in America, he must mean winning.

"Who's the owner?" Raeburn asked.

"Mr. Bender, sir."

"Who's Bender? Never heard of him."

"I don't know. I never heard of him before yesterday."

"Who engaged you?"

"A man named Cusick. He's manager for Bender."

"Cusick—Bart Cusick! Paddy, that man is the whole gamut; he's—did he make any break? Did he—well, suggest any funny business?"

"Not on your life, Mr. Raeburn! Do you think I'd take the mount if——"

"No, I know you wouldn't, Paddy; they must be going to win."

"I think it's a sure thing, sir. I think you can bet the full limit on Pibroch. I know he's well, for I see him do a sweating gallop with his clothes on, and he was pullin' the boy out of the saddle. And you know what the horse was like early in the season, sir, down on the Metropolitan tracks. Anyway, Mr. Raeburn, I'll win on him, no matter what they want."

"You stick to that, Paddy. I'll see you before the race."

"So it's Bart Cusick's hand," Raeburn thought. "A sweet friend for Jack! A delightful prospect this for the girl from Georgia. That tumble this morning came near cracking her neck, but it may save her from breaking her heart. Cusick is no philanthropist, and Jack is up against it. But it puzzles me."

Again he visited a couple of hotels, poring studiously over their registers. He smiled when he read in one, "Barton Cusick, New York," and beneath, on the next line, "Fritz Finkle, New York." He noted that their allotted rooms were next each other. "A worthy running-mate, Mr. Cusick! Finkle, bookmaker, is about as immoral as Bart Cusick, gentleman tout; and I guess Bender stands for both names. Gallant old Pibroch, you thoroughbred, you've fallen among the forty thieves."

Raeburn took a seat in a recessed corner of the office, and watched over a paper for occult testimony of the connection between the two crooked ones. Presently Cusick and a square-shouldered young man stepped from the elevator; the racing man laid his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder reassuringly, and his face was the picture of sincerity.

"I'll bet that is Jack getting the final

tip that Pibroch is to win," muttered Raeburn; "he looks an easy mark for Cusick."

The young man of easy confidence grasped Cusick's hand gratefully, and, saying something which Raeburn could not hear, nodded his head decisively in parting.

When he had gone, Cusick went out for a minute; but presently he reappeared cheek by jowl with Book-maker Finkle. A satisfied smile hovered about the thick lips of the rich-gorged man of odds, and the tout's face seemed to curve like a hawk's beak as he explained to his confrère in this thief's game how they were to get a thousand easy expense money while they fooled the public.

"That much for mine," Raeburn laughed softly, as he slipped quietly through the door and hurried to his own hotel.

Still, he was puzzled. He knew Cusick's general game, which was to get into the confidence of some man with money and betting tendencies, and steer him on to a loser, sharing the spoil with the book-maker. But they had engaged Boone to ride, and the horse was fit, that meant winning. They had the money to bet themselves if the horse could win, and wouldn't give the tip to any one. Indeed, it was puzzling, even to Raeburn. Also it was altogether lovely, fascinating, this puzzle of many rings that wouldn't come off.

Though Raeburn hurried, he had neglected some matters of his own over this affair of the girl from Georgia; and these personal things—a change of attire, his lunch, and an importunate friend who could not be shaken off—ate into the time that is always swift-fleeting; and he reached the course late, just as its fevered occupants were in the throes of preparing for the first race.

His sharp eyes questioning the lawn for the girl, Raeburn passed twice up and down the grassed floor. Ah! there were the big brown eyes of the girl, and, almost hiding her, were the wide shoulders which now most certainly meant Jack—Mr. Hutton, as the girl introduced him, full of thanks to Raeburn for saving the lady's life.

"Now, tell Mr. Raeburn about Pibroch, Jack."

"Yes, there's no reason why I shouldn't now," Jack laughed, "for my money is on, and at a good price, too."

Raeburn started. "You've bet already? Why, there's no betting on the second race yet?"

"I know that. That's where I get the bulge on the public by knowing something."

"Who told you about Pibroch?"

Jack hesitated. "I promised not to tell any one," he answered; "but—well, you're to know all about it, so—a Mr. Cusick; he manages the stable for the owner, Mr. Bender. They're backing Pibroch away at the pool-rooms in New York, for he's a sure winner."

"Is Cusick an old friend? I have a good reason for asking this."

"No, I met him here—he came to the bank to get large bills for a lot of small ones. He volunteered to do me a good turn for the trouble I took over his little matter."

"Gad! this is a thieves' game," Raeburn grunted.

"A what?"

"Well, this Cusick is a tout, a race thief, and you've bet your money with the man who owns Pibroch. Now, what do you make of that?"

"I—I—don't know."

"Neither do I—quite."

The girl's face was white, her eyes were big with dread.

"Well, he's a crook, I'm sorry to say, and we must see what his game is. How did you bet so early?"

"Cusick said the horse would be backed as soon as the betting on the race commenced, and he could get the book-makers to lay him a better price before the first race. He got me four thousand to one thousand dollars, and the horse will start two-to-one or less."

"Let me see your ticket, please."

Jack drew two betting-tickets from his pocket.

"Ah, I thought so—Finkle & Co. Just stand here," Raeburn commanded. "No, that won't do—go into the club lunch-room, Mr. Hutton, and wait. Don't stir from there, as you value your

thousand. I'll be back before—well, soon."

He almost ran to the paddock. Ah, luck was with him! There was Paddy Boone, looking like a gaudy wasp in a black jacket striped with yellow. Raeburn ran his eye over the throng of people. Cusick was nowhere in sight. He sauntered leisurely up to the jockey, and, speaking in a low tone, said: "Paddy, Finkle owns Pibroch, and Cusick is running fool money into the book on the horse; that means he won't win."

"My God, sir, I won't ride a stiff 'un! I might get ruled off for life. I'll go to the stewards!" There was a wail in the boy's voice.

"No, you won't, Paddy; I'll see you through. Go down to Pibroch's stabling—hurry, I'll wait here—who's in charge?"

"A nigger, Dave Johnson."

"He'll be easy. Find out if they've given Pibroch anything—you can tell. Find out, if you have to promise the nigger five hundred—I'll pay. Hurry! Make an excuse that you've forgot the weight you're to make—anything."

When the boy had gone, Raeburn shifted his position to the gate that led from the paddock to the course stabling, which was but fifty yards away. Twice he looked at his watch—strong tribute to a most unusual nervous interest. Three minutes, five minutes—ah, there was the wasplike jacket coming up the little hill from the stabling hollow.

And the boy's face! When their eyes met, Raeburn slipped into a nearby paddock stall, followed in nervous haste by the jockey.

"It's a ringer, sir," he gasped. "Two of them——"

"What the devil do you mean, Paddy?"

"Do you remember the chestnut horse, Sammy B., sir—he was no good?"

"I don't."

"Well, I do; I rode him. And they're goin' to run Sammy B. to-day as Pibroch."

"Of all the frappé nerve! I see—I understand! And they're putting you up so the public and the stewards will see a strong ride on this horse that can't win; and that's why Cusick is touting the money into Finkle's book."

"Pibroch's there, too, sir; both horses are in No. 12 stable."

"Great Scott! Icicles for nerves!" Raeburn knitted his brows. Was there ever such a puzzle in racing?

"I've got it, Paddy. Do the horses look alike?"

"Their breeders wouldn't know them apart, sir. I wouldn't if I hadn't been lookin' for trouble, and didn't know Sammy B. like my own brother. He used to bore out in running, so he was raced with a pricker on the bit; and I saw the old marks of the brads on the lips of the horse they said was Pibroch down at the stable. Pibroch hasn't got no marks like that, 'cause he runs straight as an arrow. Just then a horse pokes his nose out of the next stall, and I knows it's the real Pibroch. They were both blanketed, sir."

"Good boy, Paddy! I'll skip. Stay here for a little, then get ready. Weigh out for Pibroch—I think you'll ride *him*. If you don't, I'll stop it at the last minute."

The bugle was sounding for the jockeys to mount horses for the first race as Raeburn hurried through the paddock and dove into the lunch-room.

"Here, Mr. Hutton," he said, drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, "here's a thousand dollars. I want you to nail this Cusick—tell him that you want to bet another thousand. Keep him away from the paddock, even if you have to knock him down. It's all right. If it isn't, I'll appeal to the stewards at the last minute. Give me that betting-ticket—you have two—the small one—that's it, four hundred to one hundred dollars."

"I bet that for the lady," Jack said, with an apologetic smile.

"I'm going to use it to make your other bet come off. Get my thousand on sure." Then he was gone, racing through the paddock and down to the stabling. Just in time. A chestnut-headed horse was on the point of being led out of a stall in No. 12.

"Hold on, Johnson," Raeburn cried. "Put Sammy back; we want the other one!"

The eyes of the big negro became large, white-rimmed china alleys.

"What's dat, boss?"

"Finkle has switched. We're out for a killing, see? Here's yours?" Raeburn shoved the ticket, "Four hundred to one hundred dollars, Pibroch," stamped "Finkle & Co.," into the trainer's hands.

"Now shift, quick," he commanded. "Finkle wants Pibroch—there he is in the next stall. Get him out. Something has leaked, and if we run Sammy, we'll get ruled off for life."

The darky hesitated. He knew Raeburn—knew him for a big turf plunger, and that if he were backing Pibroch there would be thousands won; but he was confused, and he was a slow-witted negro.

"Where's de boss, sir?"

"Cusick? He's betting my money in the ring"—which was really quite true. "Hurry up, you're late now. There'll be some of the officials coming down here, first thing we know."

Still in a woolly-brained muddle, the darky ordered the stable-boy to bring out the other horse.

Raeburn waited until the real Pibroch was on his way to the paddock, then he followed. In the paddock he said to Paddy Boone: "This is Pibroch, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep the nigger busy, Paddy. Make him saddle at once." Then he took up his stand close to the stall in which was Pibroch. Cusick might come into the paddock to speak to the trainer—probably would, so Raeburn waited to intercept him. Presently he saw that slick gentleman heading for Pibroch's stall.

Raeburn waited until the tout was close, then he stepped forward and greeted Cusick cordially. The latter was flattered. To be taken notice of by the great plunger was decidedly worth something.

The plunger took Cusick familiarly by the arm and led him away, saying: "Do you know anything about that horse Pibroch? I'd like to have a bet on him—he ought to win—but I heard a whisper that some thieves have got him here, and I don't know what he's doing. Have you heard anything?"

Strangely enough, they were both actuated by the same governing desire—Raeburn to keep Cusick away from Pibroch and his coloured trainer, and Cusick equally anxious to keep the acute-eyed plunger away from what Cusick supposed to be Sammy B. So, happy in the achievement of their wishes, they sauntered on across the stand lawn and down toward the betting-ring.

"I think Pibroch ought to win," Cusick said. "The owner's backing him—I know that for a fact. I'm backing him myself."

By this they had reached the bookmakers' mart.

"Well, I'll pay five hundred on Pibroch and chance it," Raeburn said. "He's three to one, I see."

"There's three and one-half," seven to two," suggested Cusick, pointing with his thumb toward Finkle's book.

"Gad! I'll have five hundred of that," Raeburn declared.

And as he handed up the yellow-backed certificates of gold, Finkle winked solemnly over his head at Cusick, and Cusick winked back; and when Raeburn had departed, the book-maker leaned over to his sheet-writer and said: "God in heaven, Jake! did you ever see such a day for suckers? And, of all men, Jim Raeburn!"

And Raeburn, clinging with tenacity to Cusick, threaded his way through the stunted forest of humans across the lawn to a bench on which sat Hutton and the girl from Georgia, saying: "The horses have gone to the post; let's watch the race from here. Why, Mr. Hutton!" Raeburn cried, holding out his hand to the young man with eagerness; then he winked, and Jack took the hint. "Ah, you know Mr. Cusick? Good! We'll watch this race together. What are you betting on, Hutton? Pibroch? So am I—I've just bet five hundred on him. He'll win—Mr. Cusick says so; it's all right." He nodded cheerfully.

The race was three-quarters of a mile; and over at the six-furlong post, behind the barrier, stretched across the course

like a fish-net, eight horses gyrated and interwove like goats on a sun-warmed rock.

"They've doped that black, Rocket," Raeburn said from beneath his race-glasses; "he's shoved his nose through the barrier twice. He's fair crazy."

"Sammy's quiet——". Cusick, in his unctuous interest forgetting that it was not Finkle beside him, thus far worded his thoughts, breaking off in the dawn of intelligence with a jerk that nearly threw him off the bench.

"Eh? Sammy? There's no Sammy in this race, is there?" and the plunger's placid eyes searched Cusick's face with a disconcerting probe.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Cusick. "I mean the little nigger on Whistler. He's asleep."

Indeed, Pibroch, that Cusick thought was Sammy, was possessed of the unruffled quietude that great horses show at the starting-post. The big chestnut wheeled leisurely under the gentle hands of Paddy Boone, as each line-up was disrupted by the foolish-brained Rocket; and then, as the eight came forward groggily, like an awkward squad of recruits, Pibroch's head would be straight out, his powerful limbs carrying his weight evenly, and his eye on the gossamer thing of restraint that barred him from the joyous battle of speed.

Pibroch's sluggish at the post," Raeburn remarked. "He may get left, with that crazy dope-horse breaking up the starts; and if he gets left we're in the soup, Mr. Hutton."

This he backed up with a wink and a little nod, and Jack, guessing at his meaning, said: "Oh, Pibroch won't get left; the starter won't let them away until our horse is in the lead. You've arranged that, haven't you, Mr. Cusick?"

Raeburn could have patted Hutton on the back for this glint of intelligence. Chuckling inwardly, he stared in feigned astonishment and reproof at Cusick. The latter gentleman laughed uneasily, saying: "That's a dangerous joke, Hutton. Mr. Raeburn might think——"

His voice was drowned by a commotion. "They're off! There they go!" voices cried. There was the rustle of dresses, the clatter of feet, as men and women clambered to stand on the bench seats on the lawn; a vibrant-tongued bell was clattering a warning to the ring; and across the oval field, like a mob of colts that had croached a fence, the eight thoroughbreds were springing to the best of speed and endurance.

Small, strong fingers clutched Raeburn's arm and pulled their owner up to the bench beside him. Turning, he looked into the big brown eyes that were now jet black with the intensity of restrained excitement.

"Will he lose?" she gasped. "He's behind—will that black horse win now?"

Raeburn studied the colour-mottled mass of legs and heads and undulating bodies that was now drawing out segments of itself, lengthening like the body of a writhing serpent, as the fleeter ones breasted into the lead.

"The black?" he muttered. "No, Rocket won't do—he's got a pin-head boy in the saddle." He shot a look at his program. "Apprentice allowance—I thought so—a stable-boy, running the horse off his legs. Don't worry about the black, Miss Georgia; he'll crack up."

"But our horse is behind, and you said——"

But Raeburn's ears were adder's ears; the joy of the struggle across the ellipse of chance, the course, now at the lower turn, crept into his soul, and he raced with the eager, straining thoroughbreds. He was at Paddy Boone's ear with his wise counsel and his admonition. Open-mouthed, the black, unchecked by the brainless babe on his back, burned up his strength in useless speed; raced with the posts of the rail, galloping against himself six lengths beyond the bay, Whistler, and the white-legged Mascot. Close to the rail, with ears pricked, his outstretched muzzle nosing Mascot's quarter, was Pibroch, his boy as still, as motionless, as part of the great chestnut himself.

"That's the trick, Paddy," Raeburn whispered to his glass. "Wait, my boy; you've got all the best of it; don't fight them, Paddy. There comes the black back to you—the dope's effervesced."

At the bottom, broadside on, the racing steeds seemed to lengthen out; optically they grew many feet; their speed magically increased; they crept stride by stride to the black. At the turn into the straight, the line of sight again was a necromancer; the four that raced in front were like one team in a chariot-race; the colours of the jackets blended—they interwove like gay ribbons on a May-pole. Over the watchers was a hush of perplexity. No one knew; no one called in triumph. Even Raeburn, long schooled, waited for a sign. Ah, it was Rocket still in the van! He saw the black horse sway to the rail in his tiring, and blot the gold-yellow of the chestnut like a curtain bars the sunlight. And against the black's flank leaned Whistler; and beyond, hugging Whistler, twinkled the white legs of Mascot.

"Damn that dope-horse! I'd like to shoot him. He's pocketed Pibroch!" Raeburn muttered. "Now, Paddy, good boy, watch for your opening."

He lowered his glasses, and stole a look at the girl's face; then he set his teeth and watched again this thing that was now altogether in the vicarious grasp of chance. It wasn't the trivial thing of a bet won or lost; it was happiness or a long wait for the girl from Georgia that was there in that pocket fashioned by the straggling, useless black.

"They're all riding like devils," Cusick declared—"all but the boy on Pibroch. I'll take my oath he's been got at by some one—he's not making an effort. If Pibroch's beat, it will be the jockey's fault."

Raeburn answered this with a muttered imprecation. Was chance going to throw the race, and all it meant to the girl at his side, into the thieving hands of Finkle and his friends? And the horses were opposite the betting-ring now; ten seconds more of the pocket's hold and it would be too late. Suddenly the black faltered; his boy cut once, twice, with his foolish whip, and as it bit into Rocket's flank, the horse, courage gone, shrank, and curled toward the thing that stung him.

"Pull out, Danny—knee out and let me up!" Paddy's voice was a pleading wail as it filtered between Pibroch's eagerly pricked ears.

To the stable-lad on the drunken black Jockey Boone was a revered idol, and he answered the command. A slight turn of the wrist, a twist in the short-knotted rein, and the weary Rocket leaned in his stride against the bay. Then the watchers on the bench saw the wide-nostriled head of Pibroch creeping up the narrow lane; then the wasp-like jacket of Paddy Boone fluttered beside the blue and crimson of Whistler and Mascot. Now there is full opening; and, like a greyhound slipped from leash, Pibroch comes through with a great pounding, thunderous gallop, and somebody clutching Raeburn's arm sways and cuts foolishly downward in a sudden letting loose of pent-up blood.

"Gad! you were playing for foolishly big stakes," Raeburn whispered, as he eased the girl from his arm; "but you've won, and I'm glad. Remember, no more betting after to-day for Jack. It's a fool's game."

A GROUP OF PARSEE MAIDENS

Characteristic Types of Beauty

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

THE characteristics of a people are often best judged when you watch how they eat, how they do their work, and how they pray. Perhaps no people in the world are so contented with their lot as the Parsees. It was some time in the seventh century that their descendants were driven out of Persia by the spread of the Mohammedan religion, and they settled in India. Ever since, this race has, like the Jews, clung together with that Free Masonry that has brought them success wherever they have gone. To-day we find amongst them throughout the Indian Empire some of the wealthiest merchants and many of the leading lawyers and doctors. In their good works they are most charitable, most liberal and most devoted. One has only to look at their magnificent homes on Malabur Hill in Bombay, to see their temples of prayer and their charitable institutions, to study the lives of the Parsees. The

Parsee women are, as a race, extremely handsome. One cannot call them beautiful, but their picturesque shawls, which are often of the most delicate colours, show off the jet-black hair and fine features as they drive in their open carriages along the promenade by the sea. Unlike the Indian women they attend European balls and garden parties, and are often to be seen dining at the fashionable hotels, escorted by their husbands and men friends, who wear the curious, shiny-black, Beretta-shaped cardboard hat, and who do not uncover the head even in the presence of royalty. The Parsees neither bury their dead nor burn them, but the naked bodies are laid out on a grating inside a round tower of silence, exposing them to the sun and the birds of prey. As the funeral procession passes through the grounds one sees the vultures assembling on the walls, and in half an hour or so after the body has been deposited nothing is left but the bones, and these fall through the gratings and are washed away to sea. The sun dries up anything that remains. The accompanying picture shows a group of sisters—a very wealthy family in Bombay. Two of the girls married Englishmen.

It was my good fortune not long ago to stay for a time with a tea planter in Ceylon. In the early morning when the mist was still hanging over the valleys we watched the coolies with their baskets on their backs wending their way to the fields. The day's work had begun. As the pluckers filed past our bungalow I saw, half hidden behind the coloured shawls, faces of girls from Southern India, some with beautiful features and many of them pretty. These women are hired by agents and come over in large parties to the island, and are employed to pick the leaves and trim the tea bushes. They work in the fields until six, spreading out like a line of soldiers when skirmishing through the bush, halting now and then to empty the baskets, which are weighed. Payment is made according to the amount picked, and some girls become so quick at plucking the leaves that at the end of the week there is quite a nice little sum to their accounts.

CHINESE LADIES GOING SHOPPING

These women never mix with the natives of the island, but live in lines of sun-dried brick houses surrounded by a compound fence.

Here, when the work is over, they wash and feed, sitting on their mud floors, often with their children by their sides, eating rice and wheaten cakes. On Sundays they adorn themselves with their picturesque costumes, each one outvying the other in some coloured drapery which hangs gracefully over the shoulders across the well-formed figures. Their arms and ankles are covered with silver and brass bangles and the fingers with rings studded with stones.

In China the roads are rough and narrow, and very few carriages are used, so the Chinese ladies go out shopping in wheelbarrows. In the country there they are wheeled in for miles, and the barrow men, as they are called, wheel their loads over the ruts and stones without upsetting. The ladies seem to enjoy the ride. In summer they wear dainty white costumes. Their feet when children are bound up with white cloth bandages—so tightly that as time goes on the toes almost disappear. Walking on the toes strengthens the hips, and it is a sign of beauty with a woman to have a strong, well-developed figure.

A PRETTY TEA GATHERER

A MAORI WOMAN

The hair is most carefully arranged and caught up at the back with a net, through which long pins are pierced to keep it in order. Chinese women are often quite white and have pretty little faces. They are always spotlessly clean—although not so courtly and well educated as the Japanese, yet they are in society always polite, and they manipulate their chop-sticks in a most delicate manner.

It is predicted in New Zealand that the stalwart Maori race will soon be extinct. According to the latest census there are less than fifty thousand of them in all. Of what might be called the native races of New Zealand, they are easily the brightest and most respected, and unlike most peoples similarly situated they are extremely generous, hospitable, fair-minded and daring to the degree of recklessness. The accompanying photograph shows a good type of Maori womanhood.

Monument to the Late Archbishop Bourget

"LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE"

—Hamlet

A COMPARISON IN ART

Sometimes it is said in a public way that there is no native art in Canada. That seems to be at least not exactly correct. On Dominion Square, Montreal, stand two monuments within speaking distance of each other. One of them is the work of a Canadian sculptor, Hebert. It was erected to keep fresh in the minds of the faithful the work that Archbishop Bourget had done for the Roman Catholic Church in that great

Monument to the Late Sir John A. Macdonald

"AND UPON THIS"

Hamlet

diocese. The other is the work of an old-country sculptor, and was erected by the Sir John A. Macdonald Club, of Montreal, to the memory of "Canada's Grand Old Man."

But what a difference there is between these two works of art! It should rather be said, what a difference between the one work of art and the other monument! After looking at the photographs, would any person care to say that Canadians must always go abroad to obtain real art? The answer is obvious.

Randolph Carlyle

Recollections of Joseph Howe

and His Family

By EMILY P. WEAVER

MRS. CATHCART THOMSON, the only surviving daughter of the great Nova Scotian Reformer, having read an article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of April, 1905, on "The Haunts and Homes of Joseph Howe," has kindly placed at my disposal several interesting photographs and some not less interesting notes on her father and his family. These are partly from memory, partly from memoranda made by her mother on family affairs. From this latter source comes some at least of the information concerning John Howe, Joseph's father, a fine old Loyalist, of whom his son ever spoke with love and veneration.

John Howe believed that he could count amongst his ancestors his namesake, the Puritan chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, but was unable to prove this. He was descended from one of two brothers who left England at the Restoration, and was the only representative "of the Howes who took the British side in the Revolutionary War." At that time he was editor and printer of a Boston newspaper, and was also King's Printer of the *Royal Gazette*. Retiring to Halifax in 1776, he was made King's Printer and Postmaster of Nova Scotia, with the right of appointing subordinate officers for different parts of that (then) huge province, and for Prince Edward Island. He received also, like other Loyalists, a grant of land on the Northwest Arm, "where he put up a kind of bungalow and got over such furniture as he could from Boston."

JOHN HOWE, FATHER OF JOSEPH
From an Old Painting

He married twice. His first wife's children were John, who succeeded him as King's Printer and Postmaster; William, who became Commissary-General; David, who died comparatively young, and a daughter, Mrs. Austen, who was for many years head of a Ladies' School in St. John, N.B. The second wife's children were a daughter, who married and died young, and Joseph Howe.

His case hardly bears out the popular idea that great men owe most of their fine qualities to their mothers, for the second Mrs. Howe does not appear to have been a woman of very marked personality. Her grand-daughter says: "Very little is remembered of Joseph Howe's mother, except that she was a notable New England woman, looking well to the ways of her household." She adds that her son had "the greatest respect for her memory, but more sympathy with his father, whose sermons and other writings he hoped to have leisure to edit and publish"—a leisure that never came.

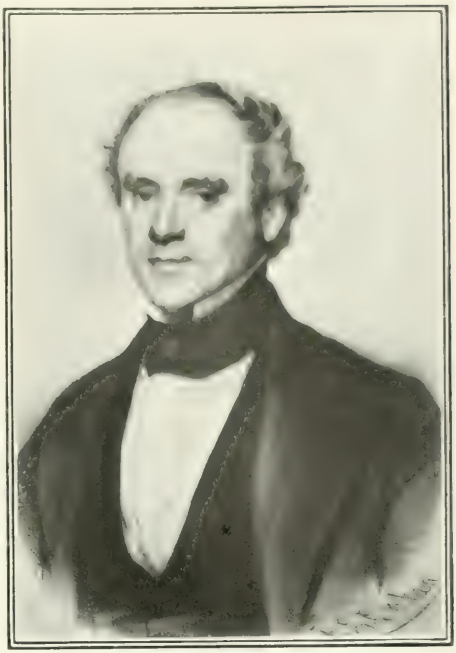
John Howe was for many years leader of the sect of Sandemanians, known in Scotland as Glassites, and said to believe in community of goods, abstinence from blood and from things strangled, love-feasts, and a weekly celebration of the

Communion. His son, Joseph, did not become a member of this sect, but "was a Churchman, not liking dogma. He was brought up, as he always said, 'on the Bible and Shakespeare,' but in the ethics of the New Testament and the patriotism and trust in God of the Old he was always a believer."

The elder Howe was "a most benevolent and good man." He took a great interest in the Maroons, a body of negroes from Jamaica who, after long defiance of the British authorities, were conquered and transported to Nova Scotia in 1796. They were settled at Preston, a village fourteen miles from Halifax on the opposite side of the harbour. Mr. Howe went out often "to preach to, teach and sympathise with them." In 1800 the Maroons were sent to Sierra Leone, but a few years later, when, during the war of 1812, a number of southern negroes sought refuge with the British troops, Preston again became a coloured settlement; and seemingly Mr. Howe once more took up his work of charity amongst the ignorant and poverty-stricken blacks. Evidently he was not one of those content to say to the destitute: "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," for his wife considered it necessary to protect him against his own charitable impulses, and on these expeditions to Preston took care that he had only money enough for his expenses, and even that she put into the hands of Jerry, his young Irish servant. "The master's way of giving" was "trying in a family where money was none too plentiful." He was on one of these benevolent excursions on the last day of his life, and it was Jerry who found him dead one Sunday morning in his lodging at Preston.

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH HOWE

He was a man of good education and of literary tastes, and to him directly his youngest son owed the chief part of his rather desultory education. He could, indeed, make nothing of him as a classical scholar, but the lad, "though healthy and athletic," took kindly to books in general. His sister, a few years older than himself, was his companion and assistant in his studies. When she married an English gentleman in business in Montevideo, her husband promised her young brother "a place in his office and his house." With this hope in view, Joseph was learning Spanish when the dreadful news of his sister's sudden death changed his plan of life.



JOSEPH HOWE AT 45 YEARS
From an Oil Painting

As "the family had no interest in or perhaps aptitude for mercantile pursuits, nothing seems to have occurred" to Joseph but "to enter his brother John's establishment, where he acquired the manual dexterity which enabled him to boast, years after, that 'he could set types with the best of them.'" Meanwhile he wrote for "literary papers, both in prose and verse, and studied men and manners in the society he met in his brother's house, only going to the 'Arm' from Saturday till Monday." He made himself so useful that his brother "was reluctant to part

with him, when at the age of twenty-one he decided to strike out for himself." He bought the *Nova Scotian* newspaper from the brothers, William and George Young, who afterwards became respectively Chief Justice and Solicitor-General of Nova Scotia.

"The paper did not suffer" in the hands of its young editor. "He (Joseph) had always a great power of attracting to himself able and enthusiastic young men," and at twenty-three "he felt emboldened to propose himself as a husband to the daughter of Captain John Macnab, a retired officer of the Nova Scotia Fencibles, living on his father's estate, Macnab's Island."

Miss Susan Ann Macnab was born in the officers' quarters at St. John's, Newfoundland, and "one of her first remembrances was hearing the *reveille*." After the Peninsular War, Captain Macnab was retired with his rank and pay, and went to live at Macnab's Island, where his father gave him a house and garden. His daughter, then ten or twelve years old, was educated by her mother, and a governess, brought out from Scotland by her uncle, Hon. Peter Macnab, to educate his own daughter. "These young ladies spent some time each winter with relations in Halifax to enjoy some of the gaieties, and it was on these occasions Miss Macnab met her future husband."

Her father's "horror and indignation" at Joseph's proposal "were extreme, but the young people knew their own minds; Mr. Howe persisted in making frequent visits to the island; Mrs. Macnab became his friend; and in February, 1828, Captain Macnab brought his wife and daughter to Halifax for fear of bad weather," and the young people were quietly married at the house of a cousin of the Captain's by Archdeacon Willis, of St. Paul's Church. Neither bride nor bridegroom belonged to the Church of England, but at that date the ministers of other Protestant churches were not allowed to perform the wedding ceremony.

Their first home was in Bedford Row, where they lived two years, during which they "lost their first child, and Mrs. Howe her good health." Joseph Howe then bought two houses opposite the Province Building, and turned them into a comfortable dwelling and printing office. "From the publishing office were sent out many notable books, and in time, it, with the paper, would have been money-making," though in connection with it was a stationer's shop, which "was not a success. The manager did not manage, and it was eventually closed at a loss."

During these years, Howe made many friends for himself and his paper in his own province and in Prince Edward Island, and "his wife always looked back with regret to that time of peace and plenty; and wished often that he had waited," before entering on his political career, "till he was more independent in means and till every liability had been cleared off."

But the great libel trial hurried him into the political arena, and when he became Speaker of the House and Indian Commissioner, he removed to Poplar Grove, "a very handsome house with garden and ice house," in what was then an aristocratic quarter of the town. Howe's next neighbour was Hon. Michael Tobin, the President of the Legislative Council, and the officers' quarters were near by. Opposite the house was a large open field, with a few trees which had given the place its name, and from its windows "there was a lovely view of the harbour and Dartmouth."

When Howe retired from the Government, retrenchment became necessary, and after a brief sojourn in a smaller house in town, he removed to Musquodoboit, "to a lovely place owned by Mr. Annand and his brother. The house was large, on a hill sloping down to the river. . . The farm was worked by others, but Mr. Howe's time was fully occupied." He was absent three months each winter to attend "the House," but when at home was constantly writing for the papers, or using rod or gun, and it was "one of the disappointments of his life" that he never succeeded in shooting a moose.

"Mr. Howe was passionately fond of ballad-singing—the ballads of all countries—and would often interrupt the performer by joining in to show where expression should be given."

Like his father, Howe was a man of

simple habits. He ate "a large breakfast at eight o'clock," then "nothing more till 6.30, except apples or other fruit at one." He was "a great water drinker," taking nothing but that till after dinner, when "he had a few glasses of port in his own room, and a cigar (very large), afterwards coming into the drawing-room for tea at eight o'clock, followed by a rubber." Mrs. Howe was "a splendid whist-player," and thus she and her husband usually won.

When, after the great Liberal victory in 1847, Howe became Premier, he returned to town, and after a few months in a small house on Morris Street, took one with a good garden on a new road facing the common, not too near to neighbours.

The question of education appears to have been a difficult one in the days when Howe's children were growing up. Mrs. Thomson mentions that at one time, the editor of *The Pearl*, who kept a school for boys, gave instruction to herself and her sister, "perhaps to oblige my father, whose ideas of a liberal education for girls were quite in advance of that age." Now, soon after the family returned to Halifax, the ladies of "The Sacred Heart Convent" opened a school for girls, under Madame Peacock, the Lady Superior, "a delightful and clever woman," and Howe entered his daughters on the list of pupils. But their attendance was not for long, for the eldest married in 1851, and the second, "a beautiful and sweet girl, engaged to a young naval officer," died in the following year, "to the lifelong regret of those that loved her."

In 1854 Howe returned to his own house opposite the Province Building, to be near his work, the office of first Commissioner of Railways having been accepted by him. This office "was intended to be permanent," and Howe, thinking "he had seen his life's public aims accomplished," "hoped thus to have a certain income assured, which would enable him to make a provision for his family and old age."

But this was not to be. In a very short space of time, he again took on himself the leadership of his party, and, having offended the Roman Catholics, generally hitherto numbered with his supporters, was defeated at the next general election.

He was now appointed by the British Government Fishery Commissioner for Newfoundland, and removed to a pleasant cottage near Dartmouth. There, after his return from Newfoundland, "he gave the first of those afternoon parties, afterwards so fashionable," attended by "people of all ranks and classes, headed by Admiral Sir J. Hope, who kindly sent blue-jackets to assist with outdoor games."

It was at this time that "the Tories were attempting to pass Confederation, but, against Responsible Government, without an appeal to the people. Mr. Howe had written and spoken in favour of Confederation always, also of some closer political union with the Mother Country, but the country was not ripe for it." Its advocates "were afraid to put it to vote by an election, which Mr. Howe and his friends demanded." At length Howe and a colleague were sent to represent their case to the British government. "In vain. He was told that it must be carried, and was begged to use his influence to keep the peace. . . . He came home to repeat this, but men's minds had been inflamed. A public meeting was called. One gentleman declared that 'the United States would help us,' another that 'it was time the English flag was hauled down from the Government House!' Mr. Howe decided to take his own course. He accepted Confederation with 'better terms' for his own province, entered the Government at Ottawa. . . . and loyally helped to make it a success. Time has shown the wisdom of his decision."

"All these anxieties and exertions had affected his health. His disease (enlargement of the heart) had begun to declare itself," and, at 69, "he felt rest and freedom from responsibility essential." He accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia, and "left Ottawa, to die amongst those he loved best. The end soon came. He passed away after great suffering on the night of June 1st, alone with his devoted wife and youngest son. The others were not sent for," as it was not realised "till too late that his attack was more serious than the pain he often endured without a murmur."

Canthooks and Hearts

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS

BARRY CONKLIN sat on a deal bench and watched with outward calm the flushed, triumphant face of Lou Le Grande as she was whirled away into the midst of the dancers on the arm of Jean Boutellier, the swarthy, red-shirted giant who had so suddenly appeared on the scene as his rival. As the couple reached the middle of the room, Lou tossed him a saucy, defiant look over her shoulder. which made some of the river-drivers who noticed it laugh uproariously. Conklin joined good naturedly in the laugh at his expense, and then leaned back against the wall and watched the merry crowd, which filled the shanty to overflowing. To-morrow the rival gangs would start to bring down the fall drives to Martin's mill, and they were celebrating the occasion by a grand "shakedown."

For a time Conklin got glimpses of the fluffy brown head which graced the most marvellous throat and bust that his eyes had ever rested on, and then as he saw that Lou did not purpose to return his way, he fell to reviewing the strange circumstances of their friendship. Out on a moose hunt in the Quebec woods, he had climbed up a spruce trunk which the wind had toppled over, and, rifle in hand, watched for the big bull moose that was heading down the valley. Although thirty feet above the ground, he was not high enough to see far through the thicket of winter beech about him, to which the dry leaves still clung.

Suddenly the leaves rustled not twenty yards ahead of him, and in an instant his rifle covered the spot. Then something brown slipped past an opening in the branches, and his muscles were just stiffening for the recoil when the same tempting face with its mass of gold-brown hair, which he saw now dimly through a halo of tobacco smoke, appeared directly in line with the sights of his rifle, and with an involuntary cry he jerked up the muzzle a fraction of an inch as his finger pressed the trigger. In his new position he overbalanced and toppled off the tree trunk. As he fell he heard a woman shriek, and then all was a blank till he opened his eyes in the little room back of where he now sat. He remembered yet the thrill of joy which came to him when he saw the same face bending over him which had filled the last moment of his consciousness.

There was a premonitory scraping of fiddles, a red-faced girl in a yellow waist and with stray locks of hair hanging down the back of her neck in damp strings, stepped before him on the arm of a burly river-driver, and the dancing was resumed. Conklin watched the yellow waist absently for a moment, and then resumed his reverie. Old Joe Le Grande, Lou's father and the boss of the mill, in the absence of a surgeon, had set his broken arm and patched up the ugly gash in the back of his head; and then Lou—willful, perverse, passionate Lou—had nursed him back to health and strength.

Then had come the delightful days when she had sat by the window and sewed, and he had lain and admired the profile of the faultless face against the whitewashed wall, while he told her about his college life, and she had listened with an eagerness that made him want more and more to take her away from her present sordid surroundings and give her the chance in the world which she so richly deserved. In his growing infatuation for her he had put off writing to the captain of his college football team, who doubtless was impatiently awaiting his return, until finally he had become ashamed to write. Luckily his parents were in Europe.

The race between the two gangs of river-drivers to see who would shoot the first log into Martin's mill-pond had begun by a mere chance, but interest in it had steadily grown, until now it was a contest beside which a race between two 'Varsity boat crews dwindled into insignificance.

"Devil" Jean Boutellier and his gang of red-shirted giants worked on Wildcat River, bringing in the logs from Salmon Lake; Dave Maxon's men wore blue shirts and operated on West Branch. Boutellier's men had the reputation of being the hardest set that had ever spun a log. Boutellier himself, whose very look struck terror into the ordinary man, had been in charge of the Wildcat River outfit for six years, and the stories of his heartless discipline were told with bated breath, even among hardened river-men. Before joining Boutellier's gang a candidate was put through a series of tests in river driving which for coolness of head, quickness of decision, strength and agility, would have made the accomplishments of the average football man seem those of a mere child.

But the supreme test, while kept a secret by an oath which no man had ever dared to break, was known to be one of the most heartbreaking and brutal things to which any human being was ever subjected. It always took place at night at some secret rendezvous far up Wildcat River to which the candidate was taken blindfolded, and many a superb specimen of manhood who had come through all the other tests triumphant had been sent down the river after this, a poor, broken-hearted wretch who invariably slunk away from the settlement in disgrace.

Conklin rose and slipped out into the keen frosty air, for it was November. He wanted to get away from the dancers and the fetid air of the shanty to some quiet spot where he could think. It had all been so novel, so extraordinary, that he had never really asked himself the blunt question as to whether or not he loved Lou Le Grande. But the sight of her smiling up into that swarthy giant's face had suddenly revealed the truth to him. His bachelor's degree next spring? His place on the football team? What were they to Lou Le Grande!

Conklin paused in his aimless ramble under a naked sugar-maple, and suddenly remembered that on that very spot he had done the only unmanly thing toward Lou that he could remember. They had paused here in one of their strolls—he had been telling her about commencement exercises—and as the moonlight filtered through the boughs and touched her shining eyes and parted lips he had taken her in his arms in a moment of mad impulse and kissed her in a way that had left her white and trembling. She had remained quite still for a little while, and then, suddenly bursting into tears, had freed herself and run away to the house. The next day she had met him in the old saucy, imperious way, and quite ignored the incident of the night before. But they had never taken another moonlight stroll together.

And was this shaggy black bully the explanation of it all? Well, if he wished to win Lou Le Grande he must put up the fight of his life. For a time Conklin stood lost in thought. "I'll do it!" he said at length, as an idea suddenly occurred to him. With a new light in his clear gray eyes he returned to the shanty and went straight to Dave Maxon, who along with several other men of his own age was seated in a corner discussing the coming contest.

"I've decided to take up with your offer, Mr. Maxon," said Conklin quietly.

"What! go up as a hand along with the boys? Good for you, young man!" exclaimed the squat, massive river-boss, his beady blue eyes almost disappearing in a mass of wrinkles as he rose and slapped Conklin on the back in a way that nearly knocked him off his feet. "I always wanted you from the first time I saw you on a log" (Conklin had been practising for the sheer sport of the thing). "And besides, now's your chance to make a showing over there," he added, glancing in the direction of Lou Le Grande with a kindly twinkle in his eye.

In a few moments the room was buzzing with the news that Conklin was going to join Maxon's gang. "He'll fall in and wilt his collar," said a driver with a freckled face and a shock of bristling hair as red as his shirt. At this deliberate insult to the new member of their gang a low growl ran through the groups of Maxon's men scattered about the room, and for a moment it looked as if the effrontery would be answered for with blood. Just as the strain was reaching the breaking

point Lou left the side of Jean Boutellier, and going quickly over to Conklin, held out her hand.

"I'm so glad you did it!" she said impulsively, giving him a look which Conklin never forgot. "I was beginning to think you were a coward." Then she turned and went over to the fiddlers, asking them to play the "Fisher's Hornpipe."

Men who a moment before had been glaring into each other's eyes, coughed, scraped their feet on the floor, and then looked about them for a partner to the music which was already in full swing. In a flash the truth came home to Conklin. Lou had been secretly despising him for a weakling with not sufficient strength to put up a real fight for her. Raising his eyes, they met those of Jean Boutellier fixed upon him in a curious sort of way, as if to say:

"Well, you may possibly demand my personal attention after all."

With unerring intuition Conklin divined the man's thoughts, and squaring his jaw with its deeply cleft chin, started across the room toward Lou, who still stood alone watching the fiddlers. Boutellier, reading the challenge aright, shoved aside the half-dozen drivers who stood in his way, and the two men reached Lou's side at the same time.

"May I have the pleasure of the last dance," began Conklin. With an angry snort Boutellier pushed past him and offered Lou his arm in a way which was more a command than a suing for her favour.

The fiddlers paused, their arms still crooked and their bows hovering above the strings. The dancers stopped as if by a preconcerted signal, and every pair of eyes in the room was fixed upon the trio.

Lou looked coolly at the big arm thrust out at her, and then said with an air of finality which could not be mistaken: "I don't care to dance any more to-night; but I promise the next dance to the man who shoots the first log into Martin's mill-pond."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Dave Maxon, and at the signal the spectators broke into deafening applause.

II

Barry Conklin, canthook in hand, stood poised beside a pile of logs in the gray frosty night of a November morning. All down the banks of the stream among the frost-whitened bushes, blue-shirted river-drivers stood in the same eager posture as himself. All were awaiting the rifle-shot from Pine Hill on the crest of the divide, which could be heard at the same time by Boutellier's men at Salmon Lake.

Maxon, cool, massive, masterful, stood on a rock in the centre of the stream, trying the strength of a pike-pole and occasionally glancing along the line of blue-shirted figures. In the tense silence a jay called raucously from the top of a white-birch, and at the sound the men started, and one man dropped his canthook. The man next to him ripped out a scathing oath, and then the silence flowed back like a wave.

"Crack!" Before the rifle report had time to echo from the surrounding hills there was a motion among the blue shirts as if a hundred steel springs had been released by the sound, and the next moment there was a thunderous splash as pile after pile of logs went tumbling into the river.

Conklin felt the blood surge to his temples, and laughed as his canthook bit into the big spruce log which was the key to the pile placed in his charge. It was the old mad exultation which he had experienced in his first football game against Toronto University, and he was blind and deaf to the tumult about him till the last log—a spruce with a sweep in it—went flopping over and over and struck the water with a resounding splash. Conklin raised his head for the first time since the shot had reached his ears, and his eyes met the inscrutable gaze of Maxon, who with a skill that seemed little short of magic was turning aside the logs which seemed bent upon clambering upon the ruck on which he stood. Conklin followed the boss's glance down the line, and noted with a thrill of pride that he had been among the first to finish his pile.

Now that the nerve-racking strain of

suspense was over, the men threw themselves into the work with volleys of oaths and an utter scorn of fear that awed Conklin. They ran along twirling logs with death awaiting them if they made one false step, plunged into the dark, seething water through some momentary opening, and starting a log, bounded out again just a second before the two approaching masses rushed together with a grinding crash which would have literally cut them in two had they been delayed a moment.

Fear! Some miracle had cast out fear. They had quite forgotten themselves, and were toiling only for the honour of the West Branch River gang.

"Hullo, there, Conklin! run down to the eddy and keep the logs from piling up in the backwater," roared Maxon, as he drove his pike-pole into the snout of a sixty-foot pine with a vicious thrust which made the monster pause in its mad rush and tremble from end to end. Conklin looked in the direction in which Maxon had jerked his head, and saw that the eddy was on the opposite side of the thrashing mass of demented things supposed to be logs which lay between. Clutching his canthook near the ring, he drew a deep breath and ran out upon the drive. Once, in springing over an open space which suddenly yawned beneath his feet, he looked down, and the experiment nearly cost him his life. The logs seemed to spin round and round him, and the very hills began to rock. Leaping blindly forward, he landed upon the end of a small spruce, which at the sudden impact sank with him to his waist, and rebounding like a cork, would have tossed him into the air, had not the inch-long calks in the soles of his stout shoes held him nailed to the surface. Toppling over among the writhing monsters, he would have been crushed before he could have drowned, had not a passing driver freed his feet with two lightning-like thrusts of a canthook and dragged him out to safety.

"Always light on one foot," the rescuer called as he dashed away.

Standing waist deep among the ice-incrusted bushes at the backwater, Conklin could see the half mile of madly racing logs with blue-shirted drivers darting to and fro over their shifting surface. The curses, the shouts, the wild tumult of pounding logs and roaring water seemed to set his blood on fire, and he understood for the first time how it was that in battle men lost all sense of fear. Fear! Bah! Fear was only a creature born of idle fancy.

It was nine o'clock, and now that the logs were going well down a long stretch of water with plenty of sheer-dams at the bends to keep them from piling up along the shore, the men gathered about a cookhouse which suddenly appeared through the hemlocks round the shoulder of a hill, and each seized a mug of boiling-hot coffee and a "junk" of bread dripping with molasses, which had been prepared for them.

"A bully start, boss. Five minutes ahead of last fall in passing the third beaver dam," said a long, loose-jointed individual named Sanderson, with water spurting out of the slits in the toes of his shoes at every step. Maxon grunted and buried his face in his coffee mug. Before Conklin had fairly begun to eat the rest of the gang had finished.

It was the morning of the third day, and the terrible strain was beginning to tell. Men who had scarcely stopped to eat or sleep since the signal shot from Pine Hill, moved about like somnambulists, breaking jams, keeping watch at shoals, and rolling back stranded logs in a dull, mechanical way which even the biting curses of Maxon, as he moved up and down the river like some terrible grizzly, were powerless to change. The drive had reached Cariboo still-water, and before the herculean task of pike-poling the logs for a solid mile through dead water the men shrank as from a blow. They leaned dejectedly upon their canthooks, their slouch hats drawn low over their eyes. They were bitter, revengeful—toward whom or what they could not have explained.

"Do it, or by the red roaring hell!—" came suddenly over the crest of the hill which separated them from Wildcat River in a voice which resembled the roar of a mad bull. Boutellier's men were almost abreast of them! For one breathless moment Maxon stood on the butt end

of a big spruce that had climbed out upon the shore like a tired dog to rest, and surveyed his gang.

"Men, are we going to let that black-hearted bully beat us?" he demanded, sharply.

"No!" replied Long Sanderson, tossing his greasy slouch hat into the air with a wild whoop that brought a yell of defiance from over the hill.

The yell was returned with a ringing cheer, and then the tremendous task of pike-poling the logs across Cariboo still-water was begun. Unless the job was completed in two hours defeat was inevitable. As Conklin looked at the vast mass which seemed to lie sullen and exhausted after the mad journey which had just been accomplished, he was seized with an idea. Why not keep the middle of the channel open by means of the same wedge-shaped formation which they sometimes used in football to carry the ball down the field? With a bound he crossed the logs and was at Maxon's side explaining his plan. The grizzled old river-driver watched the eager, boyish face narrowly for a time, and then said:

"Young man, I've knocked youngsters into the water before now for wanting to teach me my business." Conklin began to stammer apologies. "Wait!" Maxon commanded, placing a great, wrinkled paw on Conklin's shoulder. "You can try."

With curses that in some inexplicable way were understood by all to be compliments, the men followed Conklin's directions and lashed the tops of three strongly tapering logs together, and with a few blows of an axe brought the blunt snout to a point. A score of men drove their pike-poles into the contrivance and forced it into the mass of logs which filled the channel. To their unbounded delight it worked like magic, and soon a stream of logs, three abreast, was moving steadily along in the wake of the "rooter," as Long Sanderson named Conklin's invention. In an hour and fifteen minutes from the time that the idea had occurred to Conklin the last log leapt over Blueslate Bluff. With a cheer that could be heard above the deafening roar of the waterfall, the steaming drivers seized Conklin and tossed him three times almost to the tops of the trees.

III

Above the "Witch's Caldron" was a mile of the most exasperating rapids on the whole run. Down this last descent, like hounds on the home stretch, the logs were now leaping in headlong flight. Their ends were all broomed and splintered from days of butting into unyielding rocks; the few strips of bark which the blazers had overlooked had long since been worn away, and each log was now as smooth as a polished pillar. To venture upon them without well-calked shoes meant a sudden plunge into the dark-brown water, and almost certain death.

Conklin stood fascinated. On the logs came. They jostled and hustled each other as if fighting fiercely for first place. Here a log struck its fellow a glancing blow and shot out high and dry upon the shore, only to be hurled back again into the struggle by the watchful drivers; there a big pine that had discovered an open space shot forward over a fall, butted squarely into a rock at the bottom with such force that it turned a complete somersault, its glistening length towering threateningly above the heads of the drivers for a moment, and then falling with a dull crash across a boulder, broke in two in the middle.

Before the wide swirling water which rose from the blow had subsided another pine, three feet through at the butt, came leaping after, landing upon a sharp ridge of slate which rose midstream, and was cleft in two as neatly as if struck by some giant axe. At the narrow places men with canthooks and pike-poles fought desperately to keep an open passage; for if but one log swung crosswise of the channel it meant the whole drive would be wedged into a solid mass which would take hours to set in motion again. The "Witch's Caldron" was now in sight, and already a dozen picked men with pike-poles poised stood waiting at the narrow opening above the falls, where the treacherous water slipped over the precipice in a long, yellow band as smooth as oil. Across the glassy space above the falls the logs came steadily on, quickening their pace

as they neared the place as if gathering speed for the final plunge.

"Look there!" Conklin turned to the man beside him in surprise, and following his glance saw that one of the men had missed his aim at a big spruce coming sideways, and it now lay right across the brink of the chasm, either end fast upon the rocks. A few logs shot over it, two or three wiggled under it, and then the main body began to pile up against it in a wall which mounted higher every moment. For one heartbreaking moment the men stood and looked helplessly at one another, and then Conklin got a glimpse between the branches of Joe Le Grande's cook-house and a flag waving from its top.

Lou was waiting to welcome the victor! Seizing an axe he started to run out upon the jam to cut the key-log in two, but before he had gone three steps Maxon's great paw fastened upon his shoulder and dragged him back.

"You're here to ride the first log down the flume, young man," he said with a twinkle in his eyes. Then he snatched the axe from Conklin's hand and started out himself. He would order no man into such a death trap as that. At the sight of their boss taking such a risk upon himself, which properly belonged to them, a dozen men sprang forward; but Long Sanderson, with one great leap, reached the middle of the log ahead of them all. He turned his back to the wall of logs which towered over him, and spreading wide his feet, swung the glittering axe in a lightning-like sweep. At the first blow the spruce snapped like an overstrung bow and shot Sanderson forward clean over the cliff, where his unfailing luck placed the overhanging branches of a yellow birch within his reach. With a preliminary growl that ended in a roar the mass of logs leapt after him, and the men poured down a narrow path to a point below where they were likely to jam again.

At a signal from Maxon the gate to the flume was opened, and a spruce log forty feet long and two feet in diameter was quickly selected for Conklin's ride. During the brief pause in which the log was being poled across a few rods of still water the shouts of Boutellier's men came past the end of the ridge. They too were making ready for their giant leader to shoot the flume which ran almost parallel to the one down which Conklin was about to venture.

The two gangs were not more than thirty rods apart now, and as Conklin watched with a sort of horrible fascination his log approaching he heard Boutellier rip out an oath, saw him spring into the water and seizing a log in his arms hurl it out upon the shore with as much apparent ease as if it had been a stick. He evidently had rejected the first log selected for his ride. Conklin's log reached the flume, and seizing his pike-pole in the middle, he sprang squarely upon the back of the monster as it shot past him. Behind him he heard the shout of Boutellier's men, but he dare not even glance to one side to see the position of his rival. As Conklin sped down the plank channel fully fifty feet above the bottom of the rock-strewn ravine which the structure of stout trestle-work followed, a sudden terror seized him, and with it came an almost uncontrollable desire to leap over the side. Then, as the keen autumn air washed him like an endless wave, he got the impression of simply rushing through space, and all fear left him.

He was nearing the mill-pond now, going straight as an arrow and almost as swift. Above the mad rush of the wind in his ears he heard his name go up in a mighty shout. He got a glimpse of Joe Le Grande waving a flag from the top of the mill, saw the crowd sway, and then like a flash the log which he rode shot back from under his feet, and he went flying over the side of the flume. A splash, a great roaring of water in his ears, and after what seemed a small eternity he came to the surface of the deep pool into which his good angel had guided him. Glancing over at the parallel flume he saw a red shirt shoot past him, and the next moment a wild huzzah arose. At the sound the face of Lou Le Grande rose up reproachfully before Conklin. He felt a sudden sense of unbearable shame at the realisation of his failure; and then his thoughts were diverted by the sight of a man mounting the trestle-work above

him. With the agility of a cat the man regained the ground and dashed away toward the mill, Conklin following.

"A wire across the flume!" the man shouted from the top of the dam, and at the word Maxon's men, who at that moment came pouring through a gap, rushed at Boutellier with a chorus of oaths and dragged him from the log on which he still stood near the shore, doffing his slouch hat and bowing to the cheering crowd.

"Put a wire across our flume, did you?"

"To hell with the cowardly cur!"

"Hang him to the beech-tree up on the cliff!" came in quick succession from the infuriated men in blue.

Boutellier fought like a wild beast, denying as long as he had breath the base act of treachery of which he was accused. but he was soon overpowered, and lay helpless upon the sawdust-covered ground. For a moment the men in blue glared at him as if they were tempted to stamp the life out of him on the spot; then with hoots of derision they started to drag him to the top of the cliff. Conklin ran after them, imploring them to listen to reason, but they paid not the slightest heed. Maxon, realising that his men had at last got beyond his control, stood motionless like a weather-beaten block of granite. From the east trail came the shouts of Boutellier's men, who, having to make a long detour in order to reach the mill, were just beginning to appear on the opposite side of the ravine. At the warning the men in blue rushed the helpless giant up the cliff, part of the men attending to the hanging, and the remainder getting ready to receive the red-shirts. Armed with their steel-pointed canthooks, they stood about the brow of the cliff prepared to do deadly execution in case the oncoming gang attempted to rescue their leader.

With a dexterous hitch Long Sanderson lashed Boutellier's hands behind him, cursing him for a cowardly cur as he worked. Boutellier's eyes looked as baleful as a mad bull's, but he maintained a sullen silence. Sanderson slipped a noose over the victim's dishevelled head, tossed the end of the rope over a branch, and as it fell a dozen eager hands seized it.

"Do you want to say your prayers?" demanded the self-appointed executioner, eyeing contemptuously his victim from under his shaggy red brows. Boutellier gave him a look of unutterable scorn, and then the momentary silence was broken by a woman's voice at the base of the cliff, calling imperiously:

"Wait a moment, Sanderson! I have something I want to say." Sanderson wheeled and glared at the intruder, and then as he recognised Lou Le Grande he deferentially doffed his hat.

"I put that wire across the flume; Jean is as innocent as a child," she said, with flushed face and heaving breast. Sanderson stared incredulously for a moment, and then dropped his old hat with an oath.

"Let him go, men!" came in a deep growl from the base of the cliff, where Maxon stood massive, motionless, his great paws resting on the top of his canthook. Opening a tobacco-stained clasp-knife, Sanderson cut the cords which bound the man, who had escaped hanging by a hair's breadth, and Boutellier climbed slowly to his feet and shook himself like a shaggy dog fresh from the water. Then his eyes met Lou's, and with a bound he went over the edge of the cliff and reached her side.

"Oh, forgive me, Jean! Say you forgive me! It was a dreadful thing to do; but I was so afraid you would lose!" With something between a groan and a cry Boutellier wound his great arms about the sobbing girl, and drawing her close to him kissed her with rare tenderness. Then, throwing back his massive head with its shaggy hair, he looked out upon the astonished crowd with a light of triumph in his flashing black eyes such as a man knows but once in life.

"Accept my congratulations!" said Conklin, stepping up and offering Boutellier his hand, when the touching little tableau was over. Boutellier looked squarely into Conklin's eyes for a moment, and then seized the proffered hand between both his own and wrung it in silence.

Three hours later the following telegram reached the coach of the McGill football team: "If possible save place on team. Back in week. Conklin."

The Mohawk's Revenge

By THOMAS F. ASTLE

CECILE DE SEVIGNY had been the happiest maiden in all New France, but now an unaccountable foreboding of calamity possessed her. Her father, Monsieur le Marquis de Sevigny, had not found the country to his taste. He was the leader of the brilliant company of nobles who had come with the Marquis de Tracy to Quebec to retrieve lost fortunes or to satisfy a desire for adventure. But Canada was not an Eldorado, and fighting savages was not heroic according to the standards of the courtiers of Louis the Magnificent. Therefore Monsieur was dissatisfied and determined to return to the land of his birth.

The Marquis wished to bid farewell to his friends in a manner worthy of himself, and on the eve of his departure entertained in his residence those of the citizens of Quebec whom he considered worthy of his notice.

Merrily the evening passed. Young nobles vied with the officers of the Carignan Regiment for the favour of the daughters of Old France and of those of New France, the first of the Canadiennes. But around the daughter of the Marquis were most of those gay spirits gathered. No maid in all New France was just like Cecile de Sevigny, none so courted, but alas, not one so inaccessible.

Amid the general gaiety and laughter it was noticed that Cecile was unusually pensive and sad. She danced and sang, and her wit was sharp as ever, but she was not the merry, joyous Cecile of other times.

The aged Marquis de Tracy, most gallant of gentlemen, spoke encouragingly to her.

"How now, pretty one," said he. "Is your heart heavy at being compelled to leave us? Or perhaps," he added jokingly, "you are sad at leaving that little heart behind. There are enough here who would like to detain it."

"Who knows, Monsieur?" answered Cecile with a far-away look. "This heart of mine may be buried here." She was thinking of Paul and the revengeful Indians.

The music started for the next dance, and a uniformed officer came forward to claim Cecile as his partner, but to his chagrin she excused herself.

"I must be alone a moment," she said. "Monsieur will pardon."

A moment later she passed unnoticed through the dining-hall to a side door leading to the verandah. There she paused a second, but no one was following; then stepped noiselessly to the soft grass at the side of the gravel walk. She passed quickly through the garden to the back of the house; then into a grove of spruce trees which hid from view the maize field beyond. The light of the candles was still dimly outlining her graceful figure when a youth stepped from behind a tree.

"Is it you, Paul?" she asked in a sweet mellow whisper. And for answer she was clasped in strong arms and ardently embraced.

"*C'est moi, cherie.* I was afraid you would not get away. But come behind these bushes, a *coureur de bois* must not be seen with Mad'moiselle Cecile de Sevigny."

"Yes, I am so afraid! I can only stay a moment, Paul. Let us not prolong the pain of parting. Oh! I am so afraid something terrible will happen to you! Those blood-thirsty savages! Would that I could stay to share the danger!"

"Then you are to leave for France tomorrow?" asked the youth hopelessly.

"Yes, Paul, it must be so. Our dream was beautiful, but now all is over."

"Dieu, if there was only some way!" exclaimed Paul. "But it would be madness. If you followed me in my wild life you would not live a month. If I could go to France—but you know why I am banished hence."

"Oh, there is no way, Paul, no way! Our fate is hard, but cannot be resisted."

She threw her arms about his neck and, looking eagerly into his face, said brokenheartedly: "You will always have my love, Paul. I leave my heart with you. When I reach France I will renounce the world and spend the rest of my life praying for you."

"And I," said Paul, "will go back to the forest and seek the death that ever lurks there—what was that?"

They listened. The quick ear of the bushranger had caught some faint sound, but it was not repeated. The girl's heart gave a great thump.

In the dancing-room the merriment increased.

"We must part now, Paul," sobbed the trembling girl. "They will miss me in a moment, and if they find you here they will kill you. Kiss me, Paul, and end this, for it is killing me. Adieu, adieu! would that it were 'au revoir.'"

Once more she was clasped in his strong arms. For a moment the ecstasy of love—then a feathered figure leapt from the darkness. There was the glint of steel, followed by muffled groans and all of pain and sorrow was gone from the lovers forever.

Swiftly, noiselessly, the Mohawk warrior glided like a snake through the trees and shrubbery, while the straggling moonbeams shone on the nut-brown hair and golden tresses at his belt. He had meted out his revenge.

POINTS OF VIEW

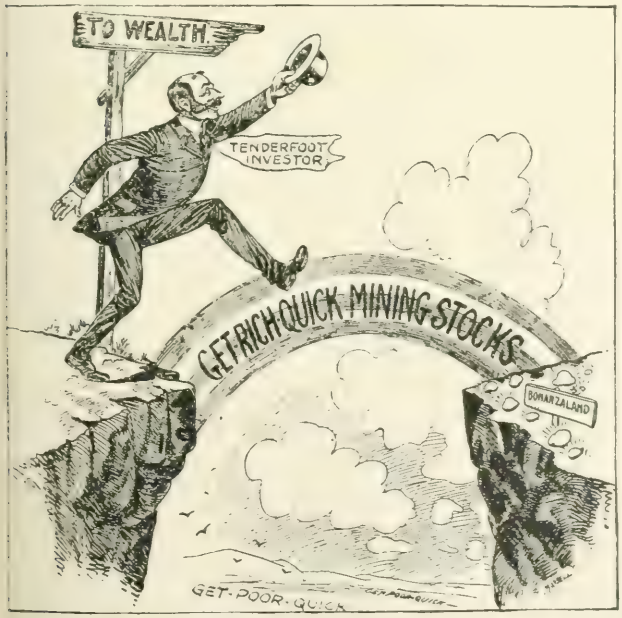
FOREMAN: "Donal' carries twa o' thae pipes."

DUGALD: "Ay, I hae obsairved him a' the forenoon. But ye maun jist remonstrate wi' Donal' yersel'."—*Punch.*

Current Events Abroad.

THE President's Message to Congress covered a wide range, but was not as startlingly radical as some had anticipated. The clause in which Canadians were chiefly interested was that with reference to the sealing industry in the Pribyloff Islands. The President furnished statistics showing the rapid diminution of the seal herds and attributed it to pelagic sealing, or in other words to the catching of the animals at sea. It will be remembered that the whole question was considered by an international court, of which Sir John Thompson was a member, some years ago. The chief decisions of that court were that a close season should be established during the summer months and that hunting should be prohibited within sixty miles of the islands. As Japan was not a party to this convention, the Japanese have ignored these rules, and it is altogether likely that it is the operations of their hunters that have awakened the President's interest in the matter.

Nevertheless, it is to Great Britain he goes with complaints, although Great Britain has consented to an extension of territorial waters twenty times greater than that recognised by normal international law in any other part of the world. The President seems to desire that Canadians should cease seal-hunting altogether. Last year the value of the Canadian catch was $322,000. The objection to this traffic is not altogether, we may be sure, because of the number of seals taken, but because it interferes with that monopoly which the Alaska Commercial Company desires to preserve in the business. The company leases the seal islands from the United States, and undoubtedly regards with extreme disfavour the free hunters whose sales of skins prevent it from regulating prices and exercising the other pleasurable privileges that appertain to monopolies.



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

—Brooklyn *Eagle*

It may readily be agreed that the extermination of the seal herds could justly be called an act of vandalism, and if it be shown that pelagic sealing must inevitably lead to that result it should be stopped. But it must be stopped under conditions. The other nations interested will not stop in order that the United States may reap all the benefits. The national treasury derives a handsome revenue from the lease, and the leasing company, once it had

a monopoly of the business, could fix its profits to suit itself. What proposition is Uncle Sam prepared to make? The islands should be internationalised and the commerce in skins managed with some eye to the public interest.

A LITTLE RECONSTITUTION

THE BISHOPS—"There! he looks quite nice now—his own parents won't know him when we send him back to them."

—*Westminster Gazette*

Another matter attracting much interest among our neighbours is the trade of the South American countries. Secretary Root journeyed to all the principal Pan-American capitals last summer, but does not appear to have found an immediate solution of the problem of securing a greater share of the trade of these countries for the United States. At present they do not enjoy ten per cent. of it, Great Britain and Germany securing the lion's share. The Secretary now tells his countrymen that they cannot capture their fair proportion of this trade until they can carry on their exchanges in American bottoms. The United States flag, he says, is never seen in the harbours of South America. The remedy he suggests is the Ship Subsidy Bill. Unfortunately, in the middle West the Ship Subsidy Bill is not popular even among Republicans, and Democrats all over the couutry oppose it with one accord. The Senate passed the bill during the former session, but the House rejected it. A determined effort will be made to get it through at the current session. It will confirm the view that the party in power is tied hand and foot to self-interested cliques of money-makers in the Atlantic coast cities.

In the British Parliament the Education Bill is still the storm-centre. The other day in the House of Lords the Marquis of Lansdowne, leader of the Opposition in that body, laid down certain principles with regard to the attitude of that House on public measures that have attracted some attention. He expressed his total dissent from the provisions of the Trades Disputes Bill, but said that he would not call upon the peers to throw it out, because it was one of the measures which he recognised as having played a part in the general election. The voters by their ballots had approved of the principle involved in it, and he was not prepared to set his predilections in opposition to that decision.

It will, of course, be asked whether the existing educational situation was not equally condemned at the general election. The two prominent topics were undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals and the Unionist educational policy. Mr. Chamberlain and all his followers believe that the success of the Liberals was not so much due to the opposition

to the revival of Protection as hostility to the Unionist solution of the educational problem. That played quite as prominent a part as the question whether a Trades Union could be the subject of legal proceedings for damage caused by the action of its officers. Many will feel that neither the Liberal nor the Unionist solution of the educational question is satisfactory any more than it is satisfactory in Canada. Both here and in the Old Country we must recognise that denominational teaching, however desirable, is impossible in state-aided schools. When that is said, however, it should not exclude the children from gaining an acquaintance with the most important book that comes from the press. The idea of withholding from children a wide knowledge of a book that is imbedded in the history of the country and which tinctures and informs literature in all its branches, is one to which too strong terms of condemnation could scarcely be applied. There is surely a solution that would take away this reproach. A pupil who emerges from the schools without a fairly extensive knowledge of the Old and New Testaments has a large part of his education to complete.

THE OYSTER AND THE SHELL

A condition Secretary Root is said to have faced in South America.—Minneapolis *Journal.*

Pope Pius X has determined to resist, in a passive way at least, the efforts of the French authorities to separate church and state. The impression created on most fair-minded people is that whatever the merits or demerits of the movement may be, the work is being done in a quite unnecessarily harsh and unfeeling way. A man has a right to dispossess his tenants, but when he exercises that right in an inhumane way public opinion is not slow to express itself. If he turns a helpless woman and a brood of half-clothed children on to the roadside, public condemnation of his conduct almost overbears his legal rights. The case in France has some analogy to this. Men have grown grey in the service of the church in France and now, in the midst of the debility of age, they are cast forth to make what provisions they can for the maintenance of life. There is no special hardship in asking the church to depend upon the voluntary offerings of its worshippers in France as in America, but the cruelty arises in the sudden change of conditions without adequate provision for bridging the gulf between the old and the new.

What will be the result? Are there enough true sons of the church in France to establish a crusade? Some talk of revolution under a Bourbon or a Bonaparte, but the way revolutions are effected nowadays is at the ballot-box. If there is a majority of the voters of France hostile to the Clemenceau programme they should be able to upset all that is being done at the next election. But the call of the Pope may awake fires that are now smouldering.

John A. Ewan

THERE'S a thing we love to think of when
the frost and ice and snow
Hold high carnival together, and the biting
north winds blow.
There's a thing we love to think of through
the bitter winter hours,
For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this
fair young land of ours.
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada;
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada.

—*Jean Blewett*

PRACTICAL PATRIOTS

THE city, on what-used-to-be-called Burlington Bay, deserves the adjective that has become historic. When a Hamiltonian goes to Marathon, he shows the rest of the world a clean pair of heels. When the Hamilton Daughters of the Empire undertake to fight the white plague, the tuberculosis germ or microbe, or whatever it is, simply curls up in consternation. Last May the Governor-General of Canada opened the Mountain Sanatorium, equipped by the chapters of the I.O.D.E., who had worked most successfully under their enthusiastic regent, Mrs. P. D. Crerar. Just before Christmas these Hamilton daughters gave a unique entertainment, "Childhood's Days," which resulted in a handsome sum being expended on winter comforts for the patients at the sanatorium.

As women all over Canada are anxious to receive suggestions for new entertainments, it may be well to describe this delightful affair. Every booth in the Thistle Rink was arranged in illustration of a rhyme or tradition of childhood. Four and twenty blackbirds served the best of substantial fare, green-and-silver fairies dispensed ice-cream, the Queen of Hearts and all the little Hearts displayed the fancy work, chrysanthemum girls served cooling lemonade, and the most "fetching" Turkish maidens served black coffee in an Oriental corner. There were no fancy or Cobalt prices, and the Hamilton "Daughters" deserved every cent for their commendable cause.

THE TRAIL OF THE SNOB

A CANADIAN newspaper got into all sorts of trouble not long ago and the story of its tribulation provided amusement for the men readers. As all the feminine world knows, the modern daily newspaper usually has a department known as the society column, in which pink teas and noisy weddings are chronicled. Happy is the woman whose name appears "among those present," and thrice happy is she whose *chic* gown and *récherché* boa are deemed worthy of mention! Such columns are usually marked by bad English and worse French, while the men who call them silly slush are not far wrong. However, they are no worse than the page devoted to sport, and if you do not believe me just read a few paragraphs about the "bonspiels" and such trivialities.

But to return to the aforesaid newspaper. Quite without the editor's knowledge, "inadvertently" as the politicians say, a letter signed "Anonyma" found its way into print. The writer expressed herself as disgusted that the name of a certain woman whose husband is connected with "trade" should appear in the social columns of the paper to which the writer addressed herself. The offender's only objectionable feature was her hus-

band's business. After this letter came a deluge of protesting correspondence from democratic citizens who tore the foolish "Anonyma" to shreds. Taking it altogether, the episode is highly humorous, especially when one considers the lady's pen-name. Has "Anonyma" ever studied Greek? We fear that her ancestors had more dollars than culture or she would not have made such a blunder.

A Canadian's house is his castle, and his wife makes out the visiting list. She has a perfect right to invite or exclude as her personal taste may dictate. If "trade" be offensive, let her avoid its associations. But she only exposes herself to ridicule when she indulges in such criticism as that of the complaining correspondent.

In a new country like ours, the small grocer of to-day is the capitalist of to-morrow. It would be edifying to know just what the descendants of the "old families" of one hundred years ago are doing to-day. It would also be edifying to know who "Anonyma's" grandpapa is or was. All this talk about "trade" savours of antiquity in the extreme. John Bull is a shopkeeper, although, as Merriman tells us, he usually keeps a gun behind the counter. Lord Iveagh and Sir Thomas Lipton go in surprisingly "good" society and are tired, no doubt, of seeing their names among those present. It is not those of gentle birth who assert superiority. It is the new rich who, in the language of "Lady Baltimore," have not "money enough to gild their bristles."

MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENTS

SEVERAL of the Canadian newspapers, among them the Toronto *Globe*, have published editorial warnings against a certain class of advertisements that promises young Canadian girls employment in United States cities. While our newspapers exercise great caution regarding advertisements that seem in any way dubious, it is impossible to obtain absolute safety in advertising matter. It is of the most vital importance that young girls, especially those in villages or the country, should be on their guard regarding offers of employment in Buffalo, Detroit or Chicago. One can hardly believe in the diabolical depravity that has lured unsuspecting girls into shame worse than death. But facts, as terrible as they are true, are in the possession of certain charitable and social organisations in our cities, and once more the girls of Canada seeking foreign or city employment are urged to make every inquiry before taking steps towards securing the advertised positions.

RUSKIN AND GIRLHOOD

IN the November number of *Scribner's Magazine* is a most interesting article on "Ruskin and Girlhood," by L. Allen Harker. The writer tells how a Ruskin Society was formed in her native town which tried to bring beauty and pleasantness into the homes of the extremely poor. One of the youthful members was in favour of distributing photographs of Fra Angelico's pictures among the distressed. The author of the article wrote to Ruskin complaining that a photograph of Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been received with the scantiest approbation by a bed-ridden old woman. Ruskin said in reply:

"Give the poor whatever pictures you find they like of *nice* things, not of merely pathetic or pompous ones. They're apt to like sick children starving in bed, beggars at street doors, Queen Vic opening Parliament, etc. Give them anything that's simple, cheerful or pious; always, if possible, coloured—never mind how badly. Shall I send you some coloured birds?"

One of the difficulties with a certain class of young women is that they take life too seriously and are everlastingly worrying over their feelings, as if their mental and emotional "states" were of planetary importance. These are the honestly misled young persons who adore fashionable clergymen and run after fake philosophers. Would that they might meet such a wise Mentor as Ruskin proved himself! Here is a bit of advice: "To answer your main question about having a right to be happy, it is not only everybody's right but duty to be so, only to choose the best sort of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap."

Ruskin, according to the writer, would

never, even to please his pets, pretend either interest or admiration which he did not feel. "And there are perhaps persons who will heartily sympathise with the following sentiments":

"Indeed I'm sorry to have grieved you and A. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little wood woman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of, and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for her family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings." Whatever may be thought of Ruskin's preference, whereby the piglet is set above the humanlet, he was a very brave and honest man to write such a letter to an enthusiastic young mother. But he would have been defeated as a candidate for parliamentary honours.

There are many whimsical turns in his letters to the young folks. After a period of severe illness and depression he wrote: "I had great joy and sense of being in my right place to-day in the Turner room, and am going to stay in London till people have been taught that they can't make my skin into gloves yet. . . . I went to the Private View of the old Water Colour yesterday, and there *were* people glad to see me there. Robert Browning among others. And I've been to the British museum and am staying very contentedly within reach of it and some other places. And I'm not going to theatres, and altogether I'm as good just now as I know how to be."

PROFESSORS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY

IN Canada, as well as in the United States and England, the teaching of domestic economy is becoming a calling for women. Miss Eunice T. Biggs in an article on the subject in an English periodical says: "A cheerful brisk tone prevails among the students, and their unanimous verdict is that the work, though hard, is enjoyable. It is certainly work well suited to womanly tastes and capabilities; to carry it through, physical activity must be combined with a high degree of mental alertness."

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON

ACCORDING to an article in the *Grand Magazine*, "the first genuine women's club in London was the Somerville. Established in 1878, it passed through years of change and vicissitudes in its modest premises over a popular tea-shop. It began modestly with a subscription and entrance-fee alike fixed at five shillings. When it took smarter premises in Hanover-square it soon succumbed, and is now only remembered as a pioneer in club history.

"In 1884 the Alexandra Club was founded. Its membership soon reached 900. The qualification was eligibility to attend H.M.'s drawing-rooms.

"In 1887 the University Club came into being, and, as its name denotes, was the meeting-place for students and women who had been at college together. The limit of members was then 300; qualification, a degree at any university or registration as a medical practitioner of the United Kingdom.

"In 1892, Mrs. Massingberd created the Pioneer Club. A woman of ideal aims, she was always ready with a generous purse to keep her creation in the vanguard of progress. The club was, therefore, very progressive, and, though beginning modestly over a perfumer's shop in Regent Street, is now established in a house of its own at No. 5 Grafton Street. Each Pioneer wears a small axe, the club badge, and is known by a number in lieu of her name as a symbol of perfect equality. Female suffrage, anti-vivisection, temperance and vegetarianism appealed to many Pioneers, whilst a number of writers, actresses, and singers have from the first been included in the list of members. The club motto is: 'They say? What say they? Let them say.' Equipped with all these fine phrases, the Pioneers serenely disregarded the sneers of facetious people, who were highly amused that a Temperance Club should provide a smoking room for its members. A further source of amuse-

ment was the evening dress of the Pioneers, a black satin jacket, with a white collar and tie, taking the place of low-necked evening toilettes."

The writer concludes a most entertaining article by asserting: "When women have acquired the sense of comradeship learnt by men in public schools, which they certainly lack, then even men will allow that clubs are as necessary for women as for themselves."

POPULAR ACTORS

ON this continent at least, the stage is more popular with women than with men. Concerts, art exhibitions, and plays are patronised by audiences largely feminine. There may have been few women who deserve to be called "artists" in the creative sense; but the men who write the great novels and dramas, who paint the masterpieces and compose the magnificent operas, would be left with slim audiences were it not for the appreciation of women. However, the stage is a sphere where woman has proved her equality to man, since acting is her very nature. Indeed it may be questioned if an actor has attained the histrionic perfection of Bernhardt or Rachel.

An actor who does not win the approval of women is lost. But there is a certain kind of actor who is sure to appeal to feminine enthusiasm. Of this class are John Drew, Kyrle Bellew, Nat Goodwin and, in a lesser degree, James K. Hackett. They are artists who have brought the drawing-room manner to perfection, and who, while sacrificing no whit of manliness, are graceful and poetic lovers. There is a difference between sentimentality and romance, and many a woman, who is merely and delightfully romantic, is accused of the former silly quality. Anglo-Saxon men are stolid in expression and awkward in gesture, whatever they may be in feeling. Hence the woman who craves polished manners in her admirer turns with quick appreciation to the golden-voiced actor, finding in his speech and gallantry the Ivanhoe, the

MR. NAT GOODWIN

Rudolf Rassendyll or the Cyrano whom she has secretly cherished. Women do not care for crude or lavish expression; what they crave is delicate suggestion, subtle phrase, courtly wooing. What wonder, then, that they turn eagerly to the drama for what they seldom find in real life? Three of these actors who exemplify the gallant qualities have recently been in Canada: the English Kyrle Bellew, the American Nat Goodwin, and our own James K. Hackett.

WOMEN EDITORS

BOTH in West and East the woman journalist is assuming greater responsibility. Miss Clara Hind of the Manitoba *Free Press* has achieved unusual success in the business department, her crop estimates being held in high regard. Miss Annie B. Merrill is doing creditable editorial work on the Calgary *Townsman*, while Miss Isabel Armstrong of London, Ontario, has full charge of the *Echo* and got out this year an extremely handsome holiday number of that enterprising weekly.

Jean Graham

BOOKS BY CANADIAN AUTHORS

TEN noteworthy books of the month are by Canadian authors. They are as follows: "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor, who is now regarded as one of the leading novelists of the day; "The Undertow," by Robert S. Knowles, a rising personality; "Alexander McBain, B.A.," by Adeline M. Teskey, a Welland lady, author also of "The Village Artist"; "The Camerons of Bruce," by R. L. Richardson, author of "Colin of the Ninth Concession"; "The Cornflower and Other Poems," by Jean Blewett; "Songs and Sonnets," by Helena Coleman; "A Song of Empire and Other Poems," by George Frederick Scott; "Preludes: Sonnets and Other Verses," by John Daniel Logan; "Studies in Plant Life," by Catharine Parr Traill; "Cupid and the Candidate," by Mrs. Leeming Carr, of Hamilton.

"THE DOCTOR"

ONE might be almost justified in saying that "The Doctor" (Toronto: The Westminster Company, Limited,) is Ralph Connor's best work. If one were content to stop at the night when Barney entered Dick's bachelor apartments and found his trusted brother and Iola, his sweetheart, in a passionate embrace—if one were content to stop there and read no further, the verdict would likely be that the author had exceeded himself. But it is, perhaps, the best word for the story to say that the reader is not content to stop there. Unfortunately, however, the latter half does not seem to ring true, and the denouement is anything but satisfactory. Maybe it suffers the fate of many so-called purposeful novels, and it is interesting to wonder whether the author has sacrificed the acclaim of posterity in order to serve what to him appears to be the present and higher duty. "The Doctor" is a well-executed, almost delightful romance up to the end of the fourteenth chapter, but from the fifteenth chapter on there is deterioration. The first chapter takes the reader into sweet rural bypaths in old Ontario, and introduces a charming maiden, with the red of the thistle in her cheek, the perfume of the clover in her hair, and the frankness of truth and the glory of good breeding as the chief mainstays of her character. Margaret Robertson loves and is loved by a neighbour's son, Barney Boyle. Barney has a brother Dick, who is about to return from college, and the three meet at a dance following a barn raising. At the dance unexpectedly appears a young school teacher named Iola, a Southern damsel, possessing a wonderfully seductive voice and a face and form full of sensuousness and alluring beauty. Iola sings and strums upon a guitar and captivates the rude but sensitive Barney. Barney had pledged his word to his mother to "see" Dick through college, but suddenly his eyes are opened, and if Dick is to be a minister he will be a doctor. But Dick is in no way slighted, and a means is provided for both youths to go. Then the scene of action shifts from the country to Toronto, where we find Barney and Dick at college, Margaret in training as a nurse, and Iola cultivating her voice. Margaret loves Barney intensely; Barney loves Iola almost madly; Dick loves Margaret perhaps less passionately, while Iola is ambitious for a "career." Iola conducts herself loosely, if not altogether wantonly, and so drives Barney to Baltimore in despair. While Barney is away, Dick, who has fallen somewhat because of academical chastisement for

heretical leanings, and who has no hope of winning Margaret, cultivates the companionship of Iola. One night the two give way momentarily to a common moral weakening, and are discovered by Barney, who has returned in obedience to his frantic affection for this young woman. Then Barney disappears, and Iola goes abroad to conquer Europe. Dick goes as a missionary to British Columbia, having reconciled the church authorities, and it becomes convenient also to transfer Margaret thither as matron of Kuskinook hospital. Barney turns up in that western district, where he is medical superintendent for a railway company. Finally a letter is received from Iola, and Barney sets off to visit her in Scotland. He finds her at death's door, she having gone into decline, and after she dies, on the day of his arrival, he returns to the Rockies and falls a victim of appendicitis. Margaret and Dick are present at the last, and Margaret's love of Barney stands the test of years. But the last chapter finds Dick and Margaret, a year later, back in the old bypaths, and when Dick repeats his love story it falls on responsive ears. According to the light of the story Iola was intended for Dick and Margaret for Barney. But "The Doctor" is a purposeful novel, misnamed withal, for Barney Boyle was "The Man" first and "The Doctor" afterwards. Nevertheless word comes from the publishers that already 150,000 copies have been sold.

MR. ROBERT S. KNOWLES

Whose novel "The Undertow" is arousing a good deal of comment

"THE UNDERTOW"

THE author of "St. Cuthbert's," which easily proved the best selling Canadian novel of 1906, has produced a new story, "The Undertow" (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company), which surpasses its predecessor in every quality. Indeed, Mr. Knowles in this new novel has done work which has not yet been attempted by any other Canadian writer, and which places him, in the estimation of some critics, beside such workers in the same field as Thomas Hardy, Henry James, and George Meredith. "The Undertow" is an enlargement upon a metaphor. What the strong swimmer most fears is not the rolling billows and the rushing waters, but the hidden undercurrents which tug at him and devour his strength. So is it in life—in the moral and spiritual life. The forces that make for the downfall of the human soul are not those which one can combat in the open; they are the hidden sins that haunt the soul's obscure recesses. This is the theme of Mr. Knowles' novel, and he has worked it out with great power and skill. Since Mr. Knowles seems to have gifts for melodrama, we would suggest that the story be dramatised. Properly staged, it would make an effective presentation of a cardinal truth which the preachers either neglect altogether or handle with doubtful power. We recommend the book strongly. We, however, suggest that in a future edition it would be well for the author to eliminate as much as possible the homely, pathetic element.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT
Author of "The Cornflower and Other Poems"

dubiously secured by quotations from the Presbyterian Book of Praise.

A TEMPERANCE STORY

"ALEXANDER McBAIN, B.A." (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company) is the story of a promising life ruined because of an inherited weakness for stimulant. A young man of unusual capabilities, enjoying the respect of his community and the love of a charming village maiden, is permitted to go to college owing to the industry and self-sacrifice of a widowed mother. He is a good student, and a good man at heart, but his inherent tendency towards inebriety finally overcomes his good appreciation of decorum. He falls into indolent and drunken habits. He is discharged from a modest position in the village store, and finally leaves home in a state of penury, from which he fails to recover. Finally, on his way home again in a repentant mood, he is converted at a religious meeting, but whether there was a sufficient change to overcome the desire for drink is not put to the test, because almost immediately afterwards the young man is killed while rescuing a child. That is where the story fails most, although at best it is disappointing, the chief character lacking definiteness and magnetism with the others verging on the commonplace. However, as a temperance story, "Alexander McBain, B.A.," should find a place. It is also a faithful picture of life in the average Ontario village where gossip and wholesomeness compete for first place.

MRS. BLEWETT'S WORK

FEW writers of verse in Canada have a more sympathetic or admiring following than Jean Blewett, whose latest volume, "The Cornflower and Other Poems," has just been issued by William Briggs, Toronto. There is perhaps good reason for that, for Mrs. Blewett has a genius for expressing in a picturesque way the very sentiments that wholesome people like to hear expressed,

of playing in a delicate way upon the very emotions that unvarnished people like to have played upon, and with a confiding, yet artistic aptitude, of drawing inspiration from the well-springs of a common human sympathy. It means a great deal to be able to do that, and no writer who values endurance can afford to ignore it. It is gratifying to read a verse in which there is no philosophic problem to solve, no unseen motive, no harsh, mean treatment, nothing, in fact, to jar the sweet-minded. Such is the work of Jean Blewett, and as such will her work find an abiding place in the affections of her readers.

Note Mrs. Blewett's poetic touch in this extract from "The Highland Shepherd":

"O the hills of purple heather,
And the skies so warm and gray!
O the shimmer of the sea-mist
In the sea-wind far away!
O the calling of the torrent
Sweeping down Ben Vorlick's side,
And my white flocks faring foldward
In the hush of eventide!"

DELIGHTFUL VERSE

RARELY has so delightful a volume of poems been sent out from a Canadian publishing house and by a Canadian author than "Songs and Sonnets," the work of Miss Helena Coleman (Toronto: William Briggs). Apart altogether from the true rhythmic beauty of the verse and the embodiment of lofty conceptions, the letter press and cover design make of the book a pleasing, artistic production. There are in all about one hundred songs and sonnets, and they have in them the ring of genuineness. Many persons, having read from time to time some of this author's verses, written under a nom de plume, had wondered who the writer was, and it will be gratifying for them to know that so valuable a collection is now available in book form. Miss Coleman has the rare accomplishment of rich, magnetic expression, while her technique is admirable. Her style is not unlike that of Clinton Scollard, and that is saying a good deal. Here is an extract from "Indian Summer":

We linger by the crimson vine,
Steeped to the heart with fragrant wine,
And where the rowan-berries shine,
And gentians lift their blue;
We stay to hear the wind that grieves
Among the oak's crisp, russet leaves;
And watch the moving light that weaves
Quaint patterns, peering through.

THE KELT IN POETRY

IT is gratifying to see that the verse of John Daniel Logan, which is well known to the magazines, has been collected and published in a neat volume by William Briggs, Toronto, under the title "Preludes: Sonnets and Other Verses," with an epistle in criticism and an essay entitled "The Rhythmical Dummy: A Recipe for Verse-Makers." The volume is not pretentious, but the thoughts contained therein are clothed in chaste English, and there is evidence of a careful study of technique. The "Epistle in Criticism" is addressed to Peter MacLaren MacDonald, and is, we should say, an expression of admiration for the true poetic fire possessed by the Keltic race, and as well an appreciative explanation of the failure of the Canadian Kelt in poetry.

Dr. Logan is a native of Pictou County, Nova Scotia, a young man yet, but one of considerable attainment. He is a Ph.D. of Harvard, and a cultured gentleman of letters. Of his poetic instinct the following sonnet, "The Solitary," will speak:

I lie where oft your rare swart tresses lay
And oft your sweet voice called me in the night,
But all the slow, blank hours in their flight
Do mock me as I call and vainly pray
That your fond, vivid vision long may stay
In my dear dreams, and with dawning light
Bring realer dreams of days 'mongst vales bedight
With flowers of Joy when we the winding way
Of Love trod carelessly. Dear Heart, alas!
The lone, long, lingering trail of life must I
Forever unaccompanied take and pass
Forever disinherited by Hate?
O hear me, Heart of mine, O hear my cry:
"Still do I love thee, still do I love and wait."

MR. R. L. RICHARDSON

Whose latest novel "The Camerons of Bruce" has just been issued by William Briggs

MR. RICHARDSON'S NEW NOVEL

ANY book that describes in an interesting, dramatic way the difficulties and hardships that were encountered by our forefathers is worthy of much commendation. Such is the "Camerons of Bruce," the latest work of Mr. R. L. Richardson (Toronto: William Briggs). The story affords the author much opportunity for first-class descriptive work and good character drawing. It deals with the adventures of Lachlan Cameron, a youth of twenty-one, who sets out from Bruce County to avenge the disinheritance of his lamented father by an uncle who lives among the Indians along the Saskatchewan river. The incidents of this adventure are numerous and full of action. One cannot help wondering how so busy a man as Mr. Richardson could find time to cultivate his taste for fiction. Few journalists in Canada are more widely known than he is, and his latest romance will therefore be read by many with much interest.

A POLITICAL STORY

IN "Cupid and the Candidate" (Toronto: William Briggs), Mrs. Carr has produced a political story of good action, originality and interest. It is by no means a pretentious volume, but it is written with a light, facile hand, and should have a place with "the clever things." There is in it a generous amount of wholesome humour, and it is perhaps as a humorist that Mrs. Carr most excels. All who read "Cupid and the Candidate" will welcome another book by the same author. The dedication is to Mr. James J. Hill.

A BOOK FOR NATURE LOVERS

"STUDIES of Plant Life in Canada" (Toronto: William Briggs) is a new and revised edition of a volume issued by Mrs. Traill under the same title some years ago, and which is so well known to those who have been interested in Canadian wild flowers that but little need be said of it here. This new edition

is issued in an attractive form, and besides eight reproductions in colours, there are twelve half-tone engravings from special drawings by Mrs. Agnes D. Chamberlin. It is dedicated to the Countess of Grey, and its object is perhaps best set forth by the author, who says in the preface: "It is not a book for the learned. The aim of the writer is simply to show the real pleasure that may be obtained from a habit of observing what is offered to the eye of the traveller. . . . . Even to know the common name of a flower or fern is something added to our stock of knowledge, and inclines us to wish to know something beyond the mere name."

IMPERIAL VERSE

"A HYMN of Empire and Other Poems" (Toronto: William Briggs), by Frederick George Scott, is a daintily-bound volume containing more than thirty poems by this Quebec writer. The initial poem is an expression in dignified verse of the true Imperial sentiment, which is filled not only with pride, but with a sense of responsibility. The poems on nature are appreciative of the peculiar ruggedness of Quebec scenery, as well as of the summer aspects as shown in the glancing rivulet. We have not often seen the quatrain in Canadian poetry, and this selection "By the Sea," is such as to make us wish for more examples:

"Ever the strong, salt life, ever the dream,
Ever the pulsing force, the mystery
Of tireless Nature working 'neath the stars,
Her destiny apart from human things."

A BOOK FOR BUSINESS MEN

"THE Making of a Merchant" is an excellent book, particularly for young men starting out on a business career. The author, Harlow N. Higinbotham, was a partner of the late Marshall Field. He is also a well-known financier and President of the World's Columbian Exposition. He should therefore be regarded as an authority in the business world. Indeed, his career has long been watched by merchants all over the country, and he is generally pointed out in the mercantile world as one of the outstanding successes of the last quarter-century. Undoubtedly his book will have a large sale. It is published by Forbes and Company, Chicago.

NOTES

It is gratifying to note that Bliss Carman has had published (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company) a comprehensive volume of his best poems, under the title "Pipes of Pan." The book is of generous bulk, and contains five works that were issued separately last year under distinctive titles, as follows: "From the Book of Myths," "From the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," and "From the Book of Valentines." Bliss Carman is regarded as one of the first poets of the day, and no Canadian should be unacquainted with his rare style of expression.

Housekeepers, that is, real housekeepers, and all who contemplate building, occupying or furnishing a house, or, indeed, all who live in at least fair circumstances, should make acquaintance with "The Complete Home," by Clara E. Laughlin (New York: D. Appleton and Company). It is safe to say that wherever this book is read its influence will be very marked, and further, that if its contents were generally known there would be in household arrangement fewer incongruities to shock artistic sensibilities and more recognition of the fitness of things. The volume is so comprehensive that it is impossible to cover its scope in a brief review. There are fourteen chapters and nearly a score of full-page illustrations. It treats of almost everything encountered in a modern household, from the extermination of vermin to the choosing of antique furniture or decorations.

The "History of the Royal North-West Mounted Police," by Captain Ernest J. Chambers (Black Rod), has just been issued, and is an exceedingly interesting and important addition to contemporary historical literature. It is perhaps the only authentic history of this famous corps, and it is therefore exceedingly valuable as a souvenir. It is printed on superior coated

paper, handsomely bound, and contains a profusion of excellent half-tone illustrations. Although the name is not given, it is understood that the publishers are McPhee Brothers and Bayley, an enterprising Montreal concern.

A new volume of John Imrie's poems has just been issued (Toronto: The Imrie Printing Co.). This makes the fifth edition, which puts the output up to 7,500 copies. Mr. Imrie's poems have long been admired by an increasing circle of readers, and they are steadily gaining in appreciation. The new volume is attractively bound in gilt cloth, with gilt decorations.

Ginn and Company, Boston, have published a neat little volume entitled "The Philosophy of Goethe's Faust," by Thomas Hamilton, author of "The Education of the Wage Earners," etc.

"Alcestis and Other Poems" is the title of an attractive little volume by Sara King Wiley (The Macmillan Company of Canada). The book is composed mostly of blank verse of a classical order.

The very title of "The Running Horse Inn" bespeaks a story chock full of romance and chivalry. It is a novel of the Colonial Library series, and written in a clever way by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). All who enjoy real stirring scenes, full of action and not too much tragedy, will take readily to this book. The story deals with exciting incidents rendered possible by the Napoleonic wars which were then agitating Europe. The author has handled his opportunity well, and produced a novel of popular interest.

"Hope: My Wife" is a story by L. G. Moberley (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company), dealing with the problem of an early unhappy marriage, a separation, and a reunion after some years, the husband proposing to his own wife, whom he had failed to recognise.

"Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," by Clifton Johnson (The Macmillan Company of Canada), is a splendid account of travel, incident and folk-lore along the most majestic and interesting rivers on the North American continent. It is very evident that the author was heart and soul in his work, and what adds greatly to the value and attractiveness of the volume is a list of more than sixty illustrations from actual photographs taken by the author. It is usually the case that persons who write entertainingly and instructively about places of general interest fail to provide backing for their work in the form of convincing illustrations. In this particular case there is an apt combination of author and artist.

The thirty-eighth volume of "The Studio" (44 Leicester Square, London,) is one of the most sumptuous publications that comes to the reviewer during a whole twelvemonth. To give an idea of its immensity, not to speak of its artistic merits, it is only necessary to say that it contains more than six hundred illustrations of the best art of the day and of the highest attainment in reproductive skill. Many of the full-page illustrations are in several colours, producing exceptionally pleasing results. Scarcely anyone is able to keep in touch with the advance of art who is not acquainted with this work.

"The Studio" for November contains 145 illustrations. The feature is a number of reproductions from Alexander Young's collection of C. F. Daubigny's work.

Perhaps no country in the world just now is so attractive for a study ground as Persia, and on that account "Persia, Past and Present," by A. V. W. Jackson, a Columbia University professor (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), is a most acceptable and very timely production. Prof. Jackson is not only an observing, painstaking traveller, but he is also an accomplished writer. The work, therefore, is the result of rare perceptive faculties, following a first-hand study of the subject, and a clear conception of how the best material should be placed before the reader. The book is rendered exceedingly valuable by about two hundred illustrations, mostly reproduced from photographs taken by the author himself.

"The Old Testament in Art," edited by W. Shaw Sparrow (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company), is an extremely

valuable and instructive volume, comprising, as it does, reproductions of the best works of the best painters of religious subjects from the Renaissance down to the most modern schools. The volume is of generous proportions, and there are about two hundred pages, most of which contain full-page reproductions of famous paintings. Many of the photogravures are of exceptionally fine quality. Some of the painters whose works are reproduced in an illuminative way are Michelangelo, Raphael, Watts, Rembrandt, Dyce, Burne-Jones, Bonguereau, Holman Hunt and Corot. The interpretations are by such capable critics as Leonce Benedita, Keeper of the Luxembourg, Paris, and Rev. R. J. Campbell, London.

The interest that human nature takes in such occurrences as the escape of a nun from a convent is shown by the discussion that has been aroused in some circles in England over Joseph Hocking's latest novel "The Woman of Babylon" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company). The story centres around the results that follow an adoption of the Roman Catholic faith by the mother of the heroine of the tale, an entrancing young woman, who is induced by a chain of circumstances to enter a convent, where she languishes while her parents and lover search for her, almost in vain. The lover finally discovers and she is released. The conditions and restrictions of convent life afford a difficult subject, and many may therefore question the soundness of some of the incidents.

Eugene Field's well-known "Poems of Childhood" would be dainty morsels for old or young, even if presented on brown wrapping paper, but they are published in a magnificent volume by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, with illustrations by the clever artist, Maxfield Parrish, and form one of the best holiday productions of the season. The volume starts off with "With Trumpet and Drum," and ends with "Over the Hills and Far Away."

The wonder is that Stanley Weyman can produce so many books and yet maintain the snap and go that has made his name famous. His latest is "Chippinge Borough" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), a tale of the stirring times in England during the period of the Reform bill. Lovers of exciting romance and adventure will find this novel well up to Mr. Weyman's high standard.

One of the most acceptable stories of the holiday season for boys is "Brier-Patch Philosophy," by "Peter Rabbit" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company). It is the work of William J. Long, who has won a great reputation as a writer of this entertaining class of literature. While the book is interesting from a purely fanciful standpoint, it contains many philosophical passages, the opinions of Brier-Rabbit, while quaint and original, having, nevertheless, a tinge of wisdom well put.

Rev. J. D. Freeman's "Life on the Uplands," a study of the Twenty-third Psalm from a new point of view, has met with success rare among books of its class. The publisher (William Briggs) reports that the demand for the book was so instant and strong that in less than a week of publication a second edition had to be put on the press.

John Coutts, author of "Man's Organic Constitution," etc., has written a new book entitled "The Divine Inheritance as revealed in the Bible, Man and Nature." It is published by the National Hygienic Company, Limited, London.

The Christmas number of *The Globe* has long been regarded as equal to the best European and United States holiday publications. That is saying a good deal, but it is even more significant when it is supplemented with the statement that the production this year is in advance of all its predecessors. One of the noticeable things about it is the increasing attention that is being given to the artistic treatment of advertising matter, and it is not going too far to say that some of the advertisements are really works of art. Advertising of a high and cultured order is rapidly coming to the front in Canada, and *The Globe* is to be commended for its enterprise in this respect.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

A STEP IN THE MAKING OF LITERATURE

THE unveiling of a monument to the memory of Alexander McLachlan, poet and patriot, at Orangeville last Thanksgiving Day is one more indication that, even in Canada, the admirers of literary genius are becoming sufficiently energetic as to place before the public some enduring mark of their appreciation. It was the second of two events of the kind that took place in this country during 1906. The first was the unveiling of a monument to Cremazie in Place St. Louis, Montreal, by the poet's French-Canadian compatriots. Occasions such as these two are far more significant than most persons would think, for the monuments should play no small part in the making of a Canadian literature. Some might wonder what a slab of marble or a cast of bronze could do towards the making of literature. Either one might do much. The literature of a country need not be good, but it must be enduring. Indeed, it must have already endured the changing fancies of succeeding generations before it can claim the dignity of a national literature. That is why no person is able to say that we have a Canadian national literature. The making of books in this country does not go back far enough to justify any person to say that this or that work has stood or will stand the test of time. A person might say that some particular writing will live, but that assertion could be at best only a prophecy. And therefore the decision as to whether

SCENE AT UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER McLACHLAN AT ORANGEVILLE

or not Canada has a national literature must be a prerogative of posterity.

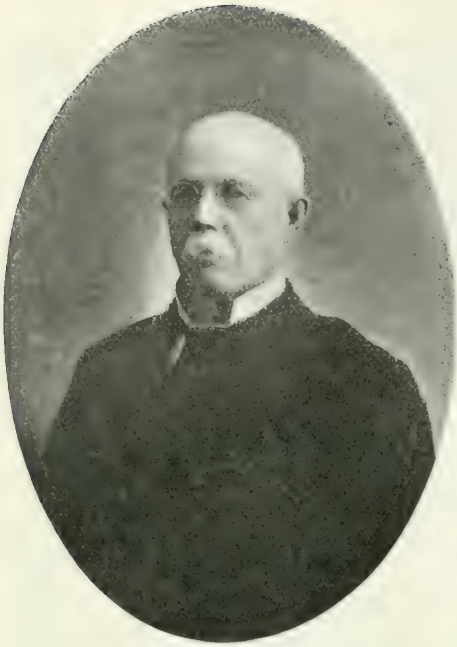
But by building monuments to our writers we can in some measure affect the exercise of that prerogative and cause our opinions to stand even after the passing of many generations. Looking at it from that standpoint, we must regard it as a great and serious privilege, and therefore the building of monuments of this kind should not be undertaken in haste. When posterity sees the monuments, posterity will want to read the writings, be they good or bad. One monument or some other enduring mark of appreciation might cause to live the work of an inferior mind, while the rare touch of genius might pass away in the forgetfulness of succeeding generations. However, scarcely any one would say that an error was made in erecting a monument to either McLachlan or Cremazie. Still, there exists the potency of the thing for either good or evil.

SENATOR W. ROSS

The monument to McLachlan was unveiled by the poet's daughter, Miss Elizabeth McLachlan, and, as may be seen from the photograph (although most of those present are not shown), there was a good attendance. The money to pay for the cost of the memorial was raised by public subscription. The chief orator of the occasion was Joseph C. Clarke, B.A., Principal of Port Elgin High School. The venerable figure with snow-white hair, standing on the platform, is that of Dr. Alexander Hamilton, of Toronto, editor of McLachlan's works. He conducted the proceedings.

LAST OF THE ANTI-CONFEDERATES

SENATOR W. ROSS contributes the following: "In your issue of April you state "the death of Hon. Alfred Giltin Jones removes the last of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates." This is not correct. Jones was never in the House of Assembly, and there are three of us living, hale and hearty, who were Anti-Confederates, as well as the late Governor Jones: Hon. W. H. Ray, now in the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia; Samuel MacDonnell, the Customs Inspector in the Island of Cape Breton, and the writer, who is in the Senate of the Dominion. Only fifteen Liberals were returned in the election of 1863, and we were all elected in 1867, some of us by acclamation. Sir Charles Tupper, then Dr. Tupper, was the only Confederate returned from Nova Scotia, with the bare majority of sixteen votes. We were by no means opposed to the union of the provinces, but forcing this measure on the electors without an appeal to them, and in this we followed Joseph Howe. You also called the late



SAMUEL MacDONNELL

Governor Jones "Sir," which he might have been entitled to, but he declined the honour offered him by the Prince of Wales during the last visit of Royalty to Halifax. I will be pleased if you make these corrections."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT PARKER

IN the County of Lennox, about nine miles from Napanee and nestling cosily between two low hills, lies the village of Camden East, the birthplace of one of Canada's most brilliant sons, Sir Gilbert Parker.

Standing on one of the hills you can look down on the peaceful little village, lying on either bank of a most beautiful bit of river and creeping partially up the opposite hill.

"One of those little places that have run
Half way up the hill, beneath the blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest as if to say,
I'll climb no further upward, come what may."

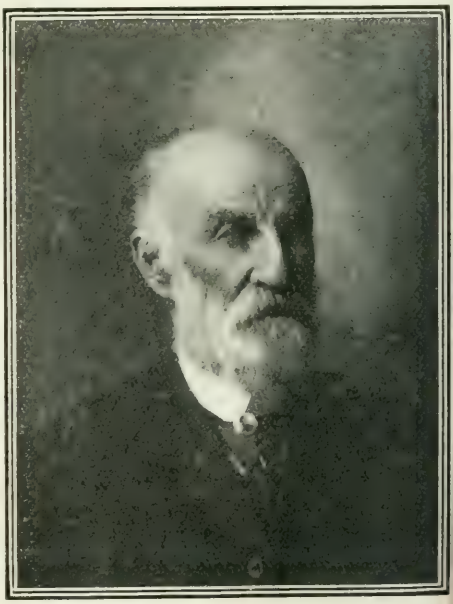
The Anglican church, situated at the top of the higher of the two hills, is the most pretentious structure and occupies the most prominent position in the village, standing like a sentinel among the moss-grown marble slabs that mark the resting places of those asleep in the quiet hill-side churchyard.

At the foot of the hill the river glides smoothly, quietly and lazily in and out among the shadows and nooks of its thickly foliaged banks, turning here and there to almost lap the doorstep of some tiny home, or, flowing softly over the flat limestone rocks, makes natural laundries or ideal bathing places for the village children.

Excepting where the old dam, rotten with age, allows the water it pretends to hold back to slip over its broken edges in little cascades of frothy olive-green and yellow-white foam, the river glides noiselessly and with scarcely a ripple to disturb its mirror-like surface—typical in its serenity of the village and its inhabitants.

At the foot of the hill, just below the church, the river is spanned by a picturesque bridge from which, looking either up or down the stream, beautiful bits of scenery delight the artistic eye.

But a few feet from this bridge and almost in the shadow of the church, stands



HON. W. H. RAY
Member Legislative Council of Nova Scotia

the house in which Gilbert Parker was born. It is a low, two-story frame building and, like the best of the village homes, is most unassuming in its appearance. It stands facing the one and only street of which the village boasts and may be said to be "in the business centre," for almost opposite it is the general store and post office, wherein one may post his letters, purchase his dry goods, groceries or hardware, and where the thrifty house-wives, owners of a cow or poultry, may sell their surplus of butter or eggs, or exchange them for other household necessities.

BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT PARKER

Time passes lightly over the village, and changes take place slowly, and everything in the place is practically just as it was when Gilbert Parker, as he is unceremoniously called there, with other lads of his age, obeyed the summons of the school bell, and, books in hand, ran up the tiny street. The same houses that then stood there are there now, unchanged, and owned by the people who then owned them or by their sons and daughters. Even the furnishing of some of these homes have not been altered a jot.

The blacksmith's shop on the river's bank is the same as when little Gilbert paused on his way to watch the glowing furnace or the shoeing of a neighbour's horse, and the present owner of the shop is a son of the blacksmith Gilbert knew then, and the dear old lady who in those days displayed in her window sundry glass jars containing curly sugar sticks and striped red and white peppermint bull's eyes, still caters to youthful appetites.

In fact, life in that village goes on with such unchangeableness, serenity and simplicity, that one would imagine the change and haste, and the passions and worries of life had failed to find out the sheltered nook wherein the village lies, or else, having found it, were ashamed to intrude.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had a remarkable appreciation of serenity and quietude of this kind. A sequestered hamlet must have been to him "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Those who dwell in these delightful spots scarcely rise to the occasion of their own importance, when it is discovered that they have given birth of some genius, or that some genius has given birth to them. But that is the way of life.

The Editor

STREET SCENE IN CAMDEN EAST, WHERE GILBERT PARKER WAS BORN

IDLE MOMENTS

HOW WE BUILT THE CHURCH

FOR the last twelve months I have been occupying the position of chief clerk and floor-walker in a small village store, situated a few miles down the lake road. Here we handle everything from a bottle of cough mixture to a post-mortem certificate. As a rule the certificate follows a dose of the mixture.

One day a customer from a farm down on the second concession came in and asked for half a sheet of fly paper and three cents' worth of toothache gum. She then wanted to know if we gave trading stamps. Two days later a man bought a couple of washtubs. He had heard that the town council were going to do away with the saloon and he wanted to put in a supply against a calamity like that.

I had always been accustomed to think of pay-day as a time for rejoicing. But it is such a long time since the pay-car has switched off on my siding that I am beginning to show signals of distress. My wash has been accumulating at the laundry for the past two months, and I am now reduced to the last shirt. Last week I went up to the "Chinks" to beg a clean shirt for Sunday, but was warded off with "no monee, no shirtee." I am in such straitened circumstances that I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of attending church service. I used to enjoy the singing and the glowing descriptions the preacher gave about the lake of fiery brimstone—he could make it so realistic that your tongue would become dry listening to it. He had the same power when describing a sea voyage. He would paint on your imagination the waves and storm-tossed vessel so vividly as to almost make you sea-sick. Once a man sitting next me had to get up and make a run for the door. When a fellow is "broke," the most embarrassing part of church service is when the deacons start taking toll with the tinware. They seem to hold the plate in front of you with so meek an expression on their countenances that you are reminded of a patient stepping into the dentist's chair. Five cents is a small enough amount to put on a collection plate, but some people when they get a bad coin passed off on them during the week save it for the offering on Sunday, and then pray that the heathen in far-away lands may be taught to see the error of their ways.

At one time the humblest building in this part of the country was the Methodist church. And the manse adjoining had such a cheerless, sun-baked appearance, that even the wandering hoboes never considered it as being a place for a likely hand-out, and so side-tracked it completely. When the minister first undertook the task of supplying spiritual manna to the flock in this community, he hadn't enough of the national currency to pay bus fare from the station to his new place of abode, which was not his fault. Accordingly, he did the next best thing—walked the four miles with a baby on one arm and his wife's hatbox on the other.

Within the last year all this has changed. The little wooden meeting-house has been supplanted by an expensive, pressed brick edifice. In the old building the preacher's table stood on a level with the seats. Now

the pulpit is elevated half way to the ceiling. On the wall, directly above the minister's head, is the text: "He is risen."

The manse, also, has undergone a transformation, but it is still avoided as much as ever by the tramps, for a bull dog is now chained near the gate with a well-practiced habit of sinking his teeth into the tasty shanks found beneath the trouser legs of the ragged gentry.

The church choir has likewise "caught on." On Sunday all the latest "Parisian" millinery styles are displayed, while sealskin jackets and mink caperines suggest a run on the bank account of some outraged papa or protesting but helpless husband.

This sudden rise from an obscure gathering of the faithful to an up-to-date congregation is easily accounted for. The new minister soon after his arrival called a meeting of the church dignitaries and their wives. A series of boldly planned "schemes" were suggested and afterwards successfully carried out.

The first event was a misnamed "strawberry and angel cake social." After paying for admission an additional ten cents was charged for checking wraps and headwear. A few steps farther along I was encountered by a well-groomed individual who tried to sell me a small book of poems written by a local poet. I was told that the writer had lately been committed to an asylum, and that the sale of his poetical works was to defray the expense of getting the interior of his cell padded. When I had bought the poems I concluded that the fellow's brain cells were padded enough already. At this time the orchestra, consisting of two violins and a snare drum, were going through the motions of playing "William Tell," with variations. While they were waiting for applause, the minister got up to say how glad he was to see so many people enjoying themselves. He then asked a blessing for the success of the venture, and the conflict was on.

The thing was a failure from the start. Instead of complying with the specified bill of fare, the strawberry crop having failed, they served around gooseberry jam and egg muffins. A young lady was on the programme to sing a solo, but by a merciful act of Providence she was unable to fulfill her engagement, having spilled a cup of coffee down the front of her dress, which had been white. A talented young artist from Hamilton was to have given a selection on the mouth-organ, but he received a severe cut on the lip from a table knife while trying to eat a piece of muffin. These two sudden but well-timed reverses put an end to the musical part of the programme. A special collection was then taken for the famine fund. Some thought the riot act would be read, and the peaceably inclined departed for their homes.

The next affair was a bazaar, which proved a great success as a money-getter. This was followed by a series of concerts, socials, house solicitations and special exhortations from the pulpit. When a monied member was known to be dying, the minister would swoop down upon the unfortunate, and impress upon his fast fading memory that one more generous donation to the church fund would act as oil for the beacon to light his passage across the dark sea. On the other hand, when the departing one had no worldly wealth to dispose of the minister would say: "Well, John, we are all sorry to see you going. You are passing out of darkness into everlasting light." In this case, it seems, there were no beacons to be kept supplied with oil, which implied that the path he was taking would be well lighted by the fires which seem to allure so many down that way.

So in a short time enough money was raised and the church was erected. The congregation is described as being go-ahead and progressive, while the minister is looked upon as the right man for the position. So he is.

Walter Mills

ALPHONSE AND GASTON OUTDONE

IT was "befo' de wah" in old Virginia, and young "Marse" Martin had just returned from the University. Upon his arrival he was told that "Unc' Patrick" and Aunt Sallie had plighted their troth, and wished to be married with becoming pomp and ceremony. The snows of

LIGHT ROSES

DARK ROSES

eighty winters had silvered Uncle Patrick's woolly locks, and Aunt Sally was past threescore and ten. So "Marse" Martin thought the occasion might be humorously elaborated. He bestowed upon Uncle Patrick a discarded swallow-tail and got his sisters to bedeck Aunt Sally out with gorgeous bridal array. When the momentous evening arrived Aunt Sally's wrinkled cheeks were veiled in white mosquito netting, and her toothless mouth smiled expansively. After the ceremony "Marse" Martin turned to the bridegroom and said:

"Unc' Patrick, aren't you going to salute the bride?"

Unc' Patrick bowed with Chesterfieldian grace, as he replied: "Arfter you, Marse Martin, arfter you, Soh!" *J.M.B.*

A LITTLE TWISTED

A GERMAN resident of a Western Ontario town has gained a local reputation as a fun-maker, owing to his fondness for figures of speech, which in English he often sadly distorts. Once he heard a man refuse to do something because he had "other fish to fry." When an opportunity to use this expression arose, the German said: "I can't do dot ting. I haf to go home and vry some vish." Again when he had a "crow to pick" with an acquaintance, he remarked: "I haf to rub a schickens mit you."

THE SNAIL AND THE RACE-HORSE

DO not revile the patient snail
Because he crawls so very slowly.
As a race-horse he would fail
Without doubt, this creature lowly.

But think of this, and answer true:
Would the race-horse on the track
Than the snail much better do
With his stable on his back.

—*F. C. Gordon* in *St. Nicholas*

From an Old Engraving

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, LONDON

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1907

The Stage of Former Days

By
Goldwin Smith.
D.C.L.

An appreciation of players long gone from the stage, of the play itself as a powerful organ of culture, with a suggestion for Mr. Andrew Carnegie

THE death of Ristori recalls her to the memory of such of her surviving contemporaries as were lovers of the stage in those days. Hers was a figure not easily forgotten. She was a truly noble woman, made to express noble passions. Her favourite part was Camma, the heroine of a drama by Montanelli, and she was at the height of her glory in the scene in which Camma cajoles the Tetrarch, who for guilty love of her had murdered her husband, into drinking the poisoned cup, then drinks of it herself and dies. The story is taken from Plutarch (Treatise on the Virtues of Women). Tennyson has used it for his "Cup."

I saw Rachel in her best parts both in London and at Paris. It is presumptuous to speak of her after such a critic as Matthew Arnold, who says that Rachel begins almost where Sara Bernhardt ends. High passion was evidently her forte, and I should say passion such as that of Phèdre, rather of the diabolical than of the seraphic kind. That she was magnificent in her way could not be doubted. Her special part was that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, in a drama written expressly

HELEN FAUCIT

Who afterwards became Lady Martin. She was regarded as one of the most beautiful women of her day. Dr. Smith remembers her as a tender, graceful actress, but not so great in passion as Ristori or Rachel.

RACHEL

The celebrated French actress, as she appeared in Valéria in 1851. The realism of her death scenes was said to be remarkable. Matthew Arnold says that she begins almost where Sara Bernhardt ends.

ADELAIDE RISTORI

Whose death prompted Dr. Smith's reminiscences of the stage. Her New York debut was made in 1866. She is shown here as she appeared in "Myrra."

ALFRED WIGAN

As Monsieur Tourbillon and Mrs. Wigan as Virginie

JENNIE LIND

The world-renowned songstress, as she appeared in "La Sonnambula'

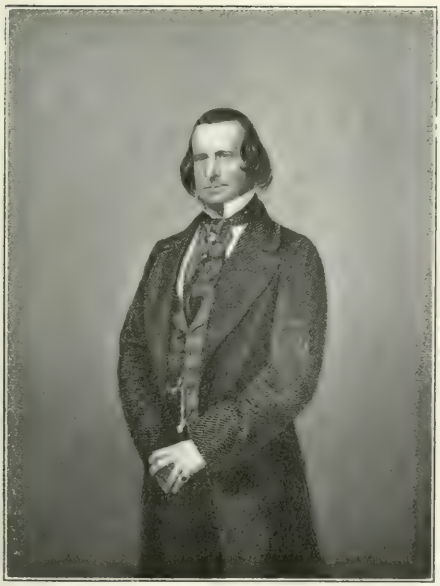
Reproductions from Old Engravings

MADEMOISELLE TIETIENS

Who in her time was fine as an actress in *Lucrezia Borgia*

CHARLES KEAN

Dr. Smith does not agree with the opinion that Kean was great in Hamlet



SAMUEL PHELPS

Who was a well-known figure at Sadler's Wells

MADAME ALBONI

Whom Dr. Smith refers to as the peerless queen of song

Four Reproductions from Old Engravings by D J. Pound

for her, the plot of which turned on the rivalry of two women for the love of Maurice de Saxe. The death scene at the conclusion was certainly a remarkable piece of work. It was said with probability to have been studied in a hospital. Adrienne, dying of the poison administered by her rival, was placed in a chair in which she went through the agonies of death and, at last, convulsively rising fell back dead. Rachel appeared on the stage glittering with the gifts of admirers.

The best performers on the English stage in those times were Wigan and Helen Faucit. Helen Faucit never soared to the heights of Ristori or Rachel, nor was she great in passion; but her acting was full of tenderness and grace. Of Wigan it was said by his admirers that he alone could represent a gentleman. The saying was scarcely just to Wigan's compeers.

Some of the opera people acted as well as sang well. Jennie Lind's acting was charming in pieces that suited her, such as the *Gazza Laddra* and the *Figlia del Regimento*. In fact, her acting, I think, was a part of her charm, and you felt that you missed something when she sang at a concert. Tietiens was fine as an actress in *Lucrezia Borgia*, while Alboni, the peerless queen of song, trod the stage in her tabard like a female elephant. Jennie Lind's popularity was enhanced by her character. She was not, like other prima donnas, a harpy, but left something for the lesser people.

I liked to go to Sadler's Wells, the people's theatre in those days, now long numbered with the past. It was nice to see the enjoyment of the people and their loyalty to Shakespeare. The taste of the people, being simple, as a rule is true. It is in the grade above, that of the music hall, that the false taste begins. The popular power of hearty realisation was amusing and pleasant to behold. A man carried away by the struggle between Richard II and the murderers, when Richard felled one of his assailants, jumped up and shouted, "Go it, old fellow! He's getting on pretty well."

Phelps was the chief actor as well as the lessee of Sadler's Wells. He was strong in declamation. He gave us Prospero's great speech well. Let me observe, by the way, in answer to a critic, that I never said that Prospero was James I. What I did say was that James I, being, like Prospero, the father of the bride, and intensely proud of his learning, was pretty sure to apply to himself the compliments paid to Prospero. Nor was it unlikely that he who had been the object of the Gunpowder Plot, and was at the time of the performance struggling with a violent opposition in Parliament, would chuckle over the discomfiture of the double plot in the *Tempest*.

Sadler's Wells suffered by its attempt to emulate the historic realism which was the ill-starred fancy of Charles Kean. Kean imagined that he could lend reality to the performance of Shakespeare's plays by a faithful reproduction of contemporary costume and pageantry. He might have known that in Shakespeare's time there was no scenery, but only a stage. The scenery the audience were expected to supply out of their own fancy. They had to draw on their imaginations for the field of Bosworth or Agincourt with contending armies, for the Roman senate house, and the wood of Arden. He might also have known that Shakespeare was no antiquarian, but clothed all his characters with the raiment and surrounded them with the circumstances of his own time. A Duke of Athens, to him, was like a Duke of Milan or Ferrara. Charles Kean made the scene of the Midsummer Night ancient Athens, with a classical Theseus and at the same time with fairies, nunneries, and a duel.

Charles Kean was supposed to succeed in Hamlet. I could not agree with the opinion. Hamlet is a desperately difficult part. Shakespeare was not only a dramatist in the strict sense of the word, but a philosophic poet. He shows it in the soliloquy of Hamlet and in such a passage as that in the *Merchant of Venice*, v. i., "Sit Jessica," etc. The subtlety of Hamlet's character is almost beyond the scope of drama. Anyone who had the sensibility to feel it would scarcely have the nerve to act it. The best Hamlet I ever saw was Emile Devrient, in Germany, who managed as far as possible to make you feel

that he was soliloquising to himself and not to the pit.

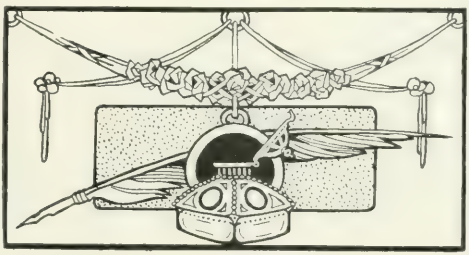
A powerful organ is the stage, not only of enjoyment but of culture, especially for the masses of the people. The theatre at Dresden, of which for some months I was a constant attendant, subsidised and controlled by the Government, must, I am sure, have been a powerful and salutary instrument of popular education. I had the pleasure of witnessing there the most rapturous applause of Shakespeare, who was acted in the excellent German translation of Schlegel and Tieck. If my beneficent and honoured friend Andrew Carnegie had endowed popular theatres instead of endowing libraries, which are multiplying fast enough of themselves, I am not sure that his bounty would not have been better bestowed.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.

—*King Richard II*

The play is the thing wherein I'll catch
The conscience of the King.

—*Hamlet*



An Emperor at Work and at Play

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Intimate sketch of "The Grand Old Man" among Royalties, showing the simple and severe life of an esteemed monarch

QUITE apart from the foolish praise lavished upon monarchs for their slightest act, His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, ruler of a dozen States and twenty peoples, speaking as many languages, is one of the most remarkable figures in the civilised world to-day, by reason of his great age, his severe and simple life, the tragedies of his family, and, above all, the wonderful way he holds together the warring factions within his empire.

No prince of the Hapsburg House ever enjoyed such universal respect and reverence; and whoever has occasion to approach this "Grand Old Man" among the monarchs of the world is filled with enthusiasm for his charm of manner, his democratic approachableness, his amazing frankness, and his sterling sense of justice.

Will it be believed that this aged man, now nearly seventy-five, works ten hours a day and more at State and military affairs—and that for weeks on end—often contenting himself with a "quick lunch" brought to him at the desk in his study. Old Francis Joseph to-day remains the same early riser he was in the days of his youth, and summer and winter rises from his little iron bedstead at the unearthly hour of half-past four. His toilet—bathing, shaving, and dressing—never takes him longer than half an hour; and, as the Emperor doesn't care for civilian dress, he usually dons the uniform of a Colonel of one of his own regiments.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY

On his frequent shooting expeditions, however, he wears the coarse dress of Alpine Austria, and in his study appears in a short military cloak with a peakless soldier's cap on his grey head. Every single act of this remarkable old man's life is conducted with military precision. On the very stroke of five his breakfast—a cup of coffee, some cold meat, and rolls—is brought him, and before six he is in his study.

A casual glance might lead one to think this was a cosy sitting-room, with its dainty

pictures, framed photos, and charming furniture, but the big writing-table in the window, the bookshelves, and the litter of newspaper cuttings on tables, chairs, and floor reveal the room's true purpose.

Just above the Emperor's writing-table hangs a portrait of his late Consort, the Empress Elizabeth, who was stabbed to the heart with a file by a maniac anarchist in Geneva some years ago. Alas! this is but one of the many dark tragedies that have overshadowed the unfortunate House of Hapsburg. In this study the aged Emperor works uninterruptedly until noon. Bulky packets of papers and ministerial reports are read to him, and so carefully does he go through this work that he frequently pounces upon contradictions between clauses which have entirely escaped the notice of Ministers or Under-Secretaries who may have drafted the Bill.

The Austrian Emperor is a great man for inviting petitions from all sections of his wonderful empire—and few people realise the diversity of nations which go to make up the Dual Monarchy. May not the domes and minarets and cupolas of Islam be seen in Bosnia and the Herzegovina? Is not Italian the language of Istria? Are not the Hungarians more different from the Austrians than the Irish from the English?

Naturally, then, petitions are numerous, and every one of these documents is read by the Emperor, who speaks and writes with perfect ease seven or eight languages, including Magyar, Croat, and Polish, as well as Italian and Russian. If he thinks any petition worthy he puts his Imperial sign manual upon it and passes it on to a minister, who carries out the request. Important laws may often lie on the table in this room for many weeks before the conscientious old man will make up his mind to sign them; nor does he ever put his signature on a death-warrant without exhaustive study of the case, and until he is convinced that clemency would be an injury to society.

In one corner stands a little cupboard of egriot wood in which the old Kaiser Franz Josef keeps his private correspondence and accounts; and here, too, he keeps papers he dislikes to sign and equally dislikes to return to the Ministers unsigned, lest their feelings be hurt. Such documents frequently are concerned with the conferring of honours and distinctions.

Having read and signed a whole host of reports, petitions, bills, and other paper, the Emperor glances through the Vienna papers and also the big assortment of newspaper cuttings from all the leading journals of the world. It is worthy of note that within the last month or two the Emperor gave special instructions that the press cuttings from America were to be trebled.

At nine he receives his Adjutant-General, Count Paar. Next come the Directors of the Chancelleries of Austria and Hungary, with whom he may work for hours. Later the Ministers of State and Court Dignitaries arrive to present reports and receive instructions. All except callers wearing military uniform appear in evening dress in the Imperial study, even though the hour be seven o'clock in the morning.

They report standing till the Emperor sits down and invites them to a chair. Ministerial Councils and Military Conferences are not held in this room. The Emperor's so-called private apartments only comprise five rooms—two drawing-rooms, the study, his bedroom, and a Conference Room. In the Vienna Hofburg, as the Imperial Palace is called, general audiences are held twice a week, and positively anyone wishing to prefer a request or petition may approach freely this most democratic of Emperors.

It does not matter whether the Imperial visitor is a street-sweeper or a nobleman like one of the princely House of Esterhazy. I have often seen Archdukes and Princes with their dress-coats ablaze with Orders walking into the presence of the Emperor side by side with the poorest of peasants. Naturally, the audiences cannot last long, since the aged monarch often receives over a hundred persons in a single forenoon.

In each case Franz Josef is posted up on the subject from the written petition; and as neither an adjutant nor any Court official is present, the Emperor

alone is face to face with his petitioner. It frequently happens that the latter is struck absolutely speechless in the Emperor's presence, but the old man will take his hand and speak words of kindly encouragement until his visitor is quite at his ease and recovers his speech.

Frequent slips of the tongue, such as "Your Excellency" and even "Mr. Emperor!" are never heeded, of course; and to hear the old Kaiser rattling off the dialects of his polyglot empire is an experience probably unique in Royal receptions. He drops into Hungarian for one set of subjects, and there is Polish for the Galicians; Czech for the Bohemians; Italian for the people round about Trieste and the Adriatic seaboard, and so on.

Of course, not every petition can be granted, but even if the Emperor is bound to refuse his manner has so delicate and gentle a charm that the disappointed one comes away full of love for the old man. A light nod and a smile is a hint to the visitor that the audience is over, and the Emperor hurries over to his desk to make a few notes and get information from the list there about the next case.

Comically enough, many visitors, probably impressed by the occasion, or filled with their own troubles, disregard the monarch's nod altogether. Such inconsiderate folk will remain standing in the audience-room and begin relating their case all over again. But never once does the Emperor show signs of impatience, but listens with that air of attentive benignance that has made him so beloved.

It has been known, too, that old people have, in their agitation, thrown themselves at their sovereign's feet, and he himself assists them to arise. All these duties, coupled with the opening of Art Exhibitions, the attending of the funeral of one of his generals, or a call on a foreign royalty or ambassador, frequently leave hardly any time for lunch. In such cases a plate of sandwiches and a glass of Bavarian beer are brought to the desk.

In the ordinary way, however, the Emperor lunches with his Adjutant-General, taking only a soup, two dishes of meat, and a glass of beer. His Majesty afterwards lights one of the cigars made specially for him of choice Havana leaves rolled in the Vienna factory. He often presents a box of these to persons he wishes to favour. The Imperial dinner, usually served at seven, is also eaten in private with the Adjutant-General, Count Paar. As a rule, it consists of five courses—light hors d'œuvres, a soup, some boiled or roast meat, a sweet, and some dessert, with the inevitable glass of Bavarian beer and a cigar. The Kaiser dislikes wine, and, when giving toasts at State banquets, he barely touches the champagne glass to his lips.

He almost invariably retires to rest early, but if he should be kept up late he takes nothing more before going to bed except a plate of strawberries in summer or a glass of "bonny-clabber." Being a pillar of the Roman Catholic Church, the Austrian Emperor abstains from meat on Fridays and fast days, eating fish instead; and, in general, the monarch's table is that of an ordinary middle-class Vienna citizen. The Imperial *chef*, however, is always tempting his master; but at night, when the menu for the next day is sent down to the kitchen, it always contains erasures by the Emperor's pen.

Naturally, State and other dinners are a very different matter, for it is well known that, in spite of the abstemiousness of the Emperor as an individual, the Court of Vienna is one of the most brilliant in the world, and the women most beautifully dressed. In the course of a year many magnificent banquets are given at the Hofburg in honour of foreign Monarchs, Princes, and Ambassadors; and other State events take place in the Royal Castle at Budapest, when high officers of State, Court dignitaries, and members of the Houses of Parliament of Austria and Hungary are invited.

During dinner the Emperor converses in his liveliest manner with the guests of honour near him, and when he rises, the whole party of men betake themselves to the smoking-room, where black

coffee is served. Here begins what is known as the *cercle* at the Austrian Court. The Emperor talks in turn to everyone present about personal things or current events. He likes the frankest replies, and laughs with grand joviality at witty sallies.

Formerly Francis Joseph devoted two hours to his family after lunch, but since the painful death of his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the assassination of his Empress at Geneva, coupled with the marriage of his two daughters, he leads a very solitary life for the greater part of the year. In summer, however, he makes his way to his lovely villa at Ischl, in the beautiful Salzkammergut, and here he is surrounded by his daughters and their children. It is then this pathetic old man is happiest, playing grandfather with the babies, taking walks with them, and forgetting for a brief season the trials, sufferings, misfortunes, and disappointments which life has brought him.

When in Vienna the greater part of the afternoon and evening are spent at work in his study, but now and again His Majesty will take a drive out to the villa of his younger daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, at Lainz, not far from Vienna; or to the Imperial Chateau of Schönbrunn, where in spring and autumn the Emperor resides altogether. The park at Schönbrunn contains the Emperor's favourite walks.

When driving, his carriage is never surrounded by a military escort, and the Emperor has an intense personal dislike of any police precautions for his safety. Of course, the public recognise their beloved sovereign and pay him homage and reverence. His recreations are reading, the theatre, and shooting. He is not so much a theatre-goer now as he was in former years, but still he loves to see a new play in the Imperial Burg-theatre or the Imperial Opera House. His Majesty prefers comedies, and may be seen laughing heartily at the funny episodes.

The old Emperor gives with full hands to the poor and suffering, and often, when sums are proposed by his ministers and Court officials in aid of persons, villages, or districts in distress—Laiback, for instance, a notorious earthquake centre—the amounts are constantly raised, and even doubled, by the Emperor.

The Austrian Emperor is enormously rich privately, and his Civil List amounts to 22,600,000 kronen, which enables him to spend enormous sums annually on charitable and public objects. In this way he outdoes all the other Sovereigns of Europe. Then there are allowances to the members of his family, the up-keep of palaces, chateaus, villas, shooting-boxes, parks, zoological gardens, State theatres, and libraries, and other drains upon the Imperial purse, so that, humble as the Emperor's personal wants are, he would face a big deficit every week if he had nothing to dispose of but his Civil List.

A valet who was in the service of the Emperor for nearly thirty years once remarked to a friend: "I will bet that ten kronen a day would be quite enough for my Imperial master to live upon." And yet, frugal as he is, economy is never allowed to be practised in the up-keep of the Austrian Court, as anyone knows who has attended any of the receptions, gala banquets, and Court balls in the Vienna Hofburg, or the castle of Buda—two palaces renowned the world over for the brilliancy and splendour of their festivities.

His Majesty is also a very liberal patron of arts and letters; and no considerable exhibition is given in the capital without his visiting it and buying a number of valuable canvases selected by him with rare taste. In both capitals, Vienna and Budapest, will be found many magnificent monuments due entirely to the Emperor. If he does not attend the theatre, the aged Monarch retires to bed at half-past eight, so it is no wonder he is amazingly vigorous and healthy, and has reigned more than fifty-six years, and bids fair to beat the record of Queen Victoria in this respect.

Once, and once only, has the Austrian Emperor been seriously ill, and that was in 1853, when a tailor named Libeny, a fanatical adherent of Louis Kossuth,

made an attempt on his life, inflicting on the Emperor a serious wound with a dagger. Once or twice recently he has suffered a little from lumbago, and here it may be mentioned how scrupulously exact the Monarch is in obeying the orders of his physician.

For many years he smoked a very strong cigar known as the Virginier-cigarren, but when his doctor told him one day these smokes might injure his health the Emperor put away the cigar he had just lighted and has never smoked one since. No fulsome courtier's praise, when one of his Ministers declared the Emperor the most hard-worked man in the Dual Monarchy. Whether in the Vienna Hofburg or Buda Castle, His Majesty is hard at work the livelong day; and even in summer and autumn, when in his villa at Ischl or the Chat au of Schönbrunn, or even in his far-off Hungarian country seat at Godollo, a constant stream of couriers find him at work as early as five in the morning at his writing-table.

The Imperial villas at Ischl and Godollo are furnished with truly Spartan simplicity, and here the old Emperor walks in the woods or drives alone or with his daughters and grandchildren. But even when travelling or attending the great autumn manœuvres, the Emperor never lets his work slide; and even on his beloved hunting expeditions his guests often find their Imperial host has been up an hour or two before them at his desk.

Not less strictly does the Emperor discharge his religious duties. He takes part in all great Church festivals, and for this reason the Corpus Christi procession and the Easter celebrations are great sights for the pleasure-loving Viennese. Then on Maundy Thursday, in the Great Hall of Ceremonies of the Hofburg, the Emperor goes through the quaint mediæval ceremony of washing the feet of twelve aged men.

Unique among Monarchs, the Austrian Emperor has no favourites, and his Ministers, no matter how much he may distinguish them, can never tell how near to their Imperial master's heart they really are. The late Counts Bombelles, Taaffe, and Pejacsevics were always addressed by him as "thou," being dear friends from childhood. Yet none of the three could assert he had ever been particularly favoured by his master.

Above all things, Francis Joseph is a sportsman. A crack shot he has been all his life, and formerly a hardy and daring mountaineer who would leave behind even the best huntsman and keepers when after a chamois in the Austrian Alps. Even now, at his great age, he loves the freedom of woods and mountains, clad in a short shooting-jacket of rough wool, leather breeches that leave his knees bare, grey stockings, coarse-nailed shoes, and a jaunty hat decorated with feathers of the black-cock.

His Majesty has shot over a thousand capercailzie. This most shy and difficult of birds is met chiefly in Styria, and for this sport the Emperor would drive to his shooting-box at Neuberg or Murzsteg, in Northern Styria. The Emperor ascends the mountain after capercailzie in the dead of the night and reaches the required spot just before dawn. An amazing amount of caution is necessary, as the hunter can only approach when the bird is calling to the hens. Expert hunter as the Austrian Emperor is, he has never secured more than seven of these cocks in a single night.

At five in the morning this sport is over for the day, and two hours later the Emperor is down in the valley at the station, and at ten is seated at his desk in the Vienna Hofburg, trying to make up for lost time. When after large game, such as stags and chamois, which the Emperor likes best, he makes for the Salzkammergut and Styria.

He has shooting-boxes at Murzsteg, Neuberg, Schladming, and Radmer, as well as a small one on the Langbath-See and another on the Offen-See. All these houses are furnished in the simplest manner, their only decorations being horns, heads, and stuffed specimens, as well as wood carvings and sporting pictures. When he goes deer-stalking the Emperor will leave his little iron bed as early as two o'clock in the morn-

ing, and neither cold, rain nor deep snow can keep him from his favourite sport, despite his seventy-four years.

No path is too steep for him if he can get a fair shot at a chamois, of which he has, so far, bagged more than two thousand. After the morning's chase the Emperor's guests retire to rest after the arduous climbs, whereas the aged Emperor busies himself with State affairs till noon. There may be another hunt in the afternoon, and foremost and briskest in it is the indefatigable Emperor. On such days, however, he goes to bed earlier than usual. Thus it is no wonder their sovereign should be the idol of Austrian huntsmen. When, seven years ago, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his reign, several thousand sportsmen, rangers, and gamekeepers came to Vienna from every part of the Empire to pay their respects to "The First Sportsman in Austria," and to present him with a golden oak branch.

They were received in the park of Schönbrunn, where the Emperor shook hands and conversed with the humblest gamekeeper as though he were an old friend. As Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army, this "Grand Old Man" is more indefatigable than ever. Heart and soul he is with his military staff, and inspects the garrisons of Vienna several times during the year. In spring he visits Bruck-on-the-Leitha, the great military camp, and is ready for the important manœuvres of autumn. At such times the Emperor will work at his writing-table even an hour or two before dawn.

At a very early hour he is on the scene of the fight, and may remain seven hours in the saddle. "To ride like the Kaiser" is a proverb in the Austro-Hungarian Army. For, even at this day, the septuagenarian Emperor will drive his charger at full speed over stiff fences and hedges. During the manœuvres he may be seen galloping from battery to battery or conferring with infantry officers, or superintending an onslaught of the cavalry. He withholds neither praise nor blame; and all headquarters officers, as well as the foreign military attachés, are His Majesty's guests during the manœuvres, all meals being served in a huge tent.

Naturally, at such times the conversation is military, and the Emperor is fond of entering into conversation with young officers, discussing with them the dispositions for the following day. Court etiquette is not in force, and often officers covered with dust hurry in after dinner or lunch is begun, and sit down wherever they find an empty chair. Thus there may be forty officers with the Emperor when the lunch begins and over a hundred when the coffee is served.

Afterwards maps are produced, and Baron Beck, Chief of the General Staff, reviews the day's proceedings and criticises the work of individual commanders. A general debate follows, in which the Emperor takes a prominent part.

The Meeting

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SHE flitted by me on the stair—
A moment since I knew not of her.
A look, a smile! She passed, but where
She flitted by me on the stair
Joy cradled exquisite despair:
For who am I that I should love her?
She flitted by me on the stair—
A moment since I knew not of her.

The Weaning of Arthur Browning

By ALBERT R. CARMAN

An English youth of "quality," afflicted by the wiles of a cottager's daughter, is cured by an unexpected remedy

THERE was more to see in Naples that spring than the goats on the sidewalk, the tourists buying tortoise shell and the Vesuvian cone smoking, away across the bay. There was the sight of Arthur Browning in course of being taught that in the world are sweets which he must not touch.

Arthur had been brought abroad by his mother, Mrs. Penryn Browning, and his uncle on his mother's side, Col. Arthur Penryn, with a view of getting "some nonsense out of his head," as his uncle would explain after two cigars in the smoking-room. The "nonsense" was a piece of daintily-modelled pink-and-white clay, of a quite inferior quality in its origin—"the daughter of a cottager on his mother's estate, indeed!" —who had very nearly "inveigled the boy" into a love escapade. So they had borne him off to the continent, where the Venuses are all cold marble, and "the cottagers don't speak your language, by Jove!" And there was plenty of desiccated history and fine old religious art to fill his mind. But moonlight on the Grand Canal at Venice had done little for him; and even three days' lectures in and about the Forum at Rome had not kept him from trying to get a letter off from that city to "Vi," the "huzzy" with the milk-white brow and the rose-petal cheek. He seemed, however, to take more interest in Naples.

The reason for this might have occurred to his mother and uncle if they had not kept religiously indoors every evening—Mrs. Browning because of malaria, and Col. Penryn because there were English people to be talked to and English papers to be read in the smoking-room. The greatest pleasure which some travellers find in Europe is the rare luck of meeting an occasional fellow-countryman there. Now Arthur, having no proper fear of malaria, spent his evenings lying in the grass at the outermost edge of the hotel garden, with the city twinkling below him, and three pairs of feminine eyes twinkling from three chairs—though he knew it not—behind him. All he knew was that three friendly American women sympathised with him in "his sad case," and that they would talk to him of it for hours together out there in the velvet dark.

They were three sisters—Mrs. Harte, Miss Gardiner and Miss Marion Gardiner, who were "doing" Europe together. Mrs. Harte—a widow—was cynical. She would advance such theories as that "Vi had not written because she was busy with the spring cleaning." Miss Gardiner was mischievous. She would suggest that Vi might have found comfort in some one else. Arthur would smile superiorly at this. It was "not at all likely." Miss Marion, on the other hand, did nothing but indulge in exclamatory explosions at her elder sister's irreverence in the presence of a romance. Arthur was a lover; and Marion was a very queen in the world that loves a lover.

One night something happened that put an end to these little gatherings in the garden. Marion was seized with a desire to go down the long steps and through the mysterious streets and so to the sea-wall, upon which she could hear the baby Mediterranean waves breaking in the stillness. Mrs. Harte said that it had been a long time since she was "romantic enough to go away down that hill for that"; and, though her second sister hinted that being "rheumatic" had more to do with it, she would not go herself so far to a beach

where one could not bathe. Arthur thought that this ended it, for surely even an American girl would not go down there with him and without a chaperon; but he misjudged the situation, for Marion did go, and hung trembling on his arm as they pushed past cloaked figures on the dark Italian streets, and felt that she would have died if this "boy of an Englishman" had shown the least sign of being afraid. As they sat together on the sea-wall, Marion looked at him, erect and self-sufficient, and had a new sense of his bravery. No wonder that fair girl in an English village would believe in him! Then she found herself wondering irrelevantly how attractive this English girl was.

"She is very, very pretty, isn't she, Mr. Browning?"

"Vi?—Yes."

"I am so sorry for you both. It must be so hard to be kept apart—and—and—not to be—to be sure, you know, that you can have each other."

"We are sure!"—firmly.

"Oh!"

Somehow this did not seem so comforting to Marion as it ought to have been.

When they got back, they found Col. Penryn waiting for them at the door of the hotel. No one was waiting for Marion, however; so she chatted with the two men a few moments and then stepped into the elevator.

The Colonel shook his head at Arthur slowly, but with a questioning smile at his lips, and led the way to a quiet corner in the smoking-room.

"The mater has been greatly disturbed," he said, presently. "Couldn't believe that they'd let you go off with one of the girls. What kind of girls are they, anyway?"

"Very nice young ladies," replied Arthur, soberly.

The Colonel puffed for a while.

"Well, better see the mater," he said. "This is not in my department."

The result was that the Browning party took the early morning boat next day for Capri; and, incidentally, Arthur learned that his mother thought "unknown American adventuresses" quite as objectionable, though far less attractive, than "cottagers' daughters."

The Brownings spent three days at Capri, the Colonel going up every afternoon to see the Tarantella danced on the high cliff of Tiberius by the barefooted Italian woman and her young husband, with the St. Sabastian eyes; and then they bought scarfs and sat on their hotel gallery over the sea at Sorrento for another day; and then drove up through the terraces of orange groves and fragrant lemons to the height of land, and so down to Amalfi, clinging to its cliff-side by the Bay of Salerno.

The next morning Arthur was walking alone in the square by the church, watching the dark, graceful Amalfi girls drawing water from the mountain stream as it ran through the street, and carrying it off in stone jars of the Roman shape on their straight, strong shoulders; when, looking up, he saw a tourist girl on the steps that rise to the church. It was Marion! Their party had come round the other way from Naples, and were now going on to Sorrento and Capri, and finally to Pompeii. Arthur diplomatically explained his sudden departure from Naples as being due to the desire of his mother to take advantage of the fine weather for the sea trip to Capri; and then they both feared that they would not have time to bring the rest of their parties together here in Amalfi. But they thought that, having met by good fortune, they might follow this little mountain stream up the cliff-side, through clustering stone houses and by dripping water-wheels. Baedeker said that it was a thing which simply *must* be done; and they felt sure that neither Mrs. Harte nor Mrs. Browning could be tempted to make such a climb. And it proved a real climb. There were places where he had to take her hand over moss-slippery stone pathways and under the grim antiquity of mediæval walls.

And it was a slim scrap of hand, looking so frail and dependent, and yet feeling so live. It was soft; and still—disloyal thought—it had not the padded feeling of hands he had held. He could

touch it nowhere—not even at the finger-tips—without touching the vital girl. Now there were hands that you had to squeeze to call the attention of their owners to the circumstance that you were holding them.

And then brown eyes, when lifted in half-serious, half-playful fear, or in suddenly felt trust, made you wish you could prolong the occasion which had opened them upon you.

Finally he did prolong it.

He had taken her hand across a stepping-stone, and he kept it when she was safely on the other side. There was a moment or two of waiting; then the brown eyes came up, protesting, reproachful. He released it, uneasily; and the next crossing she made without noticing his outstretched hand.

There was a stiffness between them as they went down the tortuous path toward the church square. Presently he said boyishly:

"You are angry."

"You deserve that I should be."

"Why?"

"You know."

Silence for several minutes.

"I can't say that I'm sorry, for I'm not," was the way he broke it.

"Well, you ought to be."

"Why is it so wrong to hold your hand for a minute?"

"It is for you—you are engaged."

"Yes, I know—but—she wouldn't care."

Marion opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Honest! She wouldn't! She has said so!"

"She didn't mean it then."

"Would you?—that is, if—if we were engaged?"

"Most certainly," with a little air of dignified resentment at the question.

Arthur looked at her as if he liked that way of keeping an engagement. "Well, Vi wouldn't," he repeated. "She laughs at engaged people who are the least bit strict with each other."

There was sympathy now in the brown eyes that Marion raised to him.

"Do you like it that way?" she asked, softly.

"No," he said, promptly, looking into the sympathetic eyes; and then he remembered how, when Vi had laughed, he had laughed too. So he went on:

"Well, it seems all right with Vi, but—" He stopped, blushing furiously. Marion was looking earnestly at him, so she caught his blush and her own face crimsoned.

Silence again for several minutes.

Then Arthur lifted his head. "I shall marry Vi as soon as I get back," he said sturdily. "I love her, you know."

"Yes," said Marion, quietly.

They were in the church square now; and the Colonel was showing Mrs. Browning the old stone fountain there. Much politeness was wasted in the greetings, and then Marion went up into the church, and Arthur lifted his hat in a solemn, final farewell.

Five days later, Arthur was standing in the garden of the House of the Faun in Pompeii, his mother and uncle resting themselves meanwhile on the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, when a head was poked through the doorway, and he was looking at the familiar, alert, bird-like poise of Marion. He stepped toward her, and she looked up. Then, with a quick glance behind her, she stepped in. It was precisely as if she did not want her sisters to see which particular opening out of the street she had vanished through. But in a moment she seemed to remember, and made as if to go out again.

"Don't go," cried Arthur, quickly.

"But I must."

"No. Why?"

"I ought to."

"No," cried Arthur again, though he felt it a futile sort of thing to say. But it was useless for either of them to pretend now that nothing had happened at Amalfi.

Suddenly Arthur's eyes were grave, and his mouth came firmly together—a rare thing with him—and he asked:

"Can a man change his mind?"

"No! Oh, no! !"

"But I have."

Silence.

"It is you I want," Arthur went on, almost fiercely.

The brown eyes came up bravely.

"But—you—can't—have—" And then the brown was all shining with tears.

"I will," said Arthur. He thought it was a shout, but it was little more than a whisper. And he took her in his arms; and the bright sun shone about them and over the roofless city; and white walls which had seen the loves of the first century, learned that it is still the same race which comes to stare at them after the long night.

Mrs. Penryn Browning and Col. Arthur Penryn would certainly have carried Arthur off that night—perhaps to Russia—if the Colonel had not chanced to get into the same compartment on the crowded train from Pompeii to Naples with Mrs. Harte, from whom he learned that the Gardiners were a Yorkshire family originally, having two Bishops and one Baronet to their credit. Moreover, Mrs. Harte spoke of their cottage at Newport—one of the few places in America of which the Colonel knew. So Mrs. Browning, who had been saving Arthur for his cousin whom "a fool of a father" was taking round the world, resolved to leave the future on the knees of the gods. With this arrangement Arthur and Marion seemed content, so long as they could name the god.

De Donkey-Debble

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

DONKEY-DEBBLE am a pes'.
(Hush ma honey chile)
Little Lady, tak' yo' res'.
(Hush ma honey chile).
He woan 'sturb yo', nevah feah,
Not while you' ole mammy's neah.
(Hush ma honey chile).

Whoa, Donkey-Debble!
Go, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Donkey-Debble's awful tall,
(Hush ma honey chile);
See him when de shadders fall,
(Hush ma honey chile).
My! his yers is dreffle long,
An' his laigs is pow'ful strong,
(Hush ma honey chile).

So, Donkey-Debble!
Slow, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Donkey-Debble's ole as sin,
(Hush ma honey chile);
Luck goes out when he comes in,
(Hush ma honey chile).
Sho' we got de rabbit's paw
Nail up overneath de doh;
Donkey-Debble's fooled foh sho',
(Hush ma honey chile).

Whoa, Donkey-Debble!
Go, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Social Evolution and Advertising

By J. D. LOGAN

Mr. Logan discovers an interesting evolution making for higher culture in trade

MORE than a quarter-century ago we first heard of the "New Chemistry"; later we heard of the "New Theology"; to-day we hear of the "New Knowledge." It will, however, surprise many to learn that there is such a thing as the "New Advertising." And, in view of their experience and prejudices, it will surprise them all the more to learn that the new advertising is conceived and applied as a positive efficient cause in social evolution.

By this it is not meant that modern advertising develops trade and commerce, and keeps the world a-moving. It is true that from its beginnings in the publicity of proprietary medicines to our own day, modern advertising has increased the energies of men, opened new channels of trade, transformed the methods of commerce, established innumerable industrial arts and crafts. But it is conceivable that advertising may have done all this service, without having added an iota to the spiritual culture of the world, without having changed the ideals or the structure of society. In this regard we may consider how the matter works out in so simple a case as trade-marking a manufactured article, say, for instance, a breakfast food. It is not long since those of us who are in our thirties ate for breakfast the crudely ground groat, under the name of oatmeal porridge—the Scotchman's "parritch" and the Yankee's "mush." The oatmeal itself from which the food was made arrived at the retailer's in bulk. Whose it was and whence it came was not even thought of as a pertinent question in domestic economy. It was just oatmeal—nameless, unidentifiable, and retailed to the purchaser in bulk, with what lack of cleanliness and what loss in quality and wholesomeness we may merely surmise. But the genius who for purely business reasons, or under social and legal restrictions, first thought of trade-marking his foodstuffs served society in many ways. First, he created and developed several industries and arts—the designing, weaving or printing of trade-marks, the manufacture of sanitary wrapping papers and of handy cartons. Again, he decreased the awkwardness and slowness in handling, shipping or delivering the commodity, with a consequent saving of time and money to the manufacturer, the retailer and the purchaser. Further, by means of mental suggestion through the trade-mark on a commodity, he increased the demand for the article and established a standard of excellence. The manufacturer thenceforward must enlarge his output and maintain the standard of quality which his foodstuff was originally known to possess. A trade-mark, or the exploiting of a mere name, then, has wrought significant commercial, economic, hygienic and ethical results in society. But these may have been, as in all likelihood they were, the outcome, in the first instance, of quick wit seizing a business chance. The whole may have been inspired merely by the desire to make money. What honesty or other moral quality was involved in the process may have been selfishness masquerading in the guise of disinterestedness. At any rate, the service to society, while undoubtedly real, is in no sense below the surface of things, and, save for the incidental benefits, is in no degree spiritual. The good, in short, advertising thus viewed has done is ephemeral, secondary and unconscious.

On the other hand, modern advertising, though it began as a commercial

instrument, in literary and moral quality ranking no higher than the machinations of the patent medicine fakir, has become—in the new phase yet to be described—a spiritual force, slowly, but surely, transforming the ideals and the structure of society. Not merely by theory or doctrine, but by deed and practice, it is changing humanity from competitive into non-competitive society. In general, this is what is meant in submitting that the "new advertising" is conceived and applied as a positive and efficient cause in social evolution.

I

On first view such a thesis is hardly creditable. For as competition is the life of trade, so advertising is the life of competition. If advertising does anything at all, seemingly it ruthlessly promotes wider and keener competition. This was indeed the truth; to-day, however, such a belief is either a survival or the result of imperfect observation and induction. The ideals and tendencies of advertising in some departments of commerce have wholly changed, and in others are rapidly changing. We may note a few of the general and superficial changes.

First: The conception of the function and methods of advertising has become sublimated. Formerly it was conceived as a species of sensational and sophistic pleading that called for no thorough knowledge, intelligence, literary skill, good taste or moral integrity, but only for *tours de force* in vulgar expression of doubtful fact. Unfortunately this conception of advertising still obtains where we might reasonably expect better. For the most part (I write from first-hand experience) many advertisements are profound untruths, conceived and constructed, without science or art, to deceive and hypnotise the common people. On the other hand, in the case of the advertisements of manufactured articles, from textiles to automobiles, the advertising itself, especially as it appears in the literary and popular magazines, is conceived as a science and an art, and is written under this conception by men of education and intelligence, gifted with literary skill and conscious of their moral responsibility to the common weal. So true, indeed, is this to-day, that the readers of the better class of popular magazines turn to the advertising pages with as much curiosity and attention as to the strictly literary pages, and derive from the advertisements considerable entertainment and instruction. Perhaps it is not too much to say that often they are more entertaining and instructive than the literary pages as such. The slightest examination of the advertisements of many well-known commodities in the current magazines will reveal the cause. The advertisements are thoroughly interesting, because they embody in an eminent degree that fine good sense which is the psychological and moral basis of all fine art. It is comparatively easy to write an essay on Greek Metaphysics, because the interest in the subject is special and esoteric, the processes expository and argumentative, and the space allotted for treatment practically unlimited. It calls for knowledge, but not necessarily for literary skill; it will be read in spite of the treatment. But to write within a very limited space an advertisement of textiles, or foods, or furniture, that will be read for its own sake, that will interest, inform, entertain, or point a moral, and do so within the bounds of fact, good taste and to the detriment of no other commercial enterprise, to do this requires no mean knowledge of men and things, no small gift of intelligence, no uncertain skill in literary expression, and no lack of moral strength.

Advertising, as now conceived, is original and creative. It is not at all too much to say that in America the men who conceive and construct it are those who "in any other country would fill places in the church or state, in diplomatic work or the army, and who in any other age would be makers of history." Indeed, they are (and in the special way yet to be described we shall see how they are) already makers of history. For the present it is at any rate not too much to say of the twentieth century advertisement writer, that his psychological processes are in elemental func-

tion identical with those of the teacher, the journalist, the man of letters and the artist. For him advertising means not merely the constructing of an announcement of the qualities and prices of a commodity, but rather the publishing of interesting and important news, the awakening and sustaining in the mind and imagination of the public a desirable train of thought and feeling. On the intellectual side, advertising is the publishing of a given idea with such aptness and power that it becomes eventually part of the general conscience.

Now what is to be said of the moral processes involved in modern advertising? These, too, are as human and ideal as those of the teacher, man of letters, or artist. In the mind of the later advertisement writer, a thoroughly proper advertisement is overtly or implicitly a moral force. For one thing it must be the embodiment of truth. This does not mean that it must state exact fact, or not tell a lie. It means rather that the advertisement must come from one who believes on reasonable grounds the commodity or institution advertised to be thoroughly worthy of what is said about it, and that the writer must express in the advertisement sincerity of intention and a positive aim to benefit society. No man, indeed, who has not the spirit of truth in him can write a thoroughly good advertisement. He may simulate its outward form and method. But though he write with the pen of a ready writer, and never so cleverly, in the end he shall fail to convince the public conscience or control the public will, unless he thinks the truth and expresses it wisely in what he writes. From the moral recesses, then, of a man's being, as much as from his intellectual and æsthetic processes, is born the knowledge and the art which create thoroughly good advertising.

The results of these changes in the conception of the function, methods, and psychological bases of modern advertising are noteworthy. To-day reputable psychologists, economists, sociologists, statisticians, and historians are busy investigating its origin, its data, methods, and aims, and formulating its laws, fitting it for a place in the department of science. Finally, men of letters (or at least men of thorough education and skill in literature as such) are engaged in originating and writing advertisements, not merely as a remunerative pastime or as a means of livelihood, but seriously as a profession within the department of letters, quite worthy of the ambition and energy of trained and cultivated minds. Through them what was originally in function and expression a blatant, vulgar instrument of commerce has become a dignified vehicle of truth and a trustworthy social servant.

Before we pass to that phase of modern advertising which has its basis in a definite social theory, and which consciously aims to affect social evolution, it is worth while to offer some empirical proof of the justice of the high claims we have so far made for the new advertising. It is well, however, to submit here two 20th Century advertisements—one in the old spirit and one in the new social spirit.

Under the caption "*An Impressive Informal Showing of Beautiful Spring Millinery*" a large store in New York City had the following dithyramb on Spring Hats for Women:

"Unquestionably one of the most interesting informal displays of exquisite hats in New York. This exposition is a positive revelation. It is a splendid surprise. It will delight and enthuse, for it affords you a great opportunity to buy a new spring hat at much less than you would have to pay at some exclusive shop. It is a display that will compare brilliantly with the choicest popular lines in New York. There are hats of every imaginable size, shape and effect. Combinations both as to colour and material that are simply irresistible. Hats that are gems. Hats that owe their inspiration to the Empire Period. Hats of striking originality. Paris hats daringly Americanised. Styles that are beautiful; that are radically different from those of last year. There is a wonderful variety of these hats, and spring blooms sunnily in them. Fresh as newly plucked roses; doubly beautiful; intensely becoming. Daintily trimmed with flowers, ribbons, wings and malines. In no other store in New York is there a better, more delightful showing."

This is supposed to be strong advertising. You will be told that it is so because it draws immense throngs of

people and "sells the goods." It contains nothing but a series of overcoloured statements of doubtful fact. . It sells the goods. Yet the merchant who permits his advertising merely to sell goods, and at the expense of the public conscience, will some day not sell goods at all. Such stuff on the literary side, to say nothing worse about it, ranks with the senseless utterances of the old-time darky preacher, and in our day with the specious and insincere rhetoric of the political spellbinder. On the moral side, it is thoroughly false and harmful. It breeds vulgarity, hypnotises the imagination and the will, fosters covetousness, envy, hatred, and underhand competition. And in the total social aspect it is worse than wasted energy. For it abets the spirit of strife from the thrall of which the home, the school, the church and the State are, each in its own way and degree, working to deliver us.

Contrast now, in every quality, with the foregoing advertisement the following announcement, under the caption, "*The Cost of It*":

"In a board walk the largest item of expense is the lumber. In a plain wall the stone is the chief cost; in a piece of classic statuary the cost of the stone is hardly reckoned. This principle, in a certain degree, applies to the making of fine varnish. We do not pretend that we put from two to five dollars' worth of material into each liquid gallon, but we do put in the scientific knowledge and the expert skill and the long-continued care which no ordinary varnish contains. If you wish to get rich music or a treasure of the sculptor's art, or a job of varnishing that will be satisfactory, you must pay for something more than the raw material."

This is a well-written, sensible, sincere, truthful, interesting and social advertisement. Its aim is to establish a reasonable ideal in the mind of one who may want to purchase an article in which fine varnish is a significant element, as in an expensive piano or an automobile. An advertisement of this sort serves society in a double way. The appreciation given the manufacturer for his efforts to supply the world with a high-grade quality of goods fixes a standard of worth as his own ideal and increases the demand for worthy goods by causing the purchaser to be solicitous about the varnish itself. Nothing could be more genuinely moral, non-competitive and social than this advertisement, when a contrary spirit was not only possible, but would sell the goods, worthy or not worthy, and would have been commended as smart business.

III

We may now pass to the latest phase of modern advertising, a phase which is hardly more than begun, which has its basis in a definite social theory, and which aims to be constructive. We must not, however, confound the constructive phase of the new advertising with its general performances in social service. It is true that largely to the new advertising we owe advances in industrial arts and commercial methods. To it we are indebted also for advances in public utilities and domestic economy, sanitary foods, clothing, and housing, improved highways, and mail service and educational methods and appliances. Finally, to the new advertising we owe significant changes—perhaps not always advances—in thought and feeling, in language and customs. But these services, while real and desirable, are not embraced within the conspectus of advertising, are not consciously promoted by it for their own sake, altruistically. They are the accidents of competitive commercial enterprise which by persistent advertising first creates the demand for what it would supply, that it may reward itself abundantly.

To say this does not derogate from the manliness of the advertisers' character or from the reasonableness of their business ideal. The old advertising is pathological; the later advertising is sane; both are equally strenuous. The old advertising had its origin in fear and its impetus in greed. It sprang from men who had business sense and energy, but who aimed by pathological methods of persuasion to seduce possible purchasers to prefer and buy A's goods rather than B's, whether the commodity was really preferable or really needed. The later advertising sprang from men who had business sense and energy, but

who had also good taste and who aimed to give plain and competent publicity to commodities of honest worth. They worked on the theory that the energy spent in the pathological advertising, if in the commercial plane not wholly waste, were better spent in establishing thorough merit in the commodities advertised. In other words, they believed and acted on the belief that meritorious goods, if justly and competently advertised, will abundantly sell themselves. And so, as a matter of fact, it happens. The pathological advertising, however, is doomed. Already its death is practically compassed by the men who with scientific knowledge and literary skill are now applying to the substance, to the form, and to the method of the later publicity the so-called Social Theory of Advertising.

These men base their theory and practice on an ethical interpretation of one of the chief doctrines of evolutionary science. With Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Kidd, they agree that all the world processes are remorseless. But they believe that the survival of the fittest is only a formula for stating in terms of mechanics and biology a phase of a universal ideal, namely, *the inevitableness of worth or excellence.* Might and competition are in their time, place, and function necessary and excellent, though indeed tragical. So, too, love, friendliness, humane and just rivalry in occupation, are in their time, place and function necessary, and in the end much more excellent. Let, then, they say, the world processes, cosmic and social, be, if they will, remorseless, tragical, still men may see to it that these processes shall nevertheless be also free, human, and spiritual. Others had fixed their attention on the obvious remorselessness of things as they are. They did not see in the historic process the birth-throes of a pregnant social ideal. Things as they are, they said, are as they shall be, as they ought to be, and in the commercial consciousness this took the form of a mighty system of inhuman, ingenious, unscrupulous, and ruthless competition. The new band of advertisers, on the other hand, are the first, by actual practice and success in result, to bring home to the general social consciousness, through the commercial consciousness, the idea that *society is under no inward necessity to be competitive and has no moral right to be competitive.* And this doctrine, as we said, has its basis in the belief that the survival of the fittest means, even in the commercial plane, the ultimate triumph of worth. If nature seemingly overstocks the world with human beings struggling for life and possessions, then it is the duty of all to establish standards of worth as the most excellent thing in what one conceives, produces, or markets, and leave the result to nature. Despite the remorselessness of things as they are, the God of Worth will take care of his own.

This does not negate good business sense, or reduce commercial enterprise to pure philanthropy; it implies only the socialising of the conspectus of advertising. Rivalry and endless energy must still exist in the commercial plane. But what rivalry may exist under the new movement is not in any sense competitive; it is not the offspring of any unsocial obsession, such as fear, envy, or avarice. There shall be only the rivalry of intrinsic worths themselves and of the desire to serve society disinterestedly through sane and truthful publicity. By these high aims and human methods in the commercial plane, the new advertising is a positive efficient cause in social evolution. It establishes and makes real by practice a standard of worth as the end and law of commercial conduct and enterprise. It denies the necessity and efficacy of competition. It fosters truth, sincerity, honesty, and justice. And so through the foolishness of the new advertising it has pleased the power that makes for righteousness to reassert in society the ideal of reason.

The Parting of the Ways

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Showing that slight, almost unnoticeable things are sometimes important milestones in the pathway of life

MRS. LONGWORTH crossed the hotel piazza, descended the steps, and walked out of sight down the shore road with all the grace of motion that lent distinction to her slightest movement. Her eyes were very bright, and an unusual flush stained the pallor of her cheek. Two men who were lounging in one corner of the hotel piazza looked admiringly after her.

"She is a beautiful woman," said one.

"Wasn't there some talk about Mrs. Longworth and Cunningham last winter?" asked the other.

"Yes. They were much together. Still, there may have been nothing wrong. She was old Judge Carmody's daughter, you know. Longworth got Carmody under his thumb in money matters and put the screws on. They say he made Carmody's daughter the price of the old man's redemption. The girl herself was a mere child. I shall never forget her face on her wedding day. But she's been plucky since then, I must say. If she has suffered, she hasn't shown it. I don't suppose Longworth ever ill-treats her. He isn't that sort. He's simply a grovelling cad—that's all. Nobody would sympathise much with the poor devil if his wife did run off with Cunningham."

Meanwhile, Beatrice Longworth walked quickly down the shore road, her white skirt brushing over the crisp golden grasses by the way. In a sunny hollow among the sandhills she came upon Stephen Gordon, sprawled out luxuriously in the warm, sea-smelling grasses. The youth sprang to his feet at sight of her, and his big brown eyes kindled to a glow.

Mrs. Longworth smiled to him. They had been great friends all summer. He was a lanky, overgrown lad of fifteen or sixteen, odd and shy and dreamy, scarcely possessing a speaking acquaintance with others at the hotel. But he and Mrs. Longworth had been congenial from their first meeting. In many ways, he was far older than his years, but there was a certain inerradicable boyishness about him to which her heart warmed.

"You are the very person I was just going in search of. I've news to tell. Sit down."

He spoke eagerly, patting the big gray boulder beside him with his slim, brown hand. For a moment Beatrice hesitated. She wanted to be alone just then. But his clever, homely face was so appealing that she yielded and sat down.

Stephen flung himself down again contentedly in the grasses at her feet, pillowing his chin in his palms and looking up at her, adoringly.

"You are so beautiful, dear lady. I love to look at you. Will you tilt that hat a little more over the left eye-brow? Yes—so—some day I shall paint you."

His tone and manner were all simplicity.

"When you are a great artist," said Beatrice, indulgently.

He nodded.

"Yes, I mean to be that. I've told you all my dreams, you know. Now for my news. I'm going away to-morrow. I had a telegram from father to-day."

He drew the message from his pocket and flourished it up at her.

"I'm to join him in Europe at once. He is in Rome. Think of it—in Rome! I'm to go on with my art studies there. And I leave to-morrow."

"I'm glad—and I'm sorry—and you know which is which," said Beatrice, patting the shaggy brown head. "I shall miss you dreadfully, Stephen."

"We *have* been splendid chums, haven't we?" he said, eagerly.

Suddenly his face changed. He crept nearer to her, and bowed his head until his lips almost touched the hem of her dress.

"I'm glad you came down to-day," he went on in a low, diffident voice. "I want to tell you something, and I can tell it better here. I couldn't go away without thanking you. I'll make a mess of it—I can never explain things. But you've been so much to me—you mean so much to me. You've made me believe in things I never believed in before. You—you—I know now that there *is* such a thing as a good woman, a woman who could make a man better, just because he breathed the same air with her."

He paused for a moment; then went on in a still lower tone:

"It's hard when a fellow can't speak of his mother because he can't say anything good of her, isn't it? My mother wasn't a good woman. When I was eight years old she went away with a scoundrel. It broke father's heart. Nobody thought I understood, I was such a little fellow. But I did. I heard them talking. I knew she had brought shame and disgrace on herself and us. And I had loved her so! Then, somehow, as I grew up, it was my misfortune that all the women I had to do with were mean and base. They were hirelings, and I hated and feared them. There was an aunt of mine—she tried to be good to me in her way. But she told me a lie, and I never cared for her after I found it out. And then, father—we loved each other and were good chums. But he didn't believe in much either. He was bitter, you know. He said all women were alike. I grew up with that notion. I didn't care much for anything—nothing seemed worth while. Then I came here and met you."

He paused again. Beatrice had listened with a gray look on her face. It would have startled him had he glanced up, but he did not, and after a moment's silence the halting boyish voice went on:

"You have changed everything for me. I was nothing but a clod before. You are not the mother of my body, but you are of my soul. It was born of you. I shall always love and reverence you for it. You will always be my ideal. If I ever do anything worth while it will be because of you. In everything I shall ever attempt I shall try to do it as if you were to pass judgment upon it. You will be a lifelong inspiration to me. Oh, I am bungling this! I can't tell you what I feel—you are so pure, so good, so noble! I shall reverence all women for your sake henceforth."

"And if," said Beatrice, in a very low voice, "if I were false to your ideal of me—if I were to do anything that would destroy your faith in me—something weak or wicked—"

"But you couldn't," he interrupted, flinging up his head and looking at her with his great dog-like eyes, "you couldn't!"

"But if I could?" she persisted, gently, "and if I did—what then?"

"I should hate you," he said, passionately. "You would be worse than a murderess. You would kill every good impulse and belief in me. I would never trust anything or anybody again—but there," he added, his voice once more growing tender, "you will never fail me, I feel sure of that."

"Thank you," said Beatrice, almost in a whisper. "Thank you," she repeated, after a moment. She stood up and held out her hand. "I think I must go now. Good-bye, dear laddie. Write to me from Rome. I shall always be glad to hear from you wherever you are. And—and—I shall always try to live up to your ideal of me, Stephen."

He sprang to his feet and took her hand, lifting it to his lips with boyish reverence. "I know that," he said, slowly. "Good-bye, my sweet lady."

When Mrs. Longworth found herself in her room again, she unlocked her desk and took out a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Maurice Cunningham. She slowly tore it twice across, laid the fragments on a tray, and touched them with a lighted match. As they blazed up one line came out in writhing redness across the page: "I will go away with you as you ask." Then it crumbled into gray ashes.

She drew a long breath and hid her face in her hands.

DEAD HORSE GULCH, WHERE MUCH HARDSHIP WAS ENDURED. THE GULCH IS SEEN FAR BELOW THE WINDING RAILWAY

The Gateway of the North

By HIRAM A. CODY

How lust for gold led to stupendous hardships and great endurance in the making of a highway to the Klondyke

"Portal that leads to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of gold,
Vast tundras, lordly summits, touched with snow."

WHEN the great gold discoveries in the Klondyke thrilled the whole world and thousands of people pressed into the country, suffering untold hardships, many were the schemes planned for transferring freight over the mountain passes and down the Yukon River. Steam motors, traction sleds, and railless locomotives were almost as numerous as the stars. One man, who had no knowledge of freighting and had never been near the Yukon River, invented a machine with cog wheels with a treadmill behind to run on the ice. He imagined the river was as smooth as a skating rink, and knew nothing of the jammed and twisted piles of ice which in winter mark every foot of the way. Another invented a machine even more cumbrous and ridiculous, but this contrivance got no further than Dyea, for when the inventor

looked upon the frowning Chilkoot Pass he took the first boat for Seattle and never returned.

When the gold fever was at its height, and all sorts of wild schemes were being daily put forth, the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company looked around for the best route for the proposed railroad. Many surveys were made and the whole contour of the country carefully considered.

Stretching away from Skagway, on the Lynn Canal, was the famous White Pass route over which thousands of people passed to the gold fields. In 1887 Mr. Ogilvie, who was sent out by the Honourable Thomas White, then Minister of the Interior, for the exploration of the country drained by the Yukon River, heard of a low pass which led to the head waters of that mighty stream. The Chilkat Indians professed to know nothing of the way, wishing, no doubt, to keep it a secret for trading purposes with the Indians along the Yukon River. After some difficulty a Tagish Indian was obtained who knew the trail, and guided Captain Moore over the summit, which was then named by Mr. Ogilvie the "White Pass," in honour of the Minister of the Interior. This was the route finally settled upon by the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company when in 1898 they began the building of that narrow-gauge road which has become so famous.

It was a great engineering feat, worthy to be classed with the celebrated labours of Hercules. On the seventh of July, 1897, the first pack train started from Skagway over the White Pass trail to Lake Bennett, and on the same date one year later the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company ran its first locomotive through Skagway's central thoroughfare.

The first fifteen miles of the road rises to an altitude of nearly three thousand feet, winding up and around the stone-walled confines of the Skagway Valley. On the old trail there was the "White Pass City," where thousands of packers rested in their terrible climb of 1897. Above the remains of the old resting-place the strenuous workmen carved the road into the mountain side along a high bluff, whilst far below, the men who were working on the same line appeared like so many dots, and the houses of the deserted resting-place like children's toys.

How foolhardy the whole work must

PASSENGERS AND MAIL ON WHITE PASS AND YUKON WINTER STAGE ROUTE, HEADING FOR DAWSON CITY, 320 MILES AWAY

SWINGING INTO WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, WITH A LOAD OF GOLD-SEEKERS

have seemed to an ordinary onlooker! But the engineers knew their work. Thousands of tons of powder were used, an army of workmen employed, and millions of dollars poured out in the construction of that road, and yet, without the brains of those great engineers, the work would have been in vain.

Up, steadily up, the road forced its sinuous way, passing along the side of a sheer wall of rock, from which a splendid view was obtained down the valley to Skagway and the waters of the Lynn Canal; whilst away to the westward towards Dyea, great snow-capped peaks could be seen, bleak, rugged, and grand.

At the summit, a distance of twenty-one miles, an altitude of almost three thousand feet was reached, and then the road began to dip on the other side. Across that wind-swept region, where in winter the snow piles like mountains, the workmen stretched, week after week, those two steel bands till the silver sheen of Lake Bennett burst into view. And there, on the border of that memorable sheet of water, those toil-worn men paused for a time to indulge in a well-earned celebration—a celebration which is full of interest for us to-day.

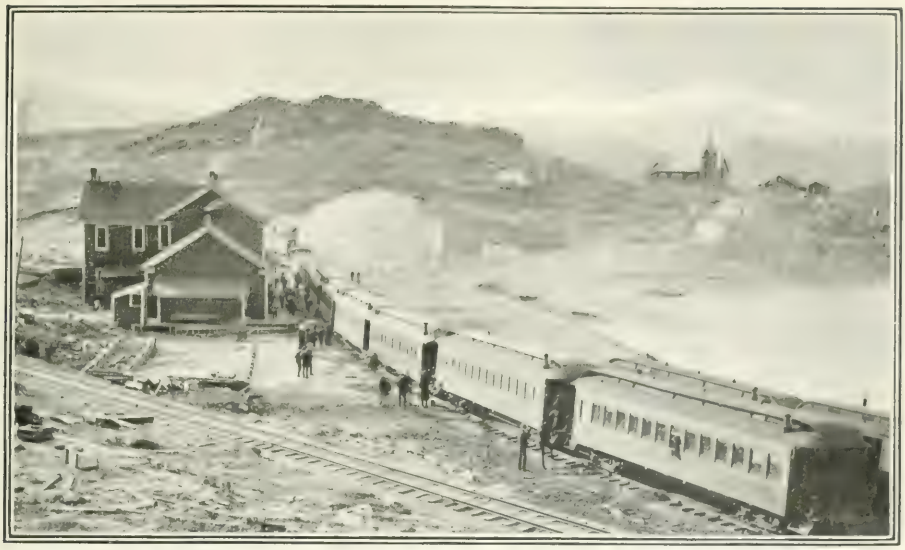
Bennett was beautifully situated on the border of the lake, which received its name in 1883 from Lieutenant Schwatka, of the United States army, in honour of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. This place at the

present time is almost deserted, but, in May, 1898, the people in and around Bennett numbered twenty-five thousand. It was the central point for gold-seekers who travelled over the Chilkoot and White Pass trails. From one hundred to one thousand tons of supplies were daily shipped into the interior of the country through this point, and it is estimated that as many pounds of gold were taken out. There were two banks, one newspaper, sixteen hotels and restaurants, ten general stores, two sawmills, three physicians, seven churches, and two saloons.

This was the town which, on July the 6th, 1889, arrayed itself in holiday attire to celebrate the driving of the golden spike which completed the road from Skagway to Bennett. Carloads of excursionists came from the coast to view the ceremony, which was most imposing. From the steel track to the water's edge the carts of the Red Line Transportation Company were drawn up four tier deep, whilst on the lake, forming a splendid background, floated numerous steamboats. Not without reason was this arrangement, for the impressive act signified that the connecting link was forged which united Skagway with St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon River, over three thousand miles away. Since then over that unbroken line multitudes of people have passed, and thousands of tons of freight carried to all parts of the country. But the glory of Bennett was soon to depart, for the tide of progress swept on, and the once prosperous place was left desolate and forsaken, a city without inhabitant.

The building of the extension to Whitehorse was less difficult. The country was not so rugged, and the course lay past many lakes, over creeks and rivers, through woods and fens, into lowlands covered with poplars, wild fruit, and flowers, and through a meadowy, swampy country till Whitehorse was reached. Yet there were many interesting problems for the engineers to face during the building of this portion of the road. One is significant. A lake of considerable size threw its sheet of water as a barrier across the way. It was proposed to drain it, and when the work was partly completed, the clay soil gave way with a mighty rush, and the lake, confined for ages, burst forth glad of its freedom, carrying everything before it into the Watson River, and now the huge basin is seen with clay-cracked sides, through which a little stream winds its devious way. Such speed was made with this portion of the road that on July

A GLIMPSE OF THE FAMOUS LAKE BENNETT—THIRTY MILES LONG; THREE MILES WIDE. ELEVATION, 2,150 FEET ABOVE THE SEA



A DESERTED CITY

Bennett, which once had a population of 25,000, has now only a few employees of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. The church and house in the background are stripped and bare

the 30th, 1900, the first passenger train ran from Skagway to Whitehorse, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Since then, the latter town has been the terminus, and all passengers and goods bound for the interior of the country are transferred, in summer to the fine river boats of the company, and in winter to the comfortable sleighs which ply between Dawson and Whitehorse.

Whitehorse was at first but a very small camp called "Closeleigh," after the Close Bros., of Chicago, stockholders of the railroad. The experiment of the name was a bad one, and later, April the 21st, 1900, the company officially announced that the name henceforth would be the "old one, well known on two continents—'White Horse.'"

Too much credit cannot be given to one man, Michael J. Heney, the contractor and physical constructor of the famous line. For two-thirds of its way it is the most costly road in America, and it was by the expenditure of millions, and the untold energy of an army of men, horses and mules, and thousands of tons of powder, that the highway was blasted and forced through the stern defiles to the Yukon basin. Through the blizzards of winter, the rains and summer days of sunshine and dust, Michael Heney and his men forced their way. The following is characteristic of the many stories told of the building of the road:

Financially the road has been a great success, and it is estimated that during the first year after it was built from Skagway to Bennett it paid for the whole cost of construction. The charge for travel, twenty cents per mile, is considered very high. Freight is in the same proportion, though great reductions have been made in the latter since the road was built. During the year 1904 almost twelve thousand passengers were carried over the road, and over thirty thousand tons of freight. The gross earnings were nine hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars, and the operating expenses five hundred and fifty-one thousand.

The furious storms of winter militate against the good working of the road. On the summit, especially, for weeks at a time it has been impossible to clear the track, and the rotary snow-plow with three or four engines plunging its way through vast drifts is a magnificent spectacle, though to the men working the plow great danger is often experienced. Dur-

ing the heavy storms of 1906 a snow-slide struck a seventy-ton rotary and sent it rolling down the mountain side with the crew inside, all of whom escaped as if by a miracle, though much bruised. The plow was caught by a bench thirty feet below the track, where it remained bottom side up, buried in the snow.

In the early days of the road, when the rotary surged through after a heavy fall of snow, it would be followed by many dog teams making for the interior over Tagish Lake, and Windy Arm, to Conrad, a distance of twelve miles. A second from Log Cabin station, on the main line of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, above Lake Bennett by way of Tutshi Lake to Windy Arm.

Should Conrad prove to be an important mining centre the branch line will no doubt be soon constructed, which can be done with little difficulty.

What the future of the White Pass and Yukon Railway will be we can only con-

THE OLD WOODEN TRAMWAY, USED FOR CARRYING FREIGHT AROUND THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS BEFORE THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY WAS BUILT

the track. At times the trains are forced to cease running, owing to the extreme cold. Last winter when it registered from seventy to eighty degrees below zero, the rails snapped like glass as the train passed over them, and great danger was encountered.

The new mining town of Conrad on Windy Arm, a southerly branch of Lake Tagish, is occupying much attention at the present time, and surveys have been made by the engineers of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. One was made from Carcross (formerly Caribou Crossing) along the shores of Lake Nares, jecture now. Much depends upon the development of the natural resources of the country, and that they are great and valuable there can hardly be a shadow of a doubt. Hitherto, the rush has been for gold, and the vast deposits of silver, copper, and coal, almost overlooked. The country is only in its infancy. Other railroads are in operation in Alaska, and proposed routes are talked of as rivals to the White Pass and Yukon Railway, but come what may the latter will be recorded on the pages of American history as one of the marvellous feats of the nineteenth century.

Canada's Champion Choir

By E. R. PARKHURST

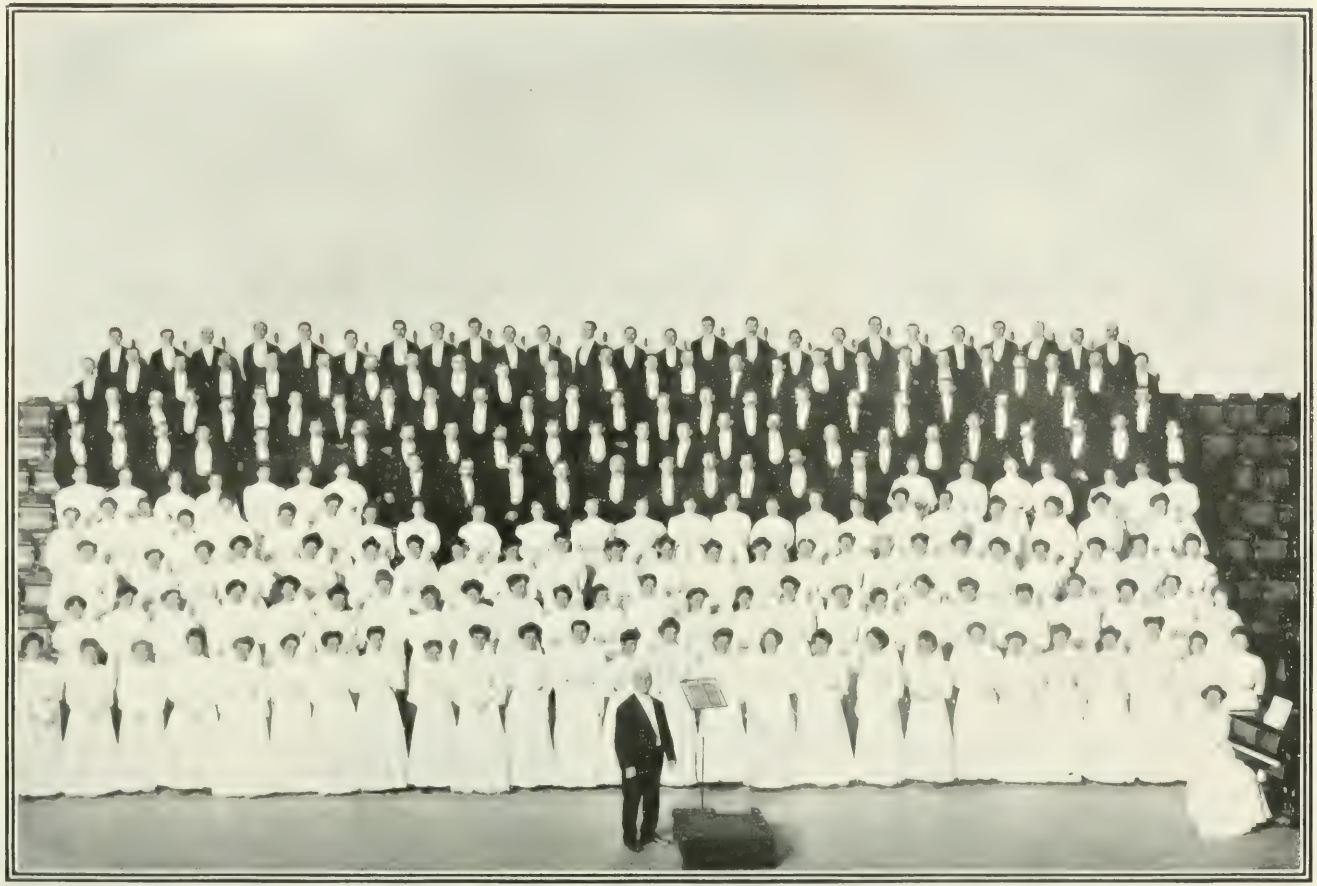
A Canadian amateur organisation that will face the New York critics this month

THIS month of February will be notable in the musical annals of the Dominion, inasmuch as it will witness the first appearance of a Canadian choir in full strength in the metropolitan city of New York. The Mendelssohn Choir having carried the fame of Toronto as a musical centre to Buffalo, have decided, with rare enterprise and confidence, to invite the verdict of the musical people of New York itself—a city in which there is often an embarrassment of music of all kinds, a city which hears the best singers and instrumentalists in the world, and consequently a city in which critical opinion is very advanced and very exacting. But despite all this, Toronto need have no misgivings as to the result, for it is doubtful whether New York possesses a chorus of equal distinction. The only choir, I understand, that can challenge comparison with the Mendelssohn Choir is a small professional organisation. The visit of the Mendelssohn Choir to the metropolis will most directly redound to the credit of Toronto as a centre of musical culture; but in a measure Canada as a whole will participate in whatever honours are won. The undertaking of our local choir in deciding on giving two concerts in New York without making an appeal to the general public for financial aid is in keeping with its general history. And yet it seems somewhat ungenerous on the part of the public that they have as yet made no offer to provide a financial guarantee for the very heavy expenditure which will of necessity be entailed by the excursion. The first music festival of Toronto was guaranteed to the amount of about $25,000. The Mendelssohn Choir projects for this season are of greater magnitude than was that historic musical celebration. They are to give four concerts in Toronto, one in Buffalo and two in New York, all in conjunction with the Pittsburgh orchestra —truly a stupendous programme for an amateur Toronto Society.

"Lest we forget," one may profitably take a retrospective glance at what has been accomplished by this remarkable chorus, and their equally remarkable conductor. The inspiration which led to the inception and the development of the choir was found in a German city. While studying in Leipzig, A. S. Vogt was so profoundly impressed by the singing of the St. Thomas Choir of that city—a choir with a history of centuries and one which could point with pride to the fact that its roll of conductors included such names as John Sebastian Bach, Hiller

MR. A. S. VOGT

Founder and conductor of the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir



THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR, A CANADIAN ORGANISATION ENGAGED TO SING IN NEW YORK THIS MONTH

and other great musicians—that he became fired with the ambition to found a Canadian choir which might emulate the highly finished choral singing of the ancient German society. His ideas, which for some time germinated in his mind, bore forth its first fruition when he became choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. In less than two years he had trained this select body of singers to a degree of efficiency that made its name favourably known throughout Canada. The next step was the organisation of the Mendelssohn Choir, with which he carried out his theories of choir training on a more comprehensive scale.

The Mendelssohn Choir was a success almost from its inception. Originally its mission was intended to develop the art of singing unaccompanied part songs and choruses with refinement and oratorical expression—something attempted with success a few years previously by Mr. Elliott Haslam with his Vocal Society. But the Mendelssohn Choir's maiden effort in 1895 transcended in quality and distinction the achievements of the Haslam Society, creditable as they were. The public and the press at once recognised that a new factor had come into existence in the musical art life of the city. The critical notices of the Toronto press on the first concert were most appreciative and encouraging, and after the re-organisation of the choir in 1900 the praise their singing received became more unqualified. Speaking of the February concert in 1901, *Saturday Night* said: "The singing was as remarkable for its rich musical and tonal qualities as for its precision, certainty of attack, and fine shading. In close harmonies the voices coalesced with the perfection of a fine instrument." The *Globe* said: "The choir, while they have retained their former beauty of tone and finished detail work, have gained in power and breadth of treatment." The *Mail and Empire* of Jan. 31st, 1902, said: "The chorus has never been surpassed on this continent."

The logic of circumstances and the force of public opinion influenced Mr. Vogt and the society to enlarge their field of operations. And, step by step, and without encroaching upon the special work of our oratorio societies, the choir has expanded its repertory to include the great choral compositions of the best masters, with and without accompaniment; have taken into association one of the best orchestras in America, and have multiplied their single concert by four, so that their undertaking has grown to festival proportions. But above and beyond all this they have twice crossed the border and delighted thousands of the citizens of Buffalo with their beautiful singing, and as already mentioned, this month their enterprise will culminate in their visit to New York itself.

The creation, the development and the success of the Mendelssohn Choir have all been due to the genius of one man—Mr. A. S. Vogt, their conductor. Possessing high artistic ideals and an exceptional capacity for directing and instructing a chorus, Mr. Vogt joins to these qualities consummate tact, sound business instinct and steady, untiring and persistent perseverance and energy, the last none the less effective because it has none of the American ostentation or strenuousness and none of its feverish restlessness. To his artistic ideals and his ability for direction may be attributed the enlistment under his banner of the best chorus singers of the city; to his tact, the fact that he has been able to retain them from season to season, to hold their loyalty, to increase their interest and enjoyment; to his business capacity, the summoning to his aid committees of hard-working, clear-sighted men; and to his energy and perseverance, the attainment of a high standard of perfection in the performances of the choir. And financial success has kept hand in hand with artistic success. The choir, I believe, has never had to struggle with adversity. Public recognition of Mr. Vogt's labours was from the first prompt, responsive and generous. And so during the ten seasons of the society they have progressed from triumph to triumph, each one being more pronounced than the last.

The question may be pertinently asked, what has Mr. Vogt and his choir accomplished for which the musical community should be grateful? I offer the following answer:

1. A general elevation of the standard of choral singing, not only in Toronto, but in all the cities and towns in Ontario where there is a mixed choir, large or small, sacred or secular. As soon as it was found that the public were attaching supreme importance to the refinements of choral singing, to the production of beautiful and varied tone, to appropriate oratorical expression, choir leaders endeavoured to follow the example set them by Mr. Vogt. I may go further than this and say with good grounds that the influence of the Mendelssohn Choir has extended across the border. Since the visit of the choir to Buffalo a number of mixed choirs have been organised there, the frank admission being made that the aim was to accomplish results similar to those accomplished by the Toronto choir. This fact is direct evidence of the practical influence of the work of our society. It is difficult to say how far-reaching this influence has been, the recent concerts of the choir having been attended by nearly every musician of eminence in the Province, and by many from outside points in Quebec and the States of the adjoining Republic.

2. By supplying first-class orchestral music regularly since 1902, the choir have within that short time developed an increased taste on the part of the public, not only for purely orchestral compositions but for choral works in which an efficient orchestra is the medium of accompaniment. In this the public appetite seems to have grown on what it has fed. Other societies have found it to their advantage, artistic and otherwise, to co-operate with first-class orchestras. In Toronto I may point to the fact that the National Chorus now sings regularly in association with the splendid New York Symphony Orchestra, while Mr. Fletcher has engaged the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for the concert of one of his choirs.

3. The very surprising increase in the number and variety of important musical works of different schools performed in this city. It is a matter of general admission that for several years prior to the re-organisation of the Mendelssohn Choir in 1900, the list of works performed in Toronto was very limited. "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" During the past two seasons it has puzzled the newspaper writers to deal adequately with the numerous novelties or new works that the Mendelssohn Choir alone have introduced. The effect cannot but be a broadening of the public taste and the replacement of narrow, provincial standards by a catholic and intellectual appreciation of whatever is good in music, no matter what its origin may be.

It will be interesting to know that the chorus that will be heard in New York and Buffalo will number two hundred and twenty-five singers, divided as follows: Sopranos, 63; altos, 52; tenors, 50; basses, 60. The quality of the voices is exceptionally good. The altos and basses have, it is said, not the breadth and fullness of the similar sections of the crack Yorkshire choirs, but the beauty of their tone more than compensates for lack of weight.

I have not attempted in this article to give a chronological history of the choir, nor to enumerate the compositions they have produced. The programmes of the concerts since re-organisation reveal an eclectic taste in the selection of the numbers and they have been of great educative value. The supreme achievement of the choir was, it is considered by advanced critics, the production last season of Beethoven's colossal Choral Symphony, a work which has been the despair of many conductors and many societies. The Symphony will be repeated this season, and will also be sung at one of the New York concerts.

Worry–the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Further evidence that worry enfeebles the bodily defences and thus helps to prepare the soil for the germ of disease

II.—WORRY AND DISEASE

NE should not use such a term as disease without an attempt to define it, and this I propose to do by as brief a description as possible of its opposite—*ease*, or health.

So accustomed are the majority of people to a standard of their own which custom has led them to regard as normal, that any plain statement of what constitutes real health will perhaps be regarded as too rigid and overdrawn. Nevertheless, it surely seems reasonable to assert something like the following as the condition of health. The reader will notice that I do not include any estimate as to the number of foot-pounds of work that a healthy man should be able to perform in a day, or as to the number of hours that he should be able to spend in intellectual labour. These things depend upon a thousand factors, varying in almost every individual. Of such variations my definition of health will take no heed. I am not satisfied with the definition of health as freedom from disease; that affords me no more visible enlightenment than the proposition that disease may best be defined as a departure from the state of health. But without drawing upon my imagination, or attempting to set any standard that is not realised by many persons, I will offer some such description as the following, of the man whom I regard not necessarily as robust or energetic, but merely as well. My concern here is not with what we call rude health, but merely with health.

When the healthy man wakes in the morning he should have no recollection of any state of partial or entire consciousness later than, say, half an hour after he went to bed the night before; that is to say, his sleep has been unbroken, continuous, complete: if he has had any dreams at all, he has, at any rate, no recollection of them. This is the kind of sleep that refreshes a healthy animal, and that is possible for a healthy man. The sleep that is broken or that is not readily attained when the hour comes and light is banished, is so, not because it is in the inherent nature of human sleep to be broken, but because there has been too much strain, either upon the brain or the stomach, or both, before sleep was sought. We need say no more upon this subject at present. Having waked as one really should do, because one has slept enough, and not because it is time to get up, and an earlier riser has told one so—the healthy man wants to be up and doing. That is a sign of health which I admit very nearly entails an effort of my imagination. Nevertheless, this should be so. One should wake because one has slept long enough, and should no more want to lie abed than one wants to be in prison. The healthy man's next business is to perform his toilet without delay, for he is hungry, and has visions of breakfast. This over, his concern, like that of the two kings in the "Gondoliers," is to proceed without delay to the business of the day. This business may be great or small, mental or physical, long or short; but he leaves it with a surplus of energy, in disposing of which by a happy paradox he recreates himself. I will not dogmatise as to whether he should walk, or play with his children, or read; but I am sure that the healthy man has more energy to dispose of every day than he is compelled to dispose of. At some time or other during the day he indulges in work or play of his

own choosing. If, like most of us, he has compulsory work, and leaves it ready only for dinner and bed, he cannot hope to answer to my description, for he is over-worked, and if over-worked he cannot be healthy. His work done, and contented with his recreation, my model man goes to bed. I have already said how long he takes to get to sleep, and what sort of sleep it is that he gets. During the whole of his conscious day his health has been marked not only by positive achievement, but by certain negations. Bored he may have felt, perhaps, but never weary. He has had no pains of any kind, neither headache nor backache, nor any other. Throughout the entire day, he has been totally unconscious of his own person and of all its parts, save incidentally, as when washing and dressing. He has never once thought about his digestion—all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face; but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever. As for his tongue, he does not remember ever having seen it.

If this desirable state be health, it is little wonder that, as we know, the fear of disease is a kind of worry that has played a part in men's minds since the earliest times. The history of medicine was, until quite recent times, the history of superstition, and the superstitious beliefs and practices to which worry about disease has given rise are without number. Of late years we have come to a rational understanding of disease, and the manner in which we worry about it has undergone corresponding modification. No longer do we conceive disease as hurled upon us by an avenging providence, nor by outraged and slighted divinity. Nor do we any longer believe in the evil eye, nor in the pestilent influence of bad air, such as has coined for us the name of the disease "malaria." Nowadays we universally accept the germ theory of disease. We know that an overwhelming proportion of all disease is due to the fact that the world is inhabited by a host of invisible creatures, many of which have need of man's body as their host and diet. We believe that these creatures are not generated in the body, but enter it from without; and we see that our business, if we would be free from disease, is to obviate such entrance, which we call infection. We thus have a very definite process to worry about, and only too many must do so to much purpose.

The purpose served, however, is not our own, but that of the microbes which we fear. Let us consider the curious but true proposition that worry about a given disease may be the deciding factor whereby it is enabled to attack and even to slay us.

When first the microbic origin of disease was discovered, the problem of infection seemed to be a simple one; if you met the microbe you succumbed, if not you went free. But nowadays we know that the case is by no means so simple. The bacilli of tuberculosis are now known to be scarcely less than ubiquitous. They must repeatedly gain entrance to the throat and air passages of every city dweller. More alarming still, discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria has led us to the remarkable conclusion that the immediate and exciting and indispensable cause of this terrible disease is apparently a normal inhabitant of the mouth and throat of many healthy people. Not so long ago this last proposition would have seemed to imply that such a bacillus could not possibly be the cause of the disease. But we are discovering that the microbe of pneumonia may similarly be found in the throats of healthy people. The doctors and nurses who work in hospital wards containing cases of the three diseases I have mentioned, and many others, are quite frequently found to have abundant supplies in their mouths and noses of the causal organisms.

It is plain, therefore, that there must be another factor than merely the presence of the seed in the production of any case of disease, and plainly that factor must be the suitability of the soil. The characters of the human soil in relation to any disease are expressed by the correlative terms, immunity and suscep-

tibility. It is now known to be not enough that the seed be sown. It may die; it may be killed where it falls.

The whole problem of immunity is perhaps the most complicated and obscure in the whole field of the medical sciences. It varies in different cases according to a thousand circumstances; age, race, temperature, diet, habits, previous attacks, the strain of microbes, and so on. Of these circumstances there is one which, though of great importance, is entirely ignored by bacteriologists. I am not acquainted with any work on immunity—not even that which has lately been published by Professor Metchnikoff—wherein the importance of the mind in relation to infectious disease is duly recognised. It is true that experiment cannot be made upon this subject; it is true also that no exactitude can be hoped for in its study. But though we are confined to more or less casual observation, and though we cannot express these consequences of mental state in terms of the reactions per kilogram of rabbit, we may be assured that the mind *does* play a most important part in determining whether or not an individual shall suffer from a given disease. Doubtless, infectious diseases may be divided for convenience into two classes. There are some, such as malaria in the case of the white man and measles in the case of every child, to which the individual must succumb, so soon as he encounters the microbes upon which they depend. In such cases we must admit that the influence of the mind, if it has any place at all, is practically negligible. But on the other hand, we know that there is a large number of diseases, susceptibility to which is determined by the general health, as we may conveniently if vaguely term it; so long as we conform to a certain standard of vigour we may harbour the tubercle bacillus, the diphtheria bacillus and the pneumococcus in our mouths and suffer no harm. Doubtless they multiply but slowly, and live either upon one another or upon the secretions of the mucous membrane near which they lie; at any rate, they make no inroads upon the living tissues. But if there comes a chill or a bout of drunkenness, or an attack of influenza, or any other devitalising factor, the resistance of the individual is diminished, and he may well fall before the attacks of microbes which he has housed for months without hurt. In the case of such diseases, then, it would appear that it is simply the general vitality or lack of vitality that determines immunity or susceptibility.

The reader will draw for himself the obvious conclusion. If there be diseases which depend for their success upon failure of general health—the exciting microbic causes being unable to act save with the co-operation of predisposing causes—then it is plain that any factor which lowers the general health may turn the scale in favour of the attacking forces. Now, if there is one fact more indisputable than another, it is that worry is able to weaken the bodily defences. It was care that killed even the nine-lived cat.

Whenever it is possible, I dearly love to support a proposition by distinct lines of argument—the argument which asserts that the proposition must be true because it necessarily follows from other propositions assumed to be true, and the more properly scientific argument that the proposition is true because when we come to look at the facts they confirm it. Now, by the first or *a priori* method, we have already convinced ourselves, I think, that if the accepted theories of disease be correct, worry about disease must necessarily be a predisposing cause of disease. But it is also possible to quote the evidence of experience and observation in support of this proposition.

I must insist upon the manner in which I have qualified this statement. It is impossible to assert that lack of fear will protect an unvaccinated person from smallpox. In such a case, immunity and susceptibility depend not at all upon the general health, but exclusively upon the circumstances whether the threatened individual has or has not previously suffered from the disease or any of its modifications. The *rôle* of worry in the causation of infectious disease is confined entirely to those diseases which

depend for their power upon failure of general health. Worry acts not in any mystical fashion, but merely in virtue of its effect upon general vitality, and if the estate of the general vitality be irrelevant, as it appears to be in the case of a large number of diseases, then worry must count for very little, one way or another. This admission does not at all prejudice the fact that in a very large number of instances worry counts for a great deal in this connection.

But when we have exhausted the consideration of worry and fear in relation to diseases of microbic origin, we are very far indeed from having reached the end, for we have yet to consider the innumerable diseases or disordered conditions of the nervous system, and these, as might be expected, are profoundly affected by worry.

It must not be supposed that all we have here to say is simply that if one worries long enough about a nervous disease the worry will be justified at last. For, let us take the instance of the modern curse of sleeplessness. It is the fact that worry about sleep, as distinguished from worry about one's affairs, is in itself sufficient only too often to cause a sleepless night. In attempting to control a case of sleeplessness, nothing is of more importance than, if possible, to restore the patient's confidence in his power to sleep. Only too many people, whose sleep tends to be uncertain, begin to worry about their prospects directly they get into bed, and their apprehension *justifies itself*.

The case is the same with many other nervous functions, as, for instance, digestion. The more conscious attention one pays to it, the less likely is it to succeed.

Indeed we may now recognise a general truth which is of very great psychological interest: that, in general, those bodily processes and functions which are under the control of the lower levels of the nervous system are best performed when those lower levels are left undisturbed by orders from above. This is true, not only of such functions as sleep and digestion, but also of other functions which, at one time in the history of the individual, have required the most direct and painstaking efforts of conscious attention. This is conspicuously true of various games and arts. When playing billiards, for instance, the trained organism may be trusted to perform simple strokes, almost automatically. If the player begins to devote too much attention to them, he is the more likely to fail. But the most conspicuous instance of my proposition is furnished by singing. It is the common experience of, I suppose, every singer that he is capable of attacking and sustaining without difficulty, provided that he be unaware of their pitch, notes which, as a rule, he does not dare to essay. A bass singer knows, for instance, that his upper limit of comfort is E; if he knows that there is an F coming he begins to worry about it, and often pays the penalty. But if a song which he usually sings in E major be played for him without the music in F, he will take the upper tonic with ease, simply because he thinks it is E. Similarly, in the case of variations in pitch between different pianos; if one has a piano of the sensible French pitch one does not venture on an F, but will easily take an E elsewhere, though as a matter of fact it is almost identical with the F, on which one never ventures at home.

This suffices to illustrate the proposition that *excess of attention*—and this is an accurate definition of certain kinds of worry—interferes at least as markedly as carelessness with the performance of many subconscious or semi-automatic acts. In the case of sleep and digestion, we cannot pay too little attention. In the case of organised compound acts, like violin playing and singing, a measure of attention is necessary, but directly that measure is exceeded and the consciousness becomes too eager (which means that it begins to worry) failure is imminent. But everyone who knows anything about executive art or sport knows what this fact means.

This digression will suffice abundantly to prove that the behaviour of the nervous system, whether in relation to the necessary functions of life, or to its arts and sports, is capable of very great modification by means of the mere direction of

consciousness thereto. In its popular meaning, the word *self-consciousness* precisely signifies that excess of attention to self, always with the emotional tone of apprehension or worry, which so often leads to failure. "Nervousness" again, in its popular meaning, implies a similar emotional tone, and we all know its consequences. Now, if we once admit the fact that the functions of the nervous system are somehow modifiable by the mere direction of consciousness to them, it must necessarily follow that worry about any nervous function may cause disease. Such disease, for convenience, we may call a disease of function or a functional disease, and in point of fact the distinction between organic and functional nervous diseases is everywhere recognised by neurologists. From every point of view, practical and theoretical alike, the distinction is one of the first importance, and we cannot begin to make any progress in our study of the relations of worry to disease until we have the clearest possible conception of the difference between these two great classes of nervous disorder

With the general structure of his nervous system the reader is doubtless familiar. A cerebro-spinal axis, consisting of brain and spinal cord continuous with it; a series of nerves passing to and from all but the highest portions of this axis; and a broad division of nervous tissues into cellular or grey matter, and conducting or white matter, every such conducting fibre being really a linear continuation of a nerve cell—these are the outline facts of the nervous system. It is a material structure or complex of structures, to be handled, seen, or eaten, as in the case of the brain of a calf. And though the anatomy of the nervous system is a matter for many volumes, we may say that, even in the minute anatomy of the nerve cell, there is nothing which does not or might not conceivably yield to patient and expert study. As far as the anatomist is concerned, the nervous system of a Shakespeare or a Newton is simply so much matter arranged in a certain way. However complex the arrangement, there is nothing in it which suggests itself to be inherently insoluble.

Nor does the morbid anatomist or pathologist find anything at which his intellect chokes in his study of the nervous system. He simply finds matter in the wrong place; a clot of blood pressing a volitional tract and causing paralysis or speechlessness; a thickened projection of bone pressing upon a certain area and depriving it of its function; a fluid accumulation in the cavities of the brain causing a hydrocephalus—and so on. You may spend a lifetime on this study and be a learner at the end of it; but you will never be brought up sharply at a problem the terms of which you cannot even frame. Your difficulties, like those of the anatomist proper, are at any rate never unthinkable.

Of these "gross lesions" of the nervous system, then, much is definitely known. They are responsible for what we call organic disease of the nervous system, meaning thereby that there is some matter of some sort out of place in the material organ of our study. And to cure the malady you must re-arrange the matter involved, in the normal way. This you may roughly do in a few instances—as by the removal of a tumour of the brain. This may be difficult or impossible; but the problem presents no inherent difference from that presented to the watchmaker when, let us say, some dirt has got into a watch. It is simply a question of altering the position in space of certain portions of matter.

In contrast with all the organic diseases of the nervous system, the neurologist recognises an indefinite number of other maladies which he calls functional. Morbid anatomy, aided even by the microscope and chemistry, reveals nothing in such cases. There is no organic change to be discerned, but there is disorder of function, which may be, and often is, quite as grave as that done by a structural change which you could see ten yards away, were it exposed.

Typical of these functional maladies—the number of which appears to be constantly undergoing addition in civilised communities—is the protean disorder which is called hysteria. Despite etymology, hysteria is met with in both sexes and at all ages. It is a reality, to be

confused with malingering or shamming only by those who know nothing of it. Though nothing does the hysterical patient more harm than sympathy, he is as much entitled to it as if he had a cerebral tumour as big as your fist. But, though to assert the reality of hysteria or any other functional disease of the nervous system is easy, to define its nature is, in the last analysis, not only impossible, but as impossible as it is to define the relation of mind and matter—the unknowable, unframeable, unthinkable problem. The physician may glibly say of his patient's malady, "Oh! it is only functional"—but he has not solved the ultimate problem with that phrase.

We cannot believe, indeed, that any "functional malady" is not the symptom of an organic or material change—a change too subtle for any of our methods. That we may hold as a pious belief; but we possess, with a very different conviction, the knowledge that in the cure of the two classes of nervous malady there is a difference as profound as the difference between mind and matter. This may readily be shown.

You have before you two persons who are unable to move the right arm—the inability in the two cases being identical. The first is a case of organic disease. You remove the tumour which is pressing on the arm area on the left side of the patient's brain, and he regains the use of his arm forthwith. The expert who removes an obstacle to the movement of your watch performs a precisely comparable operation. But the second patient has a functional paralysis. You will not cure him by altering the position in space of any portions of matter whatsoever. But if you act on his mind—as in the instance of the miracle wrought on the Sabbath Day—and say, "Stretch forth thine hand," the paralysis is no more. In attempting to review an enormous subject in a few lines, I may therefore say that in all diseases of the nervous system—insanity of every kind included—a cure is conceivable by an *action on matter* or an *action on mind*.

The piles of crutches at Lourdes indicate real cures of real diseases. The cures wrought by Christian Science are real cures. Faith healing is a fact. Neither faith nor Mrs. Eddy can remove mountains—or kill a bacillus—but mind can act on mind. Terrible maladies exist which the united wisdom of every physician on the earth might be impotent to affect, but which would yield instantly and finally to the nonsensical jabbering of an immoral imbecile, if only the patient's mind were affected thereby. These are scientific facts, as certain and as important as the infectiousness of cholera, the germ causation of tuberculosis or the triumphs of Listerian surgery.

But my assertion of these facts will not delude any reader into forgetting the immeasurable distinction between a description and an explanation. The first we have already; the second would explain not only hysteria, but the cosmos in its entirety. If Tennyson could say as much of the flower in the crannied wall, it may certainly be said of an explanation which, in answering one question, would leave none unanswered.

Having thus attempted to define, as clearly as possible, the difference between organic and functional nervous disease, we must now note some qualifying considerations which complicate the matter in practice. For instance, there is often found what we call a functional element superadded to cases of organic disease as in the case of disseminated solerosis of the brain and spinal chord. Such cases frequently deceive the physician, who is apt to regard the disease as entirely functional, because of the functional element which it displays, and because he is familiar with functional disorders which exactly simulate this disease. On the other hand, functional disorder, by interfering with the general nutrition, may lead to organic disease, and thus introduce the converse complication. Hence we find that in practice it is impossible to maintain any ultimate distinction between the two classes of disease.

We have already hinted that the distinction between malingering or shamming and hysteria is a real one. When the patient is pretending to be ill his disease is fictitious; when he suffers from hysteria

we may describe it as factitious, but none the less real therefor. With fictitious disease we have here no concern at all.

I have just used the masculine pronoun, and the reader may think it out of place in relation to hysteria, but there is such a thing as male hysteria, and the derivation from the name of a distinctively feminine organ implies a libel upon the gentle sex. Doubtless hysteria is more common amongst women, but that is all that can be said. No real distinction can be maintained between the various forms of what it is usually agreed to call hysteria, and the countless other forms of functional nervous disease, and we may consider them all together indifferently. Now, what are the relations of worry to the two classes of nervous disease?

We may say that worry does not directly cause organic disease. I cannot subscribe to the opinion that the organic disease (not nervous) called cancer may be induced in any organ by the constant fear of its occurrence there. Worry can only cause organic disease—such, for instance, as the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain—indirectly by its influence upon general nutrition. On the other hand, worry may, and constantly does, cause functional nervous disease. We have already seen that worry about the possibility of disorder, such as sleeplessness, may induce the very disorder in question. But worry about anything, whether in this world or the next, is a potent cause of functional nervous disease. It is only consistent with this fact that such disease should be curable by mental influences. It may be fairly argued that even in these cases, the worry may cause the disorder by its interference with appetite or sleep or both; but the manner of its operation is not so important as the fact that it does so operate.

We have already said that the distinction between organic and functional disease, all important though it be, cannot be universally maintained. An instance of this is now furnished by the common disorder which goes by the good name of neurasthenia—the Greek for nerve weakness. This has gone by various names—general debility, nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, létat nerveux, the vapours, and so on. It is unquestionably distinct from typical hysteria; yet on the other hand it is equally distinct from definite organic disease, such as that due to a tumour or a hæmorrhage, and it is curable in a way in which ordinary organic disease is not.

Both hysteria and neurasthenia are frequently caused by worry. In both cases, however, we have to recognise that worry, the exciting cause, cannot act without the help of a predisposing cause, which is very difficult to define, but which is undoubtedly a reality. It is a matter of inheritance, and we may call it inherited nervous instability, or the neurotic tendency; but if we use this word neurotic, we really must guard ourselves against attaching any unpleasant or sinister meaning to it. It is the neurotic people that do the work of the world, and fortunate are those who have the finely strung, delicately organised nervous system which that adjective indicates. This definitely asserted, we may go on to assert that worry can scarcely cause hysteria, neurasthenia, or any other functional nervous disease in people of the phlegmatic or even the average type. But it is, of course, the neurotic people who are temperamentally inclined to worry.

Miss Pontigreve's Parrot

By BEATRICE ROSENTHAL

How a feathered creature disturbed a quiet neighbourhood and caused an aging spinster's reconciliation to a nephew's plebeian tastes

I

MISS PONTIGREVE dwelt at Cherrystead, that pleasant and still countrified suburb within easy reach of South-West London. Her house, "The Acacias," with its spacious garden, was the largest and most picturesque of all the "desirable residences" in Western Avenue, and, as regards wealth and social position, Miss Pontigreve was accounted one of the "best" people in the neighbourhood.

But as she sat in the bay window of her handsome drawing-room that bright autumn morning she looked anything but a contented old lady. She held in her hand a letter which she had just shown to her old friend, Dr. Bedford, who had come in to look at the cook's scalded hand. Miss Pontigreve had read the letter several times herself, though she had resolved not to answer it. Her heart was sore against the writer, her nephew and godson, the Rev. Felix Pontigreve, who, after delighting her by a brilliant career at the university, had declined the easy duties of the curacy his aunt had desired for him, to go and work in a back street district, very far east of Cherrystead.

"The quixotic perverseness of the young people of the present day is only equalled by their ingratitude," remarked Miss Pontigreve to her medical adviser.

"Well, we must give these idealists scope," answered the old gentleman. "That slum experience goes to the making of the best doctors, and the best parsons, too, so I'm told. It must be an interesting part of the world. Why don't you take the boy at his word and pay him a visit?"

"I shall do no such thing," said Miss Pontigreve with asperity, folding up the letter. "He has run counter to all my wishes. You know that the Rector offered him a title, and I meant him to live here with me. Isn't there enough scope in a growing place like this for any reasonable young man? However, it has taught me a lesson," she added. "I shall do no more for thankless people."

Miss Pontigreve took up her work as the doctor went away—the fine lace-work she could see to do without spectacles in spite of her sixty-odd years. Her last words gave the clue to the grievance she was weaving into the delicate mesh. She brooded bitterly over the ingratitude of the world in general, and in particular of the favourite nephew whom she had adopted and educated, whose sense of a vocation had thwarted her plans, and whom she missed more than words could tell.

Presently she looked up, and called through the open window:

"Fluffy!"

A small black spaniel scampered across the smooth stretch of turf, and came to a stop on the gravel path, all four legs set wide, regarding his mistress with a bright, attentive eye; then frisked through a clump of cactus dahlias.

The hard lines of the old spinster's face relaxed as she watched the little creature. She touched a hand-bell on the table beside her.

"Tipples," she said to the elderly man-servant who answered the summons, "tell Richard to take Fluffy for his walk. He is in the garden."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Tipples, whose name was an obvious libel on his person. "Anythink else, ma'am?"

"Tell Simpson to come round and speak to me about the bulbs when he is ready."

"Yes, ma'am."

He withdrew, and Miss Pontigreve

dropped her work into her lap and fell into a fit of musing, from which she was roused at length by a step on the gravel.

"Is that you, Simpson?"

It was not her respectable Scotch gardener, the inventor of a new variety of rose-tulip, but a man of seedy appearance carrying a large dome-shaped object, shrouded in a piece of dirty blanket.

He set it down on the ground, and saluted the lady seated in the window by touching his forehead with a grimy finger.

"Bewtiful day fer the time er year, mum," he began in an insinuating voice.

"Did they tell you at the back door to come round here?" asked Miss Pontigreve disconcertingly. "I don't give to beggars or organ-grinders."

The individual touched his forehead again.

"I ain't a beggar nor a horgan-grinder. I'm a pore feller, wot's trapsed many a weary mile," he said, plaintively, "and has I wos a-passin' the gate of this yer bewtiful garding, and see the little dawg a-bouncin' hover the grars as 'appy as cud be, I sez ter meself, 'There's a beneverlent lidy livin' 'ere,' I sez, 'wot wouldn't refuse ter do a reel genuine kindness."

"I don't help people on principle," said Miss Pontigreve. "You had better apply to the Charity Organisation."

"'Tain't fer a 'uman bein' I am a-arstin', mum," went on the man eagerly. "Not fer meself, but a pore 'elpless bird in this yer cige, fer 'om I am a-tryin' ter find a 'ome. Money's no objeck. It's the 'ome that's the consideration."

"What kind of bird?" inquired Miss Pontigreve.

"A parrit, mum—a mawvil. You never see 'is like. 'E belonged to a station-master wot is a-emigratin' to Canada with wife and fam'ly, and arst me ter find a 'ome fer 'im. Only a couple o' guineas, mum, jest wot the chap's out er pocket by the cige—noo, as you see," he added, beginning to unshroud it; "that's nothink fer the bird 'isself—jest the good 'ome—"

The old lady shook her head.

"I have no experience of parrots," she said, rising nevertheless to look out of the window.

The removal of the blanket revealed a large cage wherein a grey-white bird with an orange-pink crest and a powerful beak was swinging itself on a metal ring.

It descended from the ring to a much-gnawed perch, and danced from side to side, bobbing and whistling with pleasure in the light and air.

"What species of parrot is it?" asked the old lady.

"Well, mum, there is parrits, macaws, parrakeets, but this yer is a mawvil of a bird. See 'im now chucklin' at yer. Look at the wink in 'is heye. You'd never be dull with 'im fer a minnit. 'E's a knowin' one, 'e is, as grateful as a Christian."

"You need not bring that in," said Miss Pontigreve tartly. "It is no recommendation to me. I think it is the grey African birds that talk."

"No offence fer contradictin', mum," replied the man, holding up the dingy blanket as a foil. "Torks! 'E's at it all day. Pretty Polly, Pretty Poll," he whistled, as the bird bobbed up and down. "Where's Polly's 'amper? 'E was put in one onst, and 'e's never fergot it. 'E can imertate trains and boys ter the very life."

"Not swearing, I hope?" said Miss Pontigreve.

"Never known to use langwidge but onst. 'E called the station-master's wife a name which you would not wish me to repeat, mum. She give 'im the stick fer it, and ever sence 'e's 'ad a sort of a slight prejerdice agin the female persuasion. But with a lidy in a bewtiful 'ome—"

"I haven't said I would buy him," said Miss Pontigreve, quickly. "I know nothing of parrots. What are they fed on?"

The man produced a packet from the breast of his seedy coat.

"'Ere's the mixture. You can buy it at any seed shop. 'E's an uncommon bird—be wunderful comp'ny fer you, mum. You cud stand the cige in there on the floor, or get 'im a perch out 'ere and 'e'd set on that with a chine round 'is leg as 'appy as possible. 'E'll keep you alive. Look at 'im bowing. 'E's tuk a reg'lar fancy ter you, mum."

"I don't know," hesitated Miss Pontigreve, looking at the bird, who had erected his crest and was curtseying on his perch.

"The station-master's emigratin', and

in cors a bit er money 'ud come useful, but 'e won't arst more 'n two guineas. It's jest the 'ome. It's been a rare job fer 'im ter part with the bird."

"The parrot is in good health, I suppose?"

"'Ealth! 'E's in prime condition—a fine young bird. 'E'll live a censhury barrin' axdent, and in years to come—may the time be far distant, mum!—you cud will 'im ter the Zoo. They ain't got none like 'im. Two guineas; it's nothink—cige, food, kiver——"

"You may keep the cover," said Miss Pontigreve, feeling for her purse. "Leave the cage there. Yes—take the cover away with you, please."

II

Mr. Tipples sat in his pantry with a disturbed expression on his countenance. The cook, a buxom personage, with her right arm in a sling, was standing by the door; also Emma, the housemaid. Both looked "upset," and the cook held a handkerchief in her uninjured hand. All appeared to be listening for something.

"Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eee—looooo—oo!" The shrieks were repeated twice and thrice with increasing force each time. The expression on Mr. Tipples' face deepened into a look of ineffable disgust.

"Sunday afternoon," he said. "And a week ago this was a respectable 'ouse."

"I 'aven't a nerve but what isn't shattered completely," bemoaned the cook, pressing the handkerchief to her eyes. "And there's Richard with four fingers tied up with the cruel nips 'e's got putting the food in the cage, and the poor little feller goin' about lookin' so miserable, feeling that the dog got lost through him being late in the garden."

"It's my firm belief and conviction," said Mr. Tipples, "that the miscreant what took in the missus with tales of good homes and emigrating station-masters—though I could understand anybody going to the end of the world to get away from that feathered demon—is the person we should look for if we want to find the dog. I'm a man of observation, and I can put two and two together."

"Hal—lee—loo!—Hal—lee—loo! Hal—leee—loooo!"

The shrieks were even more piercing than before. The cook and housemaid put their fingers in their ears. A bell rang sharply.

"That's for Richard to bring the bird indoors," said Mr. Tipples, rising. "I dessay he's in want of a lead pencil or a finger to chaw up. The neighbourhood must be thinking we've gone mad. There was complaints yesterday. To-morrow you may be on the lookout for summonses."

With this reassuring forecast Mr. Tipples departed. He found his mistress at the drawing-room window. The cage was on the middle of the lawn, with the disconsolate Richard in attendance.

"I thought that green might be soothing," said Miss Pontigreve. "But perhaps he had better bring the bird in, and—"

"Hal—lee—looo—oo!" broke the afternoon stillness.

Some passers-by stopped to look over the gate.

"Bring in the cage at once, Richard," called his mistress.

The boy picked it up gingerly from the bottom, holding his head back as far as possible, and staggered past the window.

Some cheerful screeches marked the passage through the house, and, with a significant grunt, Mr. Tipples opened the door.

Richard put the cage down, and stood nervously aloof. However, the parrot now seemed restored to good humour, and bobbed and chortled gaily. The bottom of the cage was littered with a variety of propitiatory offerings reduced to splinters of wood and bone.

"As he gets more used to us, he will calm down; it is being with strangers, no doubt," said the old lady. "Well, Polly! Pretty Polly!"

But her approach seemed to goad the bird to frenzy. He swung himself wildly on his ring, and dashed against the bars, uttering a series of the most vociferous "Ha!—lee—loos."

"Where's the cloth? Throw it over. Anything to stop that desprit noise," cried Mr. Tipples.

It ceased as suddenly as it had begun,

and queer, low chuckles emanated from beneath the cover as though the bird took a delight in his scandalous behaviour.

"They talk best, I believe, when covered up," said Miss Pontigreve, clinging obstinately to a last hope.

"This one's no talking bird," said Mr. Tipples firmly, feeling that she must be undeceived. "Not a word has he said since you've had him, ma'am. He's nothink but a screamer; it's a shameful imposition on a lady, as I ventured to remark before, and if we could lay our hands on that swindling rogue, it's my belief we shouldn't be far off from Fluffy."

Richard gave vent to a melancholy sniff. He was burdened by a sense of guilty responsibility for the loss of the pet whom the whole household mourned.

The spinster's face quivered slightly.

"Go and ask in the kitchen for another chicken bone," she said, walking over to the fireplace where the poor little empty basket stood. "I will double the reward if we hear nothing by to-morrow," she added.

"Well, we must hope for good news," replied Mr. Tipples in a despondent voice. "It's clear enough to me. Fluffy wasn't a dog to wander. He was took, picked up by that scamp. I can see the whole thing with my eyes shut."

Richard returned with the bone, and a note, which Miss Pontigreve opened and read:

"MALABAR LODGE, Western Avenue,
"Sept. 28th.

"Colonel Curry presents his compliments to Miss Pontigreve, and begs to state that his life has been rendered absolutely intolerable for the past three days by the squalling of the parrot she has introduced into her household. Unless the nuisance subsides, he will be forced to put the matter into the hands of his solicitors."

Miss Pontigreve sat down in perplexed silence, which was speedily broken by a "Hal—lee—loo!" in the bird's most enthusiastic manner, accompanied by a yell from Richard, who had been poking the bone under the cover and retired with another wounded finger.

"Any answer, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Tipples, who divined the contents of the communication with considerable accuracy.

"Take the cage into the morning-room, and shut the door and window," said Miss Pontigreve, "and tell Richard to call at Dr. Bedford's on his way to church, and ask him to come to-morrow morning."

III

"The man told you he imitated trains and boys—two of the noisiest things in the world," said Dr. Bedford. "Really, my dear lady—"

They were in the morning-room, where the bird, exhilarated by change of air and scene, had given them a spirited greeting.

Dr. Bedford stood in front of the cage, eyeing him with a professional air. "Well, Polly, and how are we to quiet you? Is it a case of severing the vocal cord?"

"Don't talk vivisection," said Miss Pontigreve sharply.

Her old friend laughed heartily. "Well, what am I to suggest? Something will have to be done for the sake of the neighbours."

He turned towards a number of letters scattered on the table. Miss Pontigreve took up one, written on scented paper, with a heavy gilt monogram.

"'INVERNESS, Western Avenue,
"Sept. 28th.

"Mrs. Waterford-Smythe encloses a medical certificate showing that she is laid up with a severe attack of nervous prostration from the fearful screeching of your bird. She does not want to make unpleasantness, but it must be put a stop to immediately."

"Waterford-Smythe, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, flinging down the missive. "Did you ever hear such impertinence? They were Smiths till they made their fortune out of waterproofs and mackintoshes! And I believe the bird will quiet down when he grows more accustomed to us—he did not shriek once while the man was with him. I wish you could help me to find poor Fluffy."

"I take Tipples' view," said Dr. Bedford. "However, the reward is a bait. Shall I call at the police-station, and give notice that you will increase it? Very

well. Perhaps they might take Polly at the Zoo. Why not inquire? Let me know if I can do anything."

His going was a signal for a fresh outburst on the part of the bird, in the midst of which Mr. Tipples appeared. His face wore a hopeful look which had been strange to it of late. He bore a salver, on which was a plate containing a small quantity of green stuff.

"Cook says she's heard that parsley is poison to 'em, ma'am," he said, dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper. "It might be worth trying."

But experiment only falsified another theory. Polly's cage was strewn with morsels of the classic herb, and the many "fatal" doses he assimilated only acted as a tonic as far as his voice was concerned. After lunch he was banished to an upstairs room to see what solitary confinement would do, but his protests grew so uproarious that Richard and Emma took turns at keeping him company by ten-minute shifts.

Miss Pontigreve spent the afternoon in a fruitless visit to the Zoological Gardens, and thence went to the Dogs' Home, where there was no trace of Fluffy. A full domestic conclave was held meanwhile in Mr. Tipples' pantry, at which Richard, during one of his ten minutes off, timidly made a suggestion which seemed so promising to Mr. Tipples that he resolved to communicate it to his mistress.

Miss Pontigreve had little appetite for her solitary dinner that evening. She gazed with abstracted eyes at the vacant chair and cushion which was wont to be occupied by her little companion.

"I will not take any dessert," said she, pushing aside a dish of fine pears.

Mr. Tipples took the decanters back to the sideboard, fidgeted a little, and returned to the table.

"The lad, ma'am, has an ideer," he observed.

The old lady looked up.

"About getting rid of the bird," he continued.

"Yes," she said.

"The lad's early 'ome was down by the docks," the butler went on, "and he says he knows shops that buy parrots and sech from the sailors. Why not send the bird there to be disposed of for what he would fetch? You would not mind if it was less than you gave for him, ma'am?"

"No," said Miss Pontigreve, thoughtfully. "You and Richard might go and try, perhaps."

Mr. Tipples gave a deprecating cough.

"Well—under the circumstances, ma'am, I really shouldn't like leaving the 'ouse. It might not be pleasant for you, ma'am, with these complaints and injunctions coming in, and I know nothink of them low parts. I would suggest that cook should go with Richard. She's willing, and the lad knows the way well, he says."

Miss Pontigreve considered the proposal.

"No," she said suddenly, "I will go with Richard myself to-morrow morning. Send him to me."

IV

The cab stopped at the corner of a narrow street, blocked with meat and vegetable stalls, around which surged a throng of dirty, foreign-looking people.

Richard jumped down from his place by the driver.

"It's down 'ere, ma'am," he said at the cab door. "Cabby says he can't drive no further. Shall I go and you wait? It's a rough place."

At sight of the numerous faces peering in on either side, a nervous qualm passed over the old lady, sitting erect in her black silk mantle, but she braced herself to the adventure with characteristic determination.

"I think I will come, too," she said.

The cage, neatly shrouded in brown paper, was lifted from the roof of the cab with the driver's assistance, the bird, who seemed to approve of motion, contenting himself with a few bass chuckles. They walked down the street, followed by a curious throng, who made free comments upon Miss Pontigreve's appearance and the neat livery of her attendant. They stopped at length before a dingy shop with a glazed front, over which was the inscription, "S. Hyman, Live Stock Merchant, Dealer in Foreign Curios."

A collarless youth, with an unpleasant squint, who was smoking and lounging in

the doorway, stared sharply as they entered. It was a dark, ill-smelling place, full of cages and hutches containing parrots, canaries, dogs, cats, rabbits, and a lively family of monkeys. There was a stack of empty cages in one corner, and on the other side a litter of dusty objects, evidently the foreign curio department.

A door at the back of the shop stood ajar. A tattered curtain was half-drawn across the upper glass panels. Two or three figures could be seen beyond.

Richard set down the heavy cage with relief. The youth who had entered after them fixed his crooked gaze on them both.

"Votcher vant?" he said in a thick voice with a strong Ghetto accent.

"We wish to dispose of a parrot," said Miss Pontigreve, holding her black silk skirt clear of the floor.

"Boss!" bawled the youth, without relaxing his stare.

The door opened, and the proprietor of the establishment appeared. He was as unkempt as the other, with a dark, cunning face.

"Vant ter sell parrit," said the youth, with a jerk of his thumb and a private wink.

The man walked up to the cage and pulled off the wrappings. The bird swung himself excitedly, danced, and curtseyed, as though he recognised an old acquaintance, contributing his part to the incessant chorus of chirps, crowings, and yelps.

"Vy do you vant to sell 'eem?" asked the man, turning to Miss Pontigreve.

"To tell the truth, I find him rather too much for me as a pet," she replied. "I did not know that parrots were so noisy—"

"'Taint a parrit," he interrupted shortly; "it's a bare-eyed cockatoo. Screecheth orful, and thet's vy you do not vant to kip 'eem."

"He gets on better with gentlemen than with females," put in Richard, feeling that the value of the goods was being unduly depreciated.

"Does 'e, ole sport?" said the youth, with a coarse laugh, in which the man joined. Then he turned to the cage again.

"Vell, vat do you vant for 'eem? Or vill you take anoder bird for exchange?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Pontigreve, hastily, "but I shall be glad to come to terms," she added. "What do you offer for him?"

The pair exchanged another wink; then the man said:

"You vish to be rid of 'eem? Dot is vot it is. You can leave 'eem 'ere fer a quid."

"A quid?"

"He means you to pay a sovereign for him to take the bird, ma'am," explained Richard in a rapid aside. "Let's try somewhere else. I know another shop."

"You von't choke 'im orf no cheaper," said the youth. "'E's a screecher. Nobody von't buy a bare-eyed cockatoo if they know it."

"He was sold to me for two guineas," said the old lady. She broke off with a sudden start, and stared, as though fascinated, at the door in the background. A young woman, with a head bristling with curlers, was looking out, and behind her stood a man, half screened by the curtain.

"I 'ave my beezniss. Vill you leave 'eem or take 'eem avay?" said the man in the shop.

"I will leave him," said Miss Pontigreve, decisively, taking a pound from her purse and handing it over. "Come, Richard."

With a final glance in the direction of the torn curtain, she turned to go, stumbling and almost treading on a little black object which had bounded out from somewhere, and was tugging the border of her skirt, and jumping about her feet, with ecstatic little snaps and barks. Miss Pontigreve stopped down with a cry of amazement.

"Fluffy!"

Dirty, uncombed, and collarless as the squint-eyed youth, it was Fluffy himself. His mistress picked him up with trembling hands.

"This is the dog I have lost. However came he here?"

"Dot's a nice von," said the man, roughly. "A vallable schpaniel vort five quid."

"It is my own dog," repeated Miss Pontigreve, clasping the recovered treasure tightly under her cloak.

"Oh, come, ma'am, come!" cried Richard, excitedly.

They had the advantage of being close to the doorway, and were quickly outside,

followed, however, by the man and the youth. The young woman with the curlers came running out also, and a crowd gathered as if by magic.

"Hand back that dawg!" demanded the man threateningly. "It is vort five quid."

"It is my own dog, which was stolen from me," said Miss Pontigreve, endeavouring to press on.

"Dere's a revort out fer 'im, ain't dere?" said the youth. "Den p'y up ze revort."

"I have paid a pound already and left the bird and the cage."

"Det's a good 'un," said the youth, addressing the crowd. "She's a bilker, she is, comin' down 'ere in silks and settins to schvindle pore people."

There was an ugly murmur in response from the mob, who were beginning to press them in.

"Had I better try and push through and get the cabman?" whispered Richard, breathlessly.

"No—no, stay by me!" gasped his mistress, clutching Fluffy tighter.

"You don't go a step furder till you give me back de dawg," the man said, seizing hold of her arm. The red-haired assistant thrust Richard aside. The crowd swelled and pressed tighter. Their faces began to swim before the old lady's eyes. Rough hands were pulling at her cloak, but she clutched Fluffy tighter still.

"What's all this?" cried a voice strangely familiar to her ears.

A tall young man in a long black coat, to which Richard was clinging desperately, strode into the middle of the fray.

"What's all this——? Why," in a voice of utter astonishment, "Aunt Felicia! What on earth are you doing here? What is the matter?"

"Felix!" ejaculated Miss Pontigreve, with relief and surprise. "Help me to get away. Our cab is at the corner."

"Take your hand off this lady's arm at once," said the tall young man, sternly. Hyman obeyed, but stood menacingly.

"She's got a dawg of mine under 'er cloak, vich she must p'y for."

"A dog of yours?"

"It is my own dog, Fluffy, who was stolen last week. I found him here," said his aunt.

"P'y up ze revort zen!" interposed the red-haired assistant.

"I have given him a sovereign and the parrot," returned Miss Pontigreve, pointing to the "Boss."

"The parrot?" echoed the Rev. Felix.

"I will tell you everything as soon as we are in the cab. Oh, do go on!" the poor lady urged.

"Make way at once, please," said the tall young clergyman to the crowd still hanging eagerly around them. "Now, one moment," turning to the angry man and his assistant. "You accuse this lady of taking a dog which she declares is her own property. What is your name?"

"Solomon Hyman," replied the man sullenly.

"And that is your shop, Mr. Solomon Hyman. Very well. You and I will settle this matter later on. You will find me at St. Mary's, Blackyard Lane. Now, please."

Before Miss Pontigreve would have believed it possible she found herself in the cab driving back to the station with the faithful Richard on the box, Fluffy safe in her lap, and her nephew beside her.

"I can't help thinking that the man I saw behind the door was the man who made me buy the parrot," she concluded.

"That is quite within the bounds of possibility," said the Rev. Felix.

"And that you should have happened to come up!"

"I had been to the hospital to see a poor dying child. It was that smart lad, Richard, who spotted me."

"As if anyone could help spotting you, as you call it," said the old lady, with a proud glance at the tall form beside her. "But, oh! my dear boy, what a place! What people!"

"You have seen one little glimpse," said her nephew, with his hand on hers. "And there is so much more—infinitely worse. I have wanted you so much to see for yourself, for I knew that when you realised what the need is you would feel you could spare one to it."

Miss Pontigreve stroked Fluffy's tangled mop with tremulous fingers, and was silent awhile. "I have been a foolish old woman, Felix," she said suddenly at last.

CANADA'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD ON CHURCH PARADE

Patriotic Military Service

By LT.-COL. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT

A further plea for a popular military service in Canada, with an appreciation of the Swiss System

IN a previous article we endeavoured to show that the feeling in Canada is that the Dominion should exist as it is. To that end Canada needs some form of military service, having as its basis patriotic or universal service, many types of which exist all over the world.

I endeavoured to point out that much misconception exists with reference to the so-called conscription, patriotic or universal service. I quoted Col. Favre, an eminent Swiss, on the marked benefits to the individual and the people at large that had resulted in Switzerland since the adoption of that form of military service and since they had discarded the "dollar system" which we have in Canada.

It is a curious thing how in the minds of some the cart has been twisted before the horse with reference to military service, how the paid professional has been given the place of honour as over the patriotic citizen soldier, who, at personal loss and inconvenience, is giving his time and means to his country because it is absolutely necessary.

The misconception is not confined to Canada; it exists in the Motherland, as is evinced by the following verses which appeared not long ago in the London *Punch:*

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE FREE

(Mr. Haldane, in exposing his new army scheme, gave it as his opinion that the country "will not be dragooned into conscription." In other, and less conventional terms, it is the

inalienable right of the freeborn British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence.)

O city clerk, in whom the hopes are stored
Of England's manhood, let me talk with you—
With you, whose pen is mightier than the sword
(And far, far safer, too).

Soon you will trip to some salubrious Spa,
Or pluck delight from South-end shrimps and tea;
Flaunting beneath a so-called Panama,
Beside the so-called sea.

There you will blow the expense and softly lie
In some hotel abutting on the brine,
And have your food (en pension) served you by
A waiter from the Rhine.

Him you will treat with well-deserved contempt,
Poor Teuton, seared with vile conscription's brand,
Not, like yourself, a gentleman exempt
From duty to his land.

You are a free-born city clerk, and boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommies that undertake to man the coast,
And Tars to walk the waves.

Besides, the leisure hours in which you slack
Are owed to sport—the Briton's primal law;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw.

Splendid, mon brave! you have a sporting nerve
Unknown to these dull churls of Teuton breed;
Yet here's a man has learned at least to serve
His Fatherland at need

He sings his Wacht am Rhein, and, if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be there;
When you've invited Heaven to "save the King,"
You think you've done your share.

They've taught him how to march in fighting kit
And drill a likely hole in human butts;
You have no discipline and couldn't hit
A haystack, not for nuts.

His women-folk are safe in their appeal
To his protection when the bullets skirl,
While your "fionsy"—well, I really feel
Quite sorry for the girl.

For this poor "conscript" whom the tyrants grind,
Though he may miss your British freedom's scope;
Yet knows the use of arms, where you would find
Your legs your only hope.

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A FIELD HOSPITAL

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—CAVALRY PORTABLE MAXIM

So doff your hat to him when next you meet,
And pray that, when his prentice task is done,
If you should cross him on a raiding beat,
He'll give you time to run.
—London *Punch*

England gradually has developed a permanently paid and maintained army because of her widespread possessions and the constant wars in all parts of the world in which she has been involved. This force, as explained by the present War-lord in England, is for *over-seas-purposes*, must be thoroughly efficient, every man an expert—though some cannot hit a barn-door at 300 yards—and the force must be as small as it can be kept with safety. England relies on her navy to keep foreign foes out of her territory. On the other hand, the continental nations consider home-protection, the integrity of their Fatherland, as the matter of first moment with them, and, as set forth in the verses in *Punch*, they think, in their simple way, that it is the first and highest duty of man to serve his country, to defend his hearth and home, and even to make some sacrifice to fit himself to do so.

The Prussians developed great excellency under this system, and England, seeing this, commenced to copy many features in the German organisation without adopting the underlying principle.

To a certain extent it was like trying to mix oil and water, hence we have seen chopping and changing, copying and remodelling in the British military service, heartburnings and recriminations, Royal Commissions and reorganisations, until out of it all comes the discovery of the aim and object of the professional army as laid down by the present War-lord, W. L. Haldane, Barrister-at-Law, who has struck the right nail on the head, as above quoted. In the last article I alluded to the powerful organisations and to the influential personages in Great Britain who are advocating the patriotic service system, either in addition to the force for "over-seas-purposes," or to include this as a voluntary branch, I do not know which. I pointed out the patent fact—which it almost insults a Canadian's intelligence to stop to allude to—that if the slightest shadow of a reason exists for patriotic service in England, protected by her battleships, every argument is emphasised a

thousand times for the same for Canada with her long line of undefended frontier, which never can be protected by other means than by loyal men and true!

Strange to say in our case, in Canada, while situated similarly to the patriotic service countries on the continent of Europe, and unlike England, we have blindly followed the British dollar-system for the militia of Canada, and have been raising an "over-seas-purposes" permanent force because it exists in the British Service. Of course the more services of any kind with appointments in the hands of the Government the more positions there are for friends of whichever party happens to be in power; therefore, so long as the taxpayer is satisfied, so long will the number of a permanent force continue to grow.

But is the force permanent? Does the taxpayer get value for the cost? These are matters I will not undertake to answer other than to observe that it is very commonly reported that many newcomers to the country use the so-called permanent force as a convenient stepping stone to the United States, and as these do not become citizens of the country at all, it really does not deserve its name of permanent. Then it is hinted that all of the officers, N.C.O's and men are not expert instructors, or even first-class rifle shots. There is no doubt about the demoralising influence of a large body of officers and men, housed and kept at great expense, who, so far as the average citizen can observe, have nothing really useful to do. The atmosphere of the whole thing has a depressing effect on the rest of the community. If it was patent to every one that all of the officers and other ranks were expert instructors and were distributed as leaven among the regiments of citizen soldiers, as adjutants, caretakers and instructors, then the average citizen could soon see by results that the leaven was "working." Where the professional soldier is hived, with his uniform as a very special care and etiquette a study, then it is not to be wondered at that a feeling of personal superiority and a tendency to belittle the citizen soldier is soon engendered; even though the latter would be an expert guide in his own district, is enured to stand any hardship, can "rustle" for himself in the field, has used his rifle since boyhood. But, bless

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A FIELD BATTERY

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A BALLOON DETACHMENT OF THE ENGINEERS

your heart, how can a man be a soldier with a wrinkle in his serge and who eats with his knife!

There is one very important consideration in connection with this whole matter which affects the civil as much as the military aspect. This comes under that of the influence of some form of military training on the people at large. I have already alluded to the great improvement in the personnel of the Swiss army since the adoption of universal service as pointed out by Col. Camille Favre. The same officer in connection with discipline and health goes on to say:

"In a battalion of national militia where men of 10 or 12 different classes or years are mixed, there are always some of at least 30 years of age who are accustomed to dealing with men and are used to exacting obedience, who have a proper feeling of their own responsibilities in civil life, and as high a sense of their military duty as an officer. It is to the good feeling and pride of these men that we have to appeal for the preservation of discipline, just as in the case of their superiors we appeal to their sense of honour. There are, of course, others, rough, insubordinate, incapable of any finer feelings, for whom there is,

alas! nothing but the guard-room and the cells. But on the whole the discipline of the heart, which is, so to speak, natural to the better class of men and carries the coarser natures along with it, makes common cause with the discipline of the head in the progress of military science, and fits in with the requirements of modern war, which demands from its humblest participants, including the private soldier, so large a measure of initiative"; and "Health is only another word for the discipline of the body, and the physical advantages that accrue to the nation from military service are no less than the moral gains.

"This is so universally believed throughout the country that I am not aware that there has ever been any necessity to prove it. I shall not, therefore, quote any statistics, but I shall confine myself to asserting that according to the best authorities, the effect of military service upon the general state of public health is, in spite of the exertions it involves, excellent. Certain risks must, of course, be run, but the occasions on which serious consequences ensue are rare. The young men return to their homes thin, sunburnt, and ready to drop from want of sleep, but not sick. Their outing has been practically one long holiday—of untold benefit to those of sedentary habits. It is really surprising how little sickness there is among the troops. Judging from my own experience, and that of my comrades, I believe that I am right in saying that in general the sick men in a company of infantry do not exceed five per cent. of the strength, except in times of epidemic. And this five per cent. includes many trifling cases such as sore feet, toothache, etc., which a day's rest will put right."

"I have already shown how important it is for strictly military reasons to recruit only sound men. It is no less important for hygienic reasons."

Viewed therefore in the light of Switzerland's experience it would appear that if Canada reverted to the militia basis laid down by our forefathers, and which we would be obliged to adopt if there was danger of war, two things at least would happen:

1. We should have not only an immensely stronger militia, but one composed of a uniformly higher-grade representation of our population.

2. A most salutary result to the health, manners and bearing of the whole people from a course of military training and its necessary discipline.

"Mens sana in corpore sano" comes to

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A DRESSING STATION

us unchallenged from the palmy days of the Grecians and Romans. It is too self-evident to require argument or statistics to prove that the physical training, the fresh air, the plain diet would do far more than all the doctors and medicine in the country to a young man.

And then with regard to manners and bearing. It is not found possible in any civilised part of the world to carry on military operations based on the fact that all men are equal, and that the outward and visible sign of that is best evidenced by brusque independence of expression, amounting on the part of many of those serving the public to downright insolence. Such is, unfortunately, the standard of a very large proportion of Canadians, which, as a native born Canadian, I deeply deplore, and especially that it is by no means limited to the male sex. If for no other purpose than remedying this sad national defect, the result of ignorance and selfishness, not of real intelligence resulting from education, enforced military training would be a thing to be deeply thankful for. Then again from a sense of national security it is a matter of great moment. The Japanese achieved their success against a giant people because of their intelligent, high standard of sense of obedience and self-abnegation in their duty to Emperor and Fatherland. The contrary standard, cultivated in Canada, is fraught with danger to the country we all love so well.

No more conclusive proof of the advantage of some military training, in its results on the citizens, can be offered than by noting the improvement in physique, manners and bearing in those comparatively few young men who are patriotic enough to devote time voluntarily to the work under the existing system. Were the disadvantages of the captains being obliged to go down on their knees for recruits and the custom of not treating the term of enlistment seriously no longer in vogue, then a still further advantage would occur from a training which would be done on a business basis and not as a casual condescension or an easy way of making a few dollars.

In this article I have alluded several times to the system of military training in Switzerland, as a desirable thing for Canada to copy, being perhaps the nearest model to the system our forefathers deemed essential as the result of their three years' fighting for their country.

The Swiss system is a form of patriotic service which interferes very little with business and gives a thorough short training in the field, in alternate years, to the majority of those serving, and also a certain amount of shooting every year. The preparation for the military training commences at school and the trainings conclude before a man has lost any of the vigour of youth.

There is no standing or regular army in Switzerland, but in its place a small number of expert instructors assist to train the citizen army, and a handful of skilled artisans work in the two fortresses to keep them in repair, etc., and prevent surprise until that part of the citizen army which is detailed and trained for that special defence work can be mobilised for war. This latter common-sense procedure is in marked contrast to our expensive "overseas-purposes" forces at Halifax and Esquimault. For practical results of the two systems it may suffice to say that for less money than we are spending in Canada on our small force, Switzerland has an army of 282,000 strong, better trained, armed and equipped than our militia. A tax is levied on each man who does not serve. In Switzerland young men strive to get passed as recruits because the mere fact of not serving is generally considered as a mark of inferiority.

Col. Favre very strongly advocates a very severe medical test. He says:

"In fact, whichever way we look at it, we see that the medical examination of the recruit must be the primary foundation of a universal militia force like ours, and no pains ought to be spared to make this foundation absolutely sound. For not only is the presence of men physically unfit injurious instead of beneficial to themselves, but they become the greatest possible hindrance in the way of tactical efficiency. I need not remind you of how a few feeble individuals, unable to support fatigue to the same extent as their comrades, may ruin the work of the whole of their company. A great many people

seem to think that anyone is good enough for a militia, and that all you have to do is to put a man with a rifle behind every tree in the country in order to obtain the most magnificent results. In point of fact there could be no greater mistake. The less time there is to train an army in, the more necessity it is to exercise care in the choice of men and the means of training them."

As opposed to the dollar-system, Col. Favre explains that "In exchange for their military services, the confederation pays its soldiers at a rate supposed to cover the cost of maintenance and food while on duty. The amount is not, of course, payment in return for services rendered, but is simply intended as compensation. The men keep their uniform and arms in their own homes; when they are called out they report themselves at the place of assembly in their own cantons, and are then, in the course of a few hours, fitted out with all the gear they require to put them on a war footing—ammunition, stores and carriages. By this means every man is made familiar with the process of mobilisation."

It is contended that this system would not work for Canada, that it would not here be possible to keep tab on the men and their arms. In reply to this I would ask how many men does a civilian tax-collector keep tab on and collect taxes from? If a civilian were posted to the work of checking over the arms, etc., in possession of citizen soldiers, as in Switzerland, and using legal means of having deficiencies made good, there would be found to be no grounds for objection to the system. Indeed, the great advantage in allowing a man to become thoroughly familiar with his rifle, its exact shooting-power and peculiarities, the practice in cleaning it—which is very important—and to acquire the same love of it as is given to a horse and dog, are all matters of such paramount importance as to far outweigh any sentimental feeling against forms of universal service which so improperly exists in the minds of many of us to-day. Lastly, let me now say a word for the much-imposed-upon officers under our existing dollar-system.

Not only have they to give up their time for the performance of annual training, which less patriotic and more selfish fellow-citizens can shirk, but they are required gratuitously to devote an immense amount of time in recruiting, superintending the cleaning of all stores, corresponding at endless length about every trivial claim connected with pay, injury to men and horses or loss of any stores, etc.—under the system which brought forth from the *Times* History of the South African War: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole army spent the greater part of its existence in checking its own accounts."

The Swiss system provides for no such thing, and the extra time put in by officers is given in improving their military knowledge by courses of instructions at special schools for the purpose. Even in England, where there are so many men of wealth and leisure, no such sacrifice is demanded as here. In Great Britain every regimental commander and quartermaster is assisted in the mass of detail neither can escape by a Government paid permanently engaged officer as "adjutant-quartermaster," who saves the commanding officer and quartermaster much of the time they are obliged to put in for no pay under our "dollar-system." There is also provided a permanently paid regimental sergeant-major who, besides being instructor, is no doubt also the caretaker of regimental stores, and to each squadron or company is given a permanent instructor who undoubtedly is also caretaker of the squadron or company stores.

While the permanent instructors, of the corps of instructors, could be used for this work, if thoroughly competent, yet under our existing system I fear that if the average standard of those existing in the present permanent corps were unloaded on regiments in above-mentioned capacities there would be a precious howl from one end of the country to the other.

That a danger of this might exist I might instance a case in point, without in any way venturing to criticise an order recently issued, which apparently has the effect of requiring all caretakers of regimental stores to be members of the permanent corps. In my corps there was a very proficient regimental sergeant-

major who had worked his way up from trooper, and who had acquired much experience by twice serving in our own contingents in the Boer-Briton war. Besides this, his whole heart was in the work, and I hoped that such a patriotic expert and enthusiast could be appointed as a member of the corps in which he had been for many years, to look after the stores with which he was thoroughly familiar.

The above-mentioned regulation, however, made it necessary for him to get his discharge from his own regiment, relinquish the honourable position he had worked up to, and enlist as a private in the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

It might be considered a pity if in any system adopted to assist the over-burdened citizen militia officer, on the basis of that existing in the Motherland, regulations should debar enthusiastic officers or N.C.O's from improving themselves up to any required point and then, on the recommendation of their regimental commanders, being eligible for appointment as permanent instructors and caretakers.

In Switzerland their officers for the staff are taken from all branches of the service, but must not be below the rank of captain. As already mentioned, there are no permanent troops in Switzerland, as in Canada. Col. Favre says: "The corps of instructors are permanent military officials, taken from all branches, who make up the corps of instructors. They receive pay and devote themselves exclusively to military instruction.

"Their principal duty is to see that the accepted rules and principles of military science are observed and put in practice on a uniform plan in each of the army corps. To enable them to do this they have special charge of the recruits' course, where both officers and men come under the influence of this methodical instruction. Besides exercising a general supervision over details of the annual training, the instructors are—at any rate, in the higher ranks—the natural advisers of the officers, to whom the latter may turn when in difficulty, their experience in the method of teaching being of greatest value. The object aimed at is, year by year, to make a better use of the time—necessarily very short—during which the troops are under arms. With this end in view, conferences of instructors are held annually, at which they bring forward for the consideration of the authorities proposals for improvements which they think desirable—this arrangement ensuring uniformity in the teaching throughout the army. The results of these conferences are communicated to the chiefs of each arm. The number of instructors of all arms is about 200. Besides these, there are officers who are aspiring to the position, and N.C.O. assistant-instructors. The principle adopted in Switzerland is that an officer or N.C.O. of lower grade must act in the superior rank to see if he could do the work, if promoted. To keep the instruction thoroughly practical as well as theoretical, the instructors themselves are occasionally taken away from their teaching duties and given a temporary command, but the law distinctly lays down that not more than one-fourth of the total number of instructors are to be incorporated in regimental units. If the higher commands were always held by instructors, not only would their duties be interfered with but there would be nothing to encourage the ordinary regimental officers. These latter would obviously be relegated to an inferior position without any hope of promotion, and would consequently lose all their keenness; this would simply mean the ruin of the army. The function of the instructors, therefore, is not to take the place of the regimental officer, but to help the latter in his work and give him the benefit of his experience. Their influence is particularly felt in the schools where the training of the recruits is the main object, not in the regimental units to which the recruits are posted after their preliminary training is completed.

"If we admit that the instructors are indispensable in their capacity of teachers it does not at all follow that they are suited for high command simply in virtue of their experience.

"There will always be plenty of good regimental officers, frequently men with considerable tactical ability, in a national militia. The great thing is to pick out the good men. In order to have officers who reach a certain standard of excellence it is absolutely indispensable that the

militia should form a genuine army, bound together by the traditions of its past, the hopes for its future, and above all, confidence in itself. If the work of the officer is made too easy for him, if he is held in leading strings all his life, the result will be that he will lose his power of initiative, and that the army instead of being improved will become demoralised."

It is perhaps quite outside the scope of this article to touch on the matter of military training except in so far as it affects the health and general tone of the people. But while we are on this subject, and taking a few leaves out of the Swiss book, it might be well to consider the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war." We will only apply it thus far. Taken as mere hypothesis, if the class and plan of our training should be so inferior as to be of little use for practical purposes, then it might be well to consider the manner in which the Swiss carry on their training in the light of an existing example. In Switzerland the object of their training seems to be to test the practicability of each part of their system by field tests on an actual war scale. We in Canada have local mobilisations, our troops being delivered by train or boat, and then, in comparison to the Swiss work, for the most part perform the set work of barrack-square manœuvres on commons. As a description of the Swiss system I shall quote Col. Camille Favre once more. In his article before alluded to, he writes under "Manœuvres" as follows:

"The work of the regimental units lasts eighteen days every other year combined with manœuvres more or less extended. Every second occasion on which the infantry and also the special services are called out, *i.e.*, every fourth year, the time is devoted principally to the detail of company and battalion training in which, as we have seen, is included musketry. This training is usually carried out under the direction of the commanding officer of the regiment, who is charged with the drawing up of a programme of work, concluding with regimental manœuvres of a small scale, some of our specialised services sometimes taking part in them. At the alternate trainings the work takes the form of Grand manœuvres; the time available for detailed instruction is greatly reduced, and musketry is not attempted. The latter part of the course is divided thus: two of brigade manœuvres, three of divisional manœuvres, and two of army-corps manœuvres. The whole is brought to an end with a review of the army-corps. The manœuvres, and especially the final review, are a source of very great interest to the people, the visitors who come to look at, and who sometimes seriously hamper, the troops forming a small army in themselves. All the carriages and equipment required for active service are brought out on these occasions, and the troops are detailed by the military authorities precisely as they would be in war. This has the advantage of ensuring that the gear is kept constantly in a serviceable condition. In addition to this, the employment during the manœuvres of the full equipment, complete as regards quality and quantity, is of the greatest value from an instructional point of view.

"The manœuvres are a very fair substitute for partial mobilisation, and the railways play an even more important part, for they take not only troops, but civilians as well.

"An attempt is made to approximate the conditions as closely as possible to those of active service. At the beginning of the campaign, therefore, the two sides are each mutually ignorant of each other's disposition, and as a rule nobody knows where he is going to spend the night. The only information they have is what is supplied to them by the Director at the last moment. This state of things naturally causes some hardship to the men. It often happens that troops are on the march from early morning until late in the evening, or even till night before they reach their billets, but this has not been observed to have results at all prejudicial to their health. I need not say that the manœuvres take place over a wide stretch of country, and not on familiar ground.

"The regulations for the conduct of the manœuvres have been simplified, and everything which experience has shown to be unnecessary has been abandoned. Thus, manual exercises and battalion drill

have been reduced to a minimum. At one time it seemed to certain of the officers that the process of simplification was being carried too far; but it has been shown that in the long run the discipline of the troops has not suffered. The manœuvres are, of course, the best possible training for officers, and particularly for the staff. *Without them our army would practically cease to be an army.* Therefore, the tendency to give them a continually wider scope, even if this entails a sacrifice of more minute instruction. Moreover, the army-corps system leads directly to decentralisation, which undoubtedly helps to develop to a constantly increasing extent the individual capacity and initiative of the regimental commanders."

Finally it appeals to common sense that the principle of a standing army is totally opposed to the idea of progress and industry in a new and growing country. Where it is necessary to keep such an expensive burden the only justification is when it is (in the words of the Secretary of State for War) "required for over-seas-purposes."

When it is so required, as in the case of Great Britain, then and then alone is the enormous expense to which it puts the country justified. With us here in Canada it might be held that it would indeed be better if the money were sunk in the ocean for, on the one hand, the false sense of security, from the large expenditure it involves, would not be given to the people at large, and, on the other hand, there would not be the example of enforced idleness which is the inevitable result of barrack-life existence.

Therefore it would seem altogether in the best interest of the safety of our country, and the physical and moral development of our countrymen, that we should "harkback" to the principles laid down by our forefathers, and adopt some form of patriotic military service in Canada; and especially when we could have under it a truly strong and effective national army for less money than our skeleton substitute is costing us to-day.

Experience

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

IF I could tell you how I drank that cup
You raise so madly to your lips again,
And how the beaded liquor poisoned me,
Convulsing all my veins in mortal pain;
And, if you'd learn from lips that once were stung,
You'd save a bitter taste upon your tongue.
If I could write in words of flame, the truths
The hoary years have taught me as they roll,
How much of pain you'd miss by marking mine!
What profit on your part to read the scroll!
But, since you deem me little consequence,
Go, learn in that hard school, Experience.

The Governor-Generalship

By W. D. LIGHTHALL, K.C.

An outspoken criticism of the Governor-General's function in Canada, and a plea for a radical change

AMONG the manifold adjustments, national and Imperial, which the development of both Canada and the Empire force upon us, it is obvious that a time will arrive when we shall have outgrown the Governor-Generalship in its present form—the method of bringing over an incumbent from Great Britain. In a simple Crown colony, the Governor must necessarily be sent from Home. In a small possession with representative government, he is still necessary, although with reduced powers. But when the colony develops into a nation in the sense in which we apply it to the Canadian people, the head should be an integral part and outgrowth if the office is to properly express and fulfil the national life. It is the object of the present lines to consider the question whether the time for a change has not arrived already. The period for its discussion at least seems ripe.

Let me not be assumed as attacking the office, and least of all the genial statesman who now graces it. The fact of its being so satisfactorily filled for the current term should render the discussion more free from any suspicion of personalities or malice, and should make it possible to examine it in the light of only the public good.

The first aspect of the office is that of *the link with Britain.* If the connection of the Canadian with the British people and the rest of the Empire were to suffer, it would indeed be a calamity; but surely the coming of an English Governor-General is greatly overestimated if it be seriously regarded as the real bond, or even necessary or very useful to that bond. The real bond must be found in the mutual patriotism of the Imperial peoples. In so far as he is a personal link, the same purpose would be better met by an Imperial representative, somewhat of the nature of a High Commissioner, appointed expressly to serve the interests of union. Such a representative, sent here from the Homeland, as at present, would have a freer and more natural position, and, from the very nature of his office, an immense influence, at least as large as, and probably much larger than, the real influence of the Governor-General of the present time. He could speak for the outer connection much more freely, would not be checked by the limitations of a nominal headship of the nation itself, and could do a number of things for which the Vice-regal officer would be called to account.

For the Governor-General is in a false position. He must pose as the exponent of national feelings and interests of which he can only have a superficial acquaintance, and at first not even any acquaintance. He comes knowing little of Canada, except in the sense of a stranger; he possesses none of that lifelong experience of our men and movements which every intelligent native has stored up; he makes no real connection with the intellectual, moral and art movements of the country; when he ventures to deliver speeches about "*our* national future" or "our national ship" he knows as well as we that the words have a hollow sound; he has sometimes been in the hands of subordinates of the type of Major Maude, who have made his intended courtesies mildly ridiculous; but far graver is the fact that he is prevented by the delicacy of his situation from dealing boldly with many subjects with which a surer hand might grapple beneficially to our well-being. He is restricted in fact to a few ornamental functions; yet, even these it is not always possible for him to perform without mistakes, although his good-will

be great and the responsive good-will great also. The achievements of a Dorchester, a Durham, an Elgin, or even a Dufferin, are no longer possible because the conditions are outgrown. Contrast the round of balls, addresses, horse-shows and bazaars, brightened by an occasional Imperialistic speech—the true purpose with the profound influence and striking rôles of the successive Presidents of the United States—Lincoln, whose words and deeds have struck home to the hearts and consciences of many millions of Americans; Garfield, a noble national type of self-made man; Grant, the master of iron determination; McKinley, undaunted and forgiving in death; Roosevelt, rough-riding with manly courage and masterly insight against the giant wrongs and evils of his people. These contrasted records of the Governors-General and the Presidents, are the results of the two differing systems, of imported leadership and native leadership. It is not that the Governors-General have not been for the most part men of high principles and sufficient ability, but their limitations are against them. They cannot reach down into the national heart for an obvious reason: the union of their office of representative of the Imperial organisation with that of head of the Canadian national organisation is unnatural.

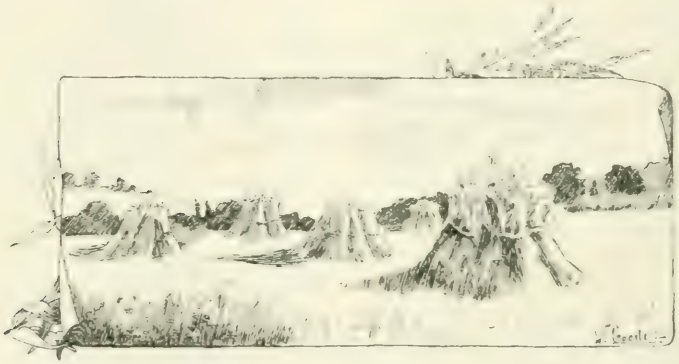
There are other objections of a very solid nature to continuing the present system. A high opinion of us by foreign peoples is of great value to us. Yet it is well known that the importation (pardon the term) of our Governors-General gives rise to a most false and injurious impression of our status and life even among people so well informed and so near us as the Americans. The notion is widespread that we are "ruled" by England through the Governor-General; that we have no autonomous status of our own. Among even the most enlightened element the situation is regarded as a mark of inferiority, and to so regard it is perhaps more natural than we may be prepared to admit, knowing as we do the kindly nature of the relationship. Another grave objection is the importation of certain ideals which represent old-world evils, inimical to the welfare of our people. The tenants of the position are invariably members of the House of Lords of Great Britain. They embody a system of publicly recognised privileges and grades of social precedence; implying the importation also of a system of social inferiority, which is contrary to our institutions and bad for our people. Our bitterest internal struggles have been concerned with the abolition of such systems, and the hope of a large proportion of the people of the Old Land is to get rid of them. If these ideas could have no other effect in Canada than a little amusing snobbery they would scarcely deserve remark; but it is evident from many social signs that a mimic system, based upon wealth, is actually making headway through the Dominion, of which Rideau Hall is the centre, and of which the effect would be to gradually erect, all through the land, a reign of class distinctions, of privileges and monopolies, ultimately becoming part of our Government, as well as of our society. In Canada this can only mean a plutocracy; and such a privileged plutocracy, possessing not even the correctives of a strain of ancient chivalry and history, would inevitably bring upon us the evils of revolution. The growth of such a thing is no dream, but is the inevitable goal of the American process of trusts which is taking root here. It needs a corrective at Rideau Hall in place of encouragement and a model. Another objection is the introduction of the example of certain English customs, such as the winedrinking and horse-racing influence, which we are better without. Another lies in the fact that the Vice-regal household is, still more than the Governors, out of real touch with the country and its interests. There is also the absence among our young men of one of the largest possible opportunities for a noble career, that of filling worthily the highest position in the State, an ambition which has had a wonderful effect on American youth.

On the other hand, the proposal of a Canadian for the position of Governor-General raises several pertinent questions. Would he be impartial? I think as much so as the Lieutenant-Governors. Why cannot the Prime Minister serve the same objects? Because he is too much

occupied and restrained by cares of another kind. Alexander Mackenzie, however, used to serve some of the purposes of a national mentor. He would have made a splendid Governor-General. So would have D'Arcy McGee.

How should the Canadian Governor-General be appointed? The easiest method would be by simple appointment or nomination by the Cabinet. But he should be elected; and even if chosen by a victorious party after election, the public would exact some previous assurance from each party on so important a subject, which would be the equivalent of direct election. Election by the whole people to such an office would certainly bring out a type of man the like of whom we have rarely seen in public life. Each party would be forced to discover a candidate who could stand the whitest light, and the process would be a good thing for all.

Would not his party alliance restrict and injure him? Obviously no more than the United States President's. Would his career not resemble the quiet, colourless careers of the Lieutenant-Governors? No, for popular election and the greatness of his office would both bring out a more vigorous type of man and furnish a powerful stimulus to action. The world today holds no more interesting opportunity than would be that of a Canadian-born Governor-General, possessing the living headship of a vast land and vigorous people, and while loyally true to the Empire and its chief, he would take a rightful place among the sovereigns of the world.



Ethics of the Farm

DOLLARS do not pass easily and loosely amongst those who till the soil, for they represent too great an amount of genuine labour. So I pay as little as possible for clothing, for groceries, or for seed grain. Otherwise, the mortgagees would come around to inspect. I find it necessary to "strike a hard bargain." I calculate this way: If a clothier asks me twelve dollars for a suit of clothes, and I can buy the same suit, or one just as good, for ten dollars by creating rivalry a few doors down the street, I make two dollars. The whole transaction need not detain me more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Could I make two dollars as easily following the plow or hauling cordwood?

After all, farm-life is the great economical drill. Of course, we know that oftentimes we are regarded as "skinflints," but our only apology is—to use a metropolitan expression—we need the money.

Farmer John

The Habitant's Valentine

By GRACE WINNIFRED BORIGHT

How the heart in distress crys back to the old love and present disappointment is modified by the hope of future atonement

WE had been sitting in silence—he, with his chair tipped back against the wall, half asleep, I thought, puffing at his old pipe; I, lounging lazily on the opposite side of the stove, thinking of the sender of a certain missive I had received that morning. Then, prompted by the lightness the dainty bit of paper created in the heart against which it lay, I shot a sudden question at the old man:

"Ever receive a valentine, 'Poleon?"

A picture of his extraordinarily tyrannical and sour-visaged wife down in the village flashed into my mind as I spoke, and I laughed softly at the absurdity of my question.

"What's dat you call a valentine?" he inquired. His voice sounded thoughtful rather than sleepy.

"It is something your sweetheart sends you on the fourteenth of February to tell that she loves you."

'Poleon drew up closer to the fire, leaned forward with elbows on knees, and gazed at the red glow, with eyes that saw neither it nor me.

"Yas, yas, I git som't'ing lak dat once, me. Lena, she geeve it to me," he murmured. Then he went on in the same soft tone:

"I work on beeg lumber camp over on de Wes' Mounting, togeder wid lot of oder fine, young fello—*bons camarades*—all ole men now, too, an' some are dead also. From Monday mornin' till Sat'day night we work hard lak one nigger. It was fun for work in dem day, de sun he shine so bri'te, de bird he sing so sweet an' we so young an' strong! But cam' Sunday we put on de bes' clo'es an' go to de church on de village for to walk home wid de girl, an' mak' de spark wid dem. Bat Viens he have ten girl. Dey all very nice girl, but I don' get struck for mak' any of dem *ma femme* till Lena she cam' home from de plac' on de Stats w'ere she work for two, t'ree year. De very firs' tam I see her I love her. I t'ink for sure de *bon Dieu* He mus' have mak' it so.

"At firs' she don't care for me any more dan for de res' of *de garçon*, which was not 'tall. But af'er a w'ile, w'en she see how much I love her, she get kin'er, an' at las' one day on de Spring she promise me dat bimeby we mak' de marrie. Oh, dat's de mos' bes' tam of all *ma* life! In de woods no oder man can't keep up wid me 'tall, I feel so good. De fello dey all say dat dey each one goin' for get him a girl if it mak' him work lak me. An' Lena she's so kin'—jus' lak some leetle bird wid her mate. I don' t'ink, me, dat w'en we get togeder in de nex' worl' we can be any more happy dan we was den. But—de Spring tam don' las' forever—dough why not I don' know, me."

'Poleon sighed deep and drew long at his pipe before continuing:

"One day two surveyor dey cam' an' offer me five dollar for show dem de way over de mounting. I vera glad for mak' dat monie, so de nex' mornin' we start. We don' have no troub' till we get up in de gully. Den one beeg rock she start for come down right on de top of dem surveyor. I do *mon possible* for stop her an' she brak ma leg in two, t'ree place. Dey take me to a cabane dat's not a long way off, an' put me to bed. Den de pain she cam' so great dat I loose *ma* head an' don' know not'ing for long, long tam. De ole *bonhomme* who leeve dere he tak' care of me an' bimeby I begin for get better, but I don' dare move me for fear *ma* leg she come to pieces again. So I lie dere lak one log in de forest, an' all

de tam I t'ink of *ma belle* Lena. W'en I sleep I dream she's sitting beside me; w'en I wak' I keep t'inkin' I hear her comin'. I know vera well, me, dat de way over de mounting is too long an' rough for her to come to her 'Poleon, but jus' de sam' I keep lis'ning, lis'ning for her footstep."

Even as he spoke, the old man seemed to pause as if expecting still to hear her coming.

"At las', jus' as I'm beginnin' for walk aroun'," he continued presently, "Bat Viens he cam' for see me. Dat mak' me vera glad, an' as soon as we shake on de han' I say quick:

"'Mamselle Lena, how goes she?'

"Bat he look vera queer, an' for a moment he don' spik. Den he say: ''Poleon, *mon garçon*, dere is som't'ing I mus' tole you. Lena don' love you no more, 'Poleon, she's gone clean crazee over one fello she used to know on de Stats, who cam' on de village de sam' day dat you lef'. He vera han'some fello, more swell dan de poor habitant, but I don' lak him one leetle bit, meself. I tole her: 'Lena, you fool, can't you see dat fello's no good? Plentee nice looks an' fine clo'es on de outside, but on de inside he's bad, bad, *mauvais!* Bimeby, af'er you get marrie, he'll get tired of you an' go off an' leeve you for starve. How you know,' I ax her, 'dat he ain't got two, t'ree wife already? You can't tell not'ing by what he say. You'll be sorry all your life if you geeve de mitten to de *vrai Canadien* who love you, for dis Yankee man. But she won' lis'en to de ole man, an' she's of age, so I can't stop her. I'm vera, vera sorry for you, *mon garçon*, but *ma* ole heart she's jus' brakin' for *ma* foolesh leetle girl.'"

A hard light shot from the old man's eye as he hastened on:

"I don' wan' for t'ink of de tam dat cam' to me den. *Le bon Dieu*, He know dat 'Poleon's not 'Poleon 'tall, but jus' one beeg, poor crazee man, an' He'll not lay up against him de t'ing dat he do den. Yas, yas, jus' one beeg, poor crazee man! An' one day I mak de marrie wid Marie Bedard.

"Dat nite, it was de fourteent' *Fevrier*, *mes camarades* dey geeve a gran' partie for to celebrate de weddin'. Suddenment, w'ile I'm mak' de dance an' shout an' lafe wid Marie, de *garçon* he come in an' geeve me a letter. 'She's marked "Rush," 'Poleon, so I brung him along,' he say.

"She's from Lena, an' I tear him open quick. ''Poleon, I'm dying—all alone—come to me.' I read dat; I hear de Boston express w'istle, an' I joump tru de door an' run lak de diable for catch dat train. Marie, she yell af'er me, but I can't stop for not'ing. I spring on de car jus' as he start for leeve de station. *Le bon Dieu*, He's not de only one dat t'ink for sure 'Poleon's crazee dat nite. At las' I cam' to where she lay, *ma cherie! ma cherie!* all w'ite lak a leetle lam'. An' she reach out her arm for me an' call ''Poleon!'"

"Cherie! Cherie!" The old man half stretched out his arms and his cry of heart-longing rang through the room. Then he sank back, and went on softly:

"She say: 'I've spoil *ma* own life, but for dat I don' care now, me. I t'ink only of you, 'Poleon. Ever since I'm tak' sick an' Malcolm he go 'way, I've been saying de prayer nite an' day dat de good God he sen' me some way to geeve back to you de happiness dat I tak' away. A leetle w'ile af'er she die. Her face so sweet—jus' lak some ange' in Heaven.

"Sixty-t'ree year come to-night she leeve me. Sixty-t'ree year I've been all alone, 'cept for Marie. But I've done jus' as she tole me—never mak de quarrel or go on spree, though Marie, she's been terrible hard, an' have gone on de Church too. 'An now I'm eighty-nine year ole, me; an' I guess I no' got much longer for wait till de tam w'en I'll have ma cherie again."

Last week I happened to be in 'Poleon's village, so I called to see him. His old wife, Marie, came to the door, more sour-visaged than ever.

"'Poleon's dead," she announced, calmly. "Died las' year jus' 'bout dis tam. He say if ever I see you to tell you he got his las' and bes' valentine. I don' know what he mean. He vera crazee on de head clos' to de las'."

THE INCUBATOR IN WHICH EXPERIMENTAL BLOOD AND BACTERIA MIXTURES ARE KEPT AT BLOOD HEAT

Opsonins in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A readable account of the practice in Canada of new methods to conquer man's arch enemy, the disease germ

NO young country anywhere has produced a more notable aggregation of professional men with international reputations than Canada. We have turned out two eminent Oslers, a David Mills and an Aylesworth, a Dr. Douglas, a Charles Eaton and a Dr. Mackay; a Schurman and a Parkin—and three eminent medical men, of whom this article concerns one.

Three Canadians have become internationally eminent in medicine. Dr. Osler, the "grand old man" of medicine, needs no eulogy here. He has just returned to Oxford from a Canadian visit. His successor at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Barker, the middle-aged man of medicine, is all but as conspicuous in America as Osler is in England. The young man of medicine, Dr. G. W. Ross, has just left Canada to take charge of a new department in bacteriology in the Rockefeller Institute, New York. His present specialty is the subject of this article.

Dr. Ross promises to be as well remembered in the history of medicine as his father in the history of Canadian politics.

The second son of the ex-Premier of Ontario, he graduated from the Toronto Medical School in 1902 and spent two years abroad in post-graduate work. At St. Mary's Hospital in London he was the first American pupil of Sir Almroth E. Wright, the eminent discoverer of "opsonins"; the man whom doctors are now beginning to place on a par with Lister and Pasteur. Dr. Ross introduced opsonins as a practical laboratory study into the Toronto General Hospital last November. The Toronto General was the first hospital in America to practically exploit opsonins. Therefore it seemed that a brief look-in at this, the latest large thing out in medical science, might be of more than passing interest to Canadians.

What are opsonins? You will not find the word in even the latest dictionary. It stands for a treatment that cures boils, carbuncles, typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis and blood-poisoning—in fact all diseases caused by microbes By the discovery of opsonins people afflicted with any of these things stand a much better chance of being cured than ever before in the history of medicine; and the study of opsonins is, therefore, as practical as ventilation or the reduction of taxes. The treatment is just about two years old in England, and is just getting a practical introduction into America; therefore it is a novelty.

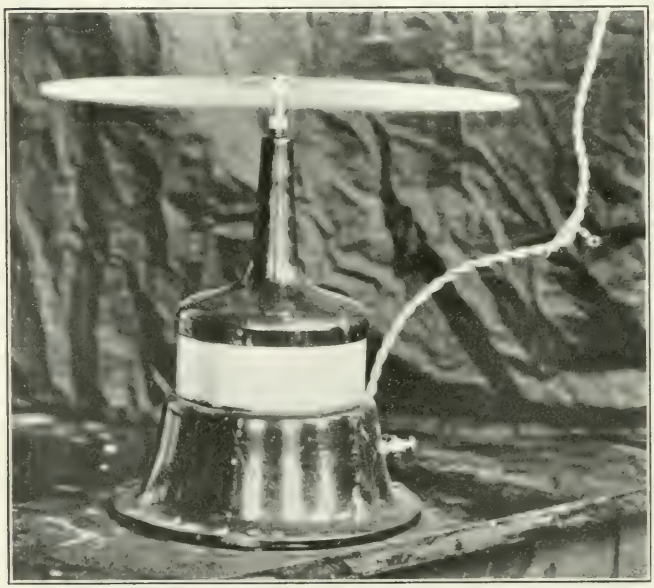
Having been shown over part of the General Hospital a few weeks ago by Dr. J. N. E. Brown, the Superintendent, I was suddenly asked, "Have you heard anything of the new opsonic treatment?" Of course I had not.

"Well, come into the laboratory."

Dr. Brown gave me a cursory initiation. "Come back to-morrow," he said. "Dr. Caulfield will explain it to you thoroughly.

Dr. Caulfield is the house surgeon who was left by Dr. Ross in charge of the new department, and has since been invited to London to assist Sir Almroth E. Wright.

Opsonins are a new principle in vaccine. Vaccine, of course, is fairly well understood; for instance, that by injecting a fluid prepared from a cow infected with a mild attack of smallpox, you might escape smallpox; by another sort of injection—thanks to Sir Almroth E. Wright—that you might be made immune to typhoid; and so on. But vaccine has always been popularly regarded as the ounce of prevention; Sir Almroth E. Wright has done a great deal to make it the pound of cure.



CENTRIFUGALISER SEPARATING BLOOD CORPUSCLES AND SERUM AT 300 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

But how does vaccination either prevent a man from taking or cure him of a disease? A paradox—by the injection of a fluid which gives him in a mild form the disease for which he is being treated. The fluid contains the microbes of the disease or the product of such microbes—killed by heat but not altered in their chemical composition; so that the sterilised microbes or their products injected into the system at once set the blood the task of getting rid of them, while being dead, they have no power to multiply

and dangerously infect. Given the task of carrying off dead microbes, the blood rises to the occasion on much the same principle that when a man's blood "is up" he can fight a man twice his size, whereas before he gets the stimulus he might be as harmless as a baby. Or to make a closer parallel, a man might feel like writing poems about mosquitoes till he meets a few—then he feels like killing a thousand with one hand. And what mosquitoes are to a man's irritability, microbes are to the blood; they swarm everywhere continually out for plunder, and always liable to get into trouble because of the fighting properties in the blood. So that to inoculate a man with dead germs rouses the blood to resistance and gives it the power to fight the live microbes when they come.

COUNTING BACTERIA IN WHITE CORPUSCLES TO GET "OPSONIC INDEX"

Microbes are international and most diseases due to microbes are to be found in Canada as far north as the last Hudson's Bay Company post, and in Africa as far south as Capetown. Civilisation has spread germ diseases. Consumption, for instance, was once unknown in the Canadian Northwest; now, nearly every Indian has consumption—a germ disease. Smallpox was once a novelty in the Saskatchewan Valley. Five years ago half that valley was under quarantine for "varioloid," and a doctor whom I met at Onion Lake vaccinated 200 Crees in a single day.

Germ diseases spread rapidly; the "laity" are beginning to ask the question, What diseases are not caused by germs? Even appendicitis, once regarded as a simple inflammatory malady, is now explained by a germ; so with typhoid, diphtheria, consumption, measles, scarlet ever, boils and carbuncles. So that whereas once upon a time the man with the telescope who could see solar systems in a pack of star dust was the subject of awe, now the man with the microscope who is able to see microbes at work in the spreading of disease has become of greater importance.

The laboratory at the Toronto General Hospital was full of microbes or bacteria. The doctor had several glass jars, each containing millions of pet microbes. There were glass tubes full of them in emulsions. There were little microscopic films smeared with them. The white guinea-pig, huddled morbidly in his cage under the table, was probably alive with them, for he had been inoculated with just about every disease that microbes cause and was still able to sit up. That guinea-pig probably knows more about opsonins than I do.

For brevity's sake the doctors rather

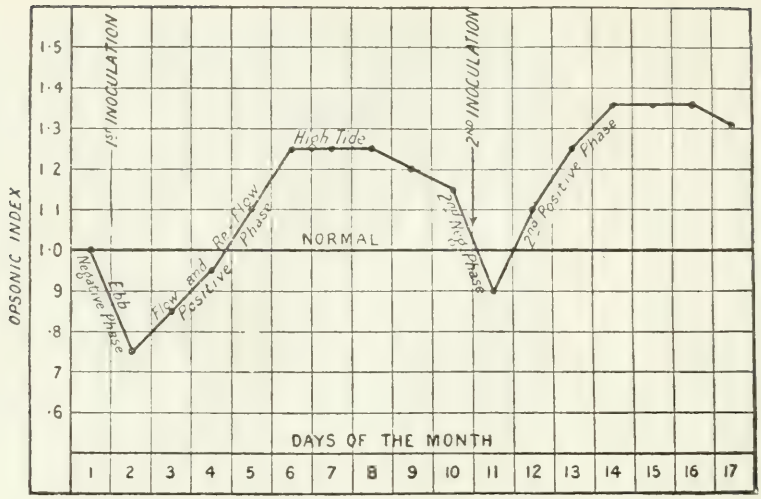


DIAGRAM OF OPSONIC CURVE VARYING AS A RESULT OF INOCULATION

flippantly call these micro-organisms—"bugs." I had always been under the impression that "bug-house" was bad slang. Opsonins has convinced me that every man is a literal "bug-house!"

"Did you ever see bacteria?" asked Dr. Caulfield. "Well, take a squint through this microscope at that film." The film was smeared with blood. I did so, and at first the thing was a blur.

"Do you see to the left of the field a splash of pink things?"

"Oh, certainly—yes; it's nearly all pink."

"Well, those are red blood corpuscles; you've got about six hundred million of those in every cubic centimetre of blood in your body."

This seemed highly interesting as a branch of higher mathematics, and I was just about to compute how much of a multi-millionaire I might be altogether, when he said:

"But, never mind them. Look for a large, white, rather kidney-shaped figure."

"Yes, I see that—pink in the background."

"Well, that's a white corpuscle. Now, you'll see in that white corpuscle several pale blue shapes."

"Oh—they're the bugs, are they?"

"No—not yet, they're nuclei from which are being formed new corpuscles, and the pink layer in the background is the protoplasm out of which are being developed the nuclei; so you see every corpuscle is a little factory in active operation, and if it wasn't we'd soon all be dead ones."

"Ah! Now I see them!"

"Oh, you've got them, have you? What colour?"

"Deep blue—four in one bunch and two over here, and two more yonder—eight bacteria in one corpuscle. Hm!"

"Yes, that's easy. Sometimes we find fifty."

These blue bacteria were "staphylococci," such as may be found in boils and carbuncles; one of many kinds that may be rampaging through the human body by myriads.

Now for a few facts about the blood. Blood is red because of its red corpuscles. It also contains white corpuscles which have been regarded as the germ-killers. It also contains serum which you may notice when you cut your finger and the blood clots as it cools. The serum is the part that clots.

Now all vaccinists before Sir Almroth E. Wright claimed that the white corpuscles did all the germ-killing; that every morning you got up feeling fit and proper after a headache, for instance, it was because the "leucocytes," as they are called, had been busy all night throttling and lugging out the bacteria that were generat-

ing poison in your system the day before. And when you can look through a microscope and see twenty or thirty dead bacteria in one leucocyte ready to be dumped into the sewer, it looks very much as if the cheerful little leucocytes were the real policemen on the job. Well, Wright had great respect for these leucocytes, but he had spent years making experiments on bacteria and vaccines which convinced him that the leucocytes without the serum would be beaten in any average scuffle with bacteria. He discovered to his own satisfaction and that of his pupils that it's really the serum which catches the bacteria and makes them ready for the leucocytes which are dotted here and there among the red corpuscles like snowflakes on a red roof. How he demonstrated this is no particular business of ours; the property in the serum which enables the white corpuscles to take up bacteria, he called by the name "opsonins," which comes from the Greek word "opsono" and means "I prepare a feast for." That is, the serum was the caterer, the bacteria were the meat, and the white corpuscles were the guests for whom the bacteria were served up.

Microbes breed faster than mosquitoes. You can't escape them any more than you can avoid hunger. Most of them are hungry. They have no particular designs on the human body; all they want is a good, comfortable place to live in. The blood is such a place. Here microbes are able to multiply, and if left unchecked would soon rush by thousands of millions all through the body. But though microbes may thrive on blood, blood does not thrive on microbes. The first thing is to get them out. The blood protects itself by elaborating a protective substance which directly attacks the microbes. The bacteria do the same thing; they elaborate a substance that attacks the blood corpuscles. This substance is called toxin, which is a general name for poisons such as course through the body in typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis and the like. The progress of every disease of that sort is a pitched battle. The winning of this battle by the blood depends on the serum being able to elaborate protective substances enough to overcome the microbes.

Now in many cases the blood has this power in only a low degree. To stimulate the blood certain vaccines have been injected during the progress of the disease. These vaccines were sometimes prepared from animals previously infected with the disease to be cured. But here arose a difficulty, which was the real emergency that led to the practical application of opsonins. It had been found that in its battle with microbes the blood has a habit of passing like the mercury in a thermometer from a low-resisting power to a high-resisting power. This is true in both man and animals. A horse, for instance, was infected with the diphtheria microbe for the purpose of taking from its blood a fluid to help in the cure of diphtheria in a human body. But often the vaccine was prepar d when the blood of the horse had swung to its low-resisting power. Consequently the vaccine had not the property of stimulating the human blood, but quite the reverse; hence patients have been known to die from the effects of vaccine. Again vaccine has been injected into a patient when his own blood was at its low-resisting power. This also had the effect of weakening rather than stimulating and only made the disease worse instead of better.

So it became evident to Sir A. E. Wright that some more scientific method must be evolved. By his repeated experiments with the blood he had found that the serum contains a germ-destroying power not possessed by the white corpuscles; that the two were engaged in team-play in the battle with microbes; and that upon the condition of the patient's serum depended his power to fight a microbe disease.

This was his first new departure. His second was this—to find out from a microscopic examination of the patient's blood just what its resisting power might be at any given time, and by this to find out when to inject the vaccine. In this way the treatment is made to conform to the patient, and not the patient to the treatment. This was a study in practical humanism, and is only a scientific way of

saying that in the cure of disease the personality of the patient is a very important factor. The third step is having determined what microbe the patient has, from it to prepare a vaccine for injection.

You walk into the laboratory of the Toronto General Hospital and ask for the opsonins treatment. The doctor tells you that the carbuncle on your neck is caused by a "staphylococcus" germ—and you have nothing in your vocabulary to contradict him.

"Ever see that germ?" he asks. "Well here——" He picks up a bottle containing a piece of gelatin, or something of that sort, on which he has cultivated a furze something like a mould. "There they are. That carbuncle contains millions of them."

Here again you are wise not to argue. You expect that he will at once inject a fluid into you and next morning you will have no carbuncles. Not so fast, my friend. He must first discover your "opsonic index."

"And what might the opsonic index be?" you ask him.

He smiles. "We shall see"; picks up a glass needle about the size of a hair and jabs it painlessly into the top joint of your finger. Blood comes. This he must analyse in order to see what your serum is doing; but first to prevent the serum from clotting as it cools, he draws off this blood and mixes it with a saline solution to prevent it from clotting. Then he empties the mixture into a machine that looks like a diminutive cream separator, which in effect really it is. He sets this centrifugaliser jigging, and in a glass tube appears the mixture, but the red corpuscles are at the bottom, then the whites, and on top of that the serum. Now, having got these elements separated, he is well on the road to getting your opsonic index. Into a long needle-like glass tube with marks on the outside and a syringe rubber at the big end, he draws a certain measured quantity of white corpuscles; then a pad of air; then by measurement an equal quantity of serum; then more air to keep them from mixing for the present; then an equal quantity of an "emulsion" which he has prepared from the bacteria in the bottle.

This threefold mixture he squirts into a tube, shakes them up like medicine and sets the tube away in an incubator. This incubator is kept at blood heat, and it brings the mixture of serum, leucocytes and bacteria to the same temperature as the blood in your body from which the serum and the leucocytes came. Fifteen minutes is long enough for that, and during that fifteen minutes at blood heat in the incubator your opsonic index has been figured out to a dot by the serum and the leucocytes in the mixture.

The mixture is now smeared on films and the films put under the microscope. The doctor wishes to find how the germ-killing power of your blood compares to that of a healthy man or to that of four healthy men averaged up. He has already got the opsonic index of the healthy blood. The comparative result shows five of your white corpuscles containing ten dead bacteria; with five corpuscles from healthy blood containing twenty bacteria. From this he figures that the germ-disposing properties of the serum in your blood is as 10 to 20; or that your opsonic index is .5. That may be the fighting power of your blood at the first injection of vaccine.

The first result of the injection is that your opsonic index goes down; then it rises as shewn in the foregoing curve and rises a little higher than before—that is, your white corpuscles take up more bacteria. Then again is the time for another injection; and so on, time after time, always injecting at the favourable moment when the resisting power of the blood is on the upward movement, till your opsonic index rises to normal or above it and does not go below that.

This, as far as possible free from technicalities and from at least radical inaccuracies, is the treatment known as the opsonic theory of which a Canadian doctor was the first American student.

EX-HINDU SOLDIERS AT VICTORIA, B C.

Canada's New Immigrant

By J. BARCLAY WILLIAMS and SAINT N. SING

Mr. Williams, a Canadian, and Mr. Sing, a native of India, widely differ regarding the desirability of Hindu immigrants

MR. WILLIAMS writes: The Province of British Columbia seems doomed to have a standing trouble in the matter of immigration. For years the intrusion of the Chinese and Japanese gave rise to all manner of difficulty, and resulted in the passing of exclusion acts by the local legislature, to be in turn disallowed by the Federal Government at Ottawa. This difficulty was overcome some seventeen months ago, when the Dominion Government practically excluded the Chinese by the raising of the head tax to $500. As a precautionary measure the Japanese Government had prior to this taken upon itself to restrict the emigration of subjects from that country, rather than submit to the indignity of having exclusion laws enacted against their admission. But no sooner had the Chinese and Japanese immigration been brought to a satisfactory condition than a new contention arose. This was an invasion from India, which promises to be a more difficult one to control, owing to the fact that the Hindus are British subjects, and as such cannot be excluded from the Empire. The word has apparently been passed

NEWLY-ARRIVED HINDUS LINED UP ON C.P.R. WHARF AT VICTORIA, B.C.

around, and each steamer from the Orient brings its quota of these people.

The class of Hindus that have invaded British Columbia are commonly known as Sikhs, meaning the lower class, entirely dependent upon their physical capabilities —those who have no set aim in life. They are the "coolies" of Calcutta. In stature the average Sikh is taller than our countrymen. His limbs are slender and his body gaunt. The complexion is dark brown, while his hair is long and black. In dress he copies the European with the exception of the head adornment, which is substituted by the turban.

The Hindu is not adapted to take the place filled by the Chinamen and Japs in this country. He is not satisfied in turning himself to any and every class of work which presents itself. A job lasting a day or a week has no allurement for him. He must be ensured steady work for a

HINDU IMMIGRANTS PREPARING A MEAL ON C.P.R. WHARF AT VICTORIA, B.C.

year or longer. The caste system excludes his employment as a cook, as well as in many other lines of work. No meat would be prepared by him, much less would he handle any animals about to be slaughtered for the purpose of food.

The caste of the Hindu embodies many singular and fancied beliefs. According to the laws of Brahmanism, the Hindus are divided into hereditary classes or castes. All members of one caste are, theoretically, of equal rank, and of the same profession or occupation, and are prohibited from intermarriage or eating with those not of their own caste. The original castes are four, namely: the Behmins, or sacerdotal order; the Kshatriyas, or soldiers and rulers; the Vaisyas, or husbandmen and merchants; the Sudras, or labourers and mechanics. Men of no caste are Pariahs, or outcasts. Numerous mixed classes or castes have sprung up in the course of time. The castes emigrating to Canada seem to be a mixture of Kshatriyas and Sudras, although they have transgressed the commandments originally laid down by their different Mahomets.

Unless these ridiculous forms of worship are totally relinquished, the Hindu will be practically worthless in a country like ours for numerous reasons. He is forced to do his own cooking, and partake of only such morsels as are prepared either by himself or a member of his caste. Two castes are not permitted to work side by side, nor for the same company, and were the number of one caste inadequate, it would be necessary to delegate a member of that sect in quest of reinforcements, or be under the penalty of losing those already employed. This naturally has a deterrent effect on the welfare of the Hindu.

Probably the two most prosperous communities of Hindus in British Columbia are those working in the rural district near Victoria, and at Mileside, near New Westminster. At the former place over 100 are employed; in the latter place there is a similar number. These have, so far, proved satisfactory to a certain extent, but do not equal the Orientals.

As tradesmen, these East Indians do not seem to become apt scholars, and their knowledge of domestic duties is very limited. Physically, they are unfit for manual labour, their diet being so light and unsustaining as to have reduced them to weaklings. Not accustomed to the mode of labour as conducted in this country, they soon become weary, and only by dint of force do they manage to hold through the day.

The condition of these deluded Hindus is a sad one. It is a daily sight to see them wandering here, there and everywhere, half-starved, half-naked, hording in wretched hovels, ordered here, excluded there, and despised everywhere. Their clothing is of the thinnest and poorest. Some are clad only in scanty pantaloons, a sweater or undergarment, and possibly a coat; barely warm enough for the warmest summer weather. On rainy days they wrap themselves in blankets, which scarcely cover their shaking bodies. The following taken from a local newspaper explains the conditions of these Sikhs graphically:

"Vancouver's Black Hole of Calcutta. Horde of freezing immigrants take possession of a wretched tenement condemned by health authorities. It was a combination of Libby Prison and the Black Hole of Calcutta, with a little touch of Dante's Inferno, and a free fight thrown in. One Hindu has a shack rented on Elm Drive near Powell Street, in the locality known as Cedar Cove. It appears that he acts as a runner for his own lodging house whenever a steamer laden with Hindus arrives here. He is generally successful in getting a large bunch, all of whom pay in advance. He expects them to trust him, but he trusts nobody. This shack was formerly occupied by a family comprising two parents and twelve children. The only way they could crowd in, as it was notorious in the neighbourhood, was six in a bed, and two on the floor. To this, after benevolent Dr. Munro, Dominion Medical Health Officer for the Port of Vancouver, had seen that they were supplied at their own expense with proper clothing, there wended yesterday some ninety Hindus. The shack is one from which the health authorities have six times bodily 'fired' the occupants. It is suited for about six people, allowing the widest stretch of the law regarding

the amount of cubic air space that should be allowed for each individual. About seventy of the Hindus got inside, only a man who has packed sardines can ever tell how. That still left a number outside. They had paid for shelter and they wanted it.

"Then the first row started. The crowd outside wanted in, and the crowd inside wanted to hold their advantage. People who witnessed it say that the fight was terrific. Blood flowed like water, turbans were torn off and trampled upon, Dr. Munro's slick yellow slickers were torn to shreds, and, for a time, it looked as if the cottage itself would be torn from its foundations. Some who were out got in, and some who were in were pulled out, and finally the fight ended from sheer exhaustion on the part of the participants. It was then something like the afterclap of a college cane-rush. The ones outside slunk away to the vacant spaces alongside the street and laid down to rest; the men inside made as merry as their exhausted state would allow.

"Then there was quiet for a while till the men who were inside wanted to lie down to rest. It was just as possible for them to do so as it would be for one of the aforementioned canned sardines to turn a somersault. Then started another pandemonium that the people in the vicinity say could hardly be paralleled. These cooped-in men fought for a chance to lie down, just as the men in Libby Prison did, or as the poor wretches in the Black Hole of Calcutta fought for a place near the ventilating hole.

"The yells, oaths, curses and shrieks awakened every one for blocks around, and when Policeman O'Grady arrived he found a scene of filth and blood and battered, frenzied faces that he hopes never to have duplicated before his vision.

"He telephoned from a nearby residence for help, and with the aid of some Hindus who could speak English, enough of the crowd were induced to seek shelter in a woodshed and under the porch, and in the wide, wide world, and temporary peace was obtained, but at intervals the row was kept up all night."

Since the foregoing account was written, an old abandoned cannery on the Fraser River has been requisitioned for the use of these homeless unfortunates, which is little better than nothing. It is so situated that the cold winds from the gulf sweep through the ramshackle building with seemingly double force. In this have been housed nearly three hundred men, who are required to pay a rental of two dollars a month each for their privilege. Besides this, there has been erected a temporary refuge in the city, where there will be at least partial shelter for those who, as yet, are not accommodated. A large tent has been purchased by philanthropic persons, and all expenses defrayed by the Hindus themselves.

That the city or the Federal Government will have the keeping of these destitutes is evident. It is the opinion of all that steps should at once be taken to apprise the Indian Government of these circumstances, and warn intending emigrants of their unfortunate brothers' mistake.

From January 1st, 1906, to the 31st of October, there arrived in British Columbia, 2,195 Hindus; 100 were deported on account of infections. Since the end of October, there have arrived over 470, and of these twenty-five were deported owing to infections.

The general feeling throughout the districts affected by the immigration of the Hindu is not at all favourable to him. Although no outward manifestation of enmity has been apparent, there lies underneath a simmering of dislike as evidenced in several instances of late. That the time is not far distant when the Sikh will retrace his steps is the popular belief, as it only needs the necessary cost of transportation to induce him to do so.

MR. SING'S VERSION

"I HOPE you will strongly condemn the disgraceful habit of speaking of the 'black man,' which is wrong as it is untrue. The East Indians are of the same origin as we ourselves, and have quite the same features as we have. I have now had for nearly six months two Indians constantly about my rooms, and helping me in many

ways, and I never saw better servants or more amiable, more high and well-bred people, or more attentive or intelligent, and devoted in their service. Many who have been in India will tell you the same, and it is disgraceful to think how shamefully they are often used by the young Englishmen, officers and civilians."

There is a certain ring of sincerity and conscientious wrathfulness about the foregoing which renders it peculiarly charming. These noble words are reproduced from an autograph letter written by the late Queen Victoria to George, the late Duke of Cambridge, a life of whom has just been published.

I am reminded of these words by the disgraceful treatment that has been given to the British India immigrants into British Columbia, and it is a great consolation to me to know that if the late Queen were still alive she would be the first to condemn in fullest terms "the extreme spirit of hostility which has been evinced towards the Hindus who have arrived in British Columbia."

Why "men who have been joined by the ties of danger, suffering and death are now bid to be strangers and enemies" it is the purpose of this article to show.

The causes that have led to East Indian emigration, the conditions under which the immigrants into British Columbia live and work and their future prospects have been grossly misrepresented or utterly misunderstood. The discussion of the subject by the press and public of the Pacific Coast of Canada, has been not only frantically furious, but it has been characterised also with the densest ignorance about the lives, habits and influence of the East Indian immigrants in particular, and about the present conditions in modern India, in general.

The East India immigrants are in British Columbia "out of compliment" to the Canadian West. The province is rich in mineral and material wealth, and has a uniformly healthful climate. But it is unfortunately very thinly populated. A typical Canadian remarked to the writer: "British Columbia is probably one of the richest areas in the world, and I can not but feel pleased that this fact is known even so far away as in distant India."

But, how did the country attract the attention of some of the India immigrants? is a question that has puzzled many a Canadian. Specious explanations have been offered, which reflect great credit on the plausible inventive genius of their authors—but these are not only wrong, but entirely misleading.

It is less than five years since the first India pioneer landed in Vancouver, B.C. For three years, India immigrants kept coming in small parties of about two or three in number. From searching enquiries, I find that these early pioneers were full of fearless enterprise and dash, and the search for newer and richer fields of work attracted their roving dispositions and made them drift to British Columbia. In every instance they had rambled through one or more of the far eastern countries. A little later came some ex-soldiers, who were doubtless actuated in coming to this land, having heard glowing descriptions of the future of the Canadian West from their English military authorities. All of these early pioneers knew a smattering of English and soon after their arrival in Vancouver readily secured work. Concerning their occupations it may be said that they did odd jobs, taking care of gardens, clearing the ground of the stumps of trees, working in the mills and the like.

According to the statistics available, the number of India immigrants who are at present in British Columbia is roughly 2,500 persons. They are chiefly scattered around the Pacific Coast, but some have gone into the interior of British Columbia. Seventeen hundred of them arrived in the province during the last eight months of last year. With very few exceptions, these men hail from the Punjab or the north-west frontier Province. In the earlier batches, they migrated from the China coastal towns, Manchuria, Siam, the Malayan Isles, the Straits Settlements and Burma, where they had worked either as policemen or watchmen. A large percentage of the India immigrants into British Columbia

consists of soldiers who have earned honourable discharge. In the latter shipments, the immigrants have arrived straight from India, coming direct from their rural farms and villages. They are chiefly peasants and farmers. They are mostly Sikhs and Mohamedons, with some Hindus.

The cause of the present influx is simple and can be easily explained. In India the wages are extremely low, and of late years people are growing dissatisfied with existing conditions, throwing away caste and religious prejudices, and migrating to foreign countries where hard, honest work brings in comfortable competence. Tradition and religious sentiment in India teach perfect allegiance to the British throne and the East Indian people greatly revere and love the reigning sovereign. Accordingly, emigrants from India prefer going to the new countries which are integral parts of the British Empire, expecting cordial, brotherly welcome, and British fair-play, which they themselves accord to the Britons in India. Letters from the advance guard in British Columbia are the immediate cause of India immigrants having increasingly arrived on the west coast during the last few months. I was recently travelling through the far eastern countries and had the opportunity of observing how eagerly these letters were circulated by the recipients, read with interest and decisions made with precipitate haste to take the earliest opportunity to go to a *British* country where honest, hard work earned competence.

The City of Vancouver has grown rapidly and the house accommodation there is very insufficient. Accordingly, the India immigrants on arrival have to put up with any sort of housing they can get. That most of these houses are poor, miserable shacks, ill-ventilated and badly plumbed, damp and unhygienic is unfortunately true. But for this the immigrants are not to blame. Commenting upon the lack of house accommodation, Dr. Alexander S. Munro, the Dominion Immigration Inspector at Vancouver, remarked: "It is a shame these Hindus are treated as they have been. They all have money in their pockets to pay for whatever they get, but the trouble is they can't get it."

Yes, the trouble is, "they can't get it." But the men who have the fearlessness and enterprise to cross many seas and oceans, their indomitable spirits undauntingly trampling that East Indian fiend of fiends—the caste—have the pluck and perseverance to endeavour to overcome these difficulties. To surmount the lack of house accommodation they have united in organising houses on co-operative plans and building Sikh temples and Mohamedon mosques, which beside furnishing places for worship will meet a very acutely felt want by supplying housing for the newly-arrived and unemployed immigrants. These ideas have passed the chaotic stage of early conception and are fast getting materialised.

As for personal cleanliness, the Hindus have been baselessly slandered. Those who know aught about the people of India admit that the East Indians attend to their ablutions with religious sacredness, and the India immigrants who are now in British Columbia are no exception in this respect.

Coming as these men do from the north-western parts of India and belonging as they do to the martial races of the country, the Hindu immigrants are splendid-looking men. They are tall and broad-shouldered and deep-winded; muscular and robust—men who can patiently put up with a hard, struggling, tough life. In their unique eastern head-dress they look picturesque, which, so far as their dress goes, is the only link connecting them with the Orient. But in this twentieth century, the commercial spirit of the age has rendered sentiment subservient to utility and the picturesque head-dress, though quaint to the western eye, is fast disappearing amongst the advanced section of the immigrants. In their tidy and smart semi-uniforms, in their trained gait, in quick perception and bright intelligence, these men compare favourably with any immigrants that have ever entered British Columbia from the Pacific coastal towns or drifted from the eastern parts of Canada. Morally they hold their own against men of the same class and condition amongst whom

they now live and with whom they work. In his abstemiousness from inebriating drinks the average India immigrant can set a very timely lesson to his fellow-workingman of other nationalities. It is the cause of much gratification to the writer that never in the annals of the police court in British Columbia has yet any India immigrant been convicted of crime. Can any other immigration of equal dimensions show a better record?

I look with favour upon the strenuous struggle the India immigrants are making to adjust themselves to the new conditions, ways, manners, and language of a new country. But it would be a very great misfortune if in this adjustment the immigrants lose to any extent their high tone of morality or learn the peculiarly western vice of drinking.

From what already has been written here it will be readily seen that the East India immigrants are in no danger of suffering from the climatic change. The districts of which they are natives are cold in winter and have a long "wet" rainy season in addition. Besides, they possess hardihood of a very distinct kind and in a most remarkable degree, which has been put to very trying tests and proved on the battlefields of China, Thibet and Afghanistan, making it easy for them to get readily acclimatised and thrive in any climate. Coming as they do from the proximity of the Afghan border, where the institutions of caste are freer than anywhere else in India, and being gifted with spirits that do not respect prudish or conventional prejudices, they are naturally not hampered with that strictness of caste regulations that would interfere with their work or everyday life.

Yet, if one were to believe the statements that are being conspicuously paraded in a section of the British Columbia press, one is apt to think that this community of the India immigrants in the Canadian West is most criminally inclined, filthy and unsanitary by habit; roguish in instinct and thoroughly undesirable.

The nature of these flamboyant and imflammatory yellow emanations from the morbidly rabid press organs of Vancouver and Victoria can be judged by the fact that I would deem myself guilty of a most heinous crime were I to quote the mildest of them. Well may Colonel Falkland, C.M.G., say:

"When I hear the Sikhs who are here now in Vancouver, men who have served in regiments bearing on their colours the names of battles as testimony of their loyalty in the darkest days of the Mutiny, with the historic names of the great soldiers who commanded them, the King and members of our Royal Family as their colonels—when I say that I hear these men speak of the treatment they have received here, the vile abuse of themselves, the falsehoods as to their character and loyalty, I can say nothing, but only hang my head in shame.....As regards the inhumanity of their (India immigrants) treatment on arrival and since, on that score, shame must forever rest upon the name of this city, and especially upon those who have engineered the present great public scandal."

Hard words, the proverb says, break no bones. But the East Indian immigrants have not only been indiscriminately vilified, but they have been most arbitrarily and high-handedly treated. Reference has already been made to the malicious spirit which has shown itself in refusing house shelter on payment to the East Indian immigrants. Allusion may be made to the inhuman utterance which a leading city father was reported in the press to have blustered forth—that he would rather see a Hindu immigrant die of hunger and cold before his very eyes, than succour him, a statement of which any living being having pretension to humanity ought to be ashamed. Bad as these instances are they pale into insignificance when compared with the act of the Mayor of Vancouver, who, on October 15th last arbitrarily detained very nearly two hundred East Indian immigrants on board the steamship Empress of Japan. The detention lasted for more than two days.

In a mob meeting organised by the "Mayor," the character of which can be judged from the fact that Colonel Falkland Warren, late R.A., while speaking of the gross misstatements that were being made about the immigrants, was

howled down and not allowed to speak, a knot of political and socialist agitators said that "Canada is a white man's country" and every possible means should be employed to keep out the "millions (of Hindus) that are going to arrive unless we stop them." A leading lawyer referred to the harangues delivered at this gathering as the "height of frenzied folly" and added:

"The Mayor, in order to rouse public feeling against them, has declared that this is a white man's country. It is certainly not a white man's empire, and it cannot be a white man's empire as long as it retains within its boundaries three hundred million subjects in India. As long as the empire exists surely every member is entitled to be received at least as well as such foreign races as the Galicians, Doukhobors, Japanese and Chinese. .....They are not only of the same empire but of the same race with others. They have been the supporters of the empire. Their fine appearance and military bearing, even under so many adverse circumstances, compares very favourably with the appearance of any equal number of their detractors."

But who set this ball of iniquity rolling? Who is at the bottom of this shamefully and meanly-conducted agitation? Who is answerable for the injustice, iniquity and brutality that has characterised for several months the treatment given to the East Indian immigrants?

A very prominent citizen of Vancouver on being introduced to the writer feelingly apologised, saying: "I feel ashamed of myself when I shake hands with you. Our people have treated your people disgracefully."

I do not in any way wish to minimise the great opposition that has been offered to the India immigrants in British Columbia. But, after touring the entire length of Canada and gauging the sentiments of not only representative British Columbian men and women, but also of the Canadians in other cities, I am convinced that the sensible portion of the community has not only nothing to do with the disgraceful liberties that have been taken with the East Indian immigrants but some of them have shown marvellous courage of conviction in denouncing in no mincing manner the authors of this great public scandal.

The opposition that the East Indians have met in British Columbia is at best (or worst) merely *sectional*. Who are the authors of it, it is not for the present writer to say. The charges that have been framed against the East Indians point out in an unmistakable way the people who have engineered this agitation.

These lines have not been written in any rancorous or carping spirit. The writer is an East Indian himself; but has attempted to approach the subject from an Imperialist's point of view. What is going to be the upshot of this deplorable agitation? Where is this unfortunate and misguided hostility directed against men of the same origin and empire fated to end? are questions that are being constantly asked.

That the East Indian immigrants are labouring under very great disadvantages at present can not be disguised. Imagine a set of newcomers being hounded by a knot of maliciously persistent and unscrupulous agitators and detractors, pluckily endeavouring to give lie to the prejudicial statements about their lives, habits, virility, adaptability and worthiness. Think of these men securing positions for themselves when systematic efforts are being made to convince the employers that these men are without brawn and muscle, that they are incapable of enduring hardship, that they are unsanitary and infested with objectionable caste prejudices.

These are serious drawbacks. But that the wonderful hardihood of the East Indian immigrants, their great capacity for bearing trying hardships and overcoming difficulties, which has been sorely proved in many places and found successful, would not desert them in Canada is hardly to be doubted. That they will eventually succeed in conquering the disabilities and drawbacks under which they labour and lead prosperous and noble lives is an assured and foregone conclusion with those who know them intimately. As it is, there has been some difficulty with which the recently arrived immigrants have found work. But most

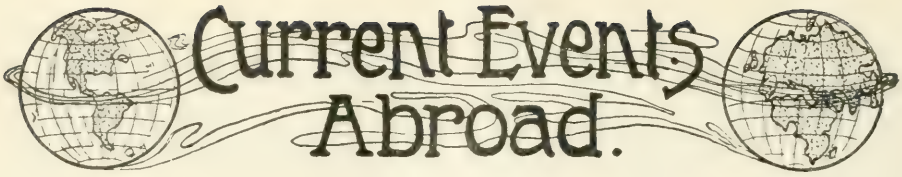
of them who are already in the country have secured work or have the prospect of getting jobs in the near future.

It would doubtless be deemed impertinent on my part were I to tell Canadians that the Canadian Far West has splendid mines, fisheries, lumbering and fruit-ranching districts that are suffering from scarcity of labour. That the East Indian immigrants who are already in British Columbia, or may arrive later, should find no difficulty in finding work in the fisheries, mines, mills, fruit ranches, railroads, or clearing forests, is apparent. The immigrants have done similar work in India and elsewhere. The Mayor of Vancouver, in a conversation with me, said that there was room for at least a thousand domestics in that city alone. The testimony of the late Queen quoted at the outset of this article as to the excellence of the East Indian servants, is daily corroborated by those who have lived in India. Talking of his East Indian employees, Mr. J. F. McRae, of the Rat Portage Mills, said: "That he would rather increase the wages of the Hindus he employed than lose them." Canada has learned to associate tea with India. The tea industry in India is of recent growth, and where the tea plantations exist to-day, there once stood huge forests and thick jungles. The northwestern parts of India, whence these men hail, are known to be the fruit regions of India. India is already well intersected with railroads. The past experience of these immigrants, or those who may arrive later from India, is a great asset, and with the remarkable aptitude they possess to familiarise themselves with the new methods prevailing in Canada, they will prove of inestimable service in developing the country.

It is surprising and unfortunate, indeed, that such men should be received even with *sectional* hostility. It is all the more surprising that the labour union people should oppose them. These immigrants have suffered most poignant pain by living and working at starvation wages, and, if there are any people in the world who know the baneful effect of wages, and who are utterly opposed to the very idea of starvation wages, they are these immigrants from India. In working against the interests of these men, the unionists endeavour to supplant the motives and the cause which brought them into existence. The India immigrants have already given ample proof that, instead of cheapening labour, they will stick to a reasonable price for the work they render.

In the estimation of the writer of these lines, the influence these immigrants are destined to wield in this country will be uniformly good and healthful. That they will improve the tone of morality and promote soberness amongst the working people, that their peaceful, thrifty and law-abiding lives, that their hard, honest and patient work will make for the good of the whole community, time will doubtless demonstrate.

India is waging ceaseless struggle for self-government. But this struggle is constitutional and untainted with blood. India does not desire to sever the Imperial bonds. During the last half-century, Canada pursued the same policy. Canada enjoys perfect internal self-government, and still remains as one of the staunchest integral parts of the British Empire. India will reach that stage later on. Meanwhile these immigrants supply additional cords to cement the union of the respective countries of the empire, and supply the link which will make these members of the same empire take more than passing interest in the successes and problems of one another. Let every one wish that Canada be for the Canadians and India for the East Indians—but, not at the sacrifice of Imperial ties. While it is extremely unlikely that the immigration from India will ever assume the proportions of an "invasion," let it be hoped that the East Indian immigrants would not think the British Columbian people to be like those "who, 'gainst the houseless stranger shut the door."



AT the convention of the German Chambers of Commerce Herr Dernberg, Germany's Colonial Director, explained what he called the Kaiser's world-policy. Herr Dernberg wanted his hearers to infer that the employment of German workmen, the livelihood of millions, and the investment of German capital in trade and navigation were dependent upon the maintenance of the colonies. The thought at the back of this is that a colony is a place where you can sell your commodities free from the competition of other nations. The colonists are to have nothing to say in the matter. Their rôle is to consume German goods at monopoly prices and look pleasant.

Herr Dernberg said that in the middle of the 18th century 9,000,000 people spoke English and 20,000,000 spoke German. Now, 120,000,000 speak English and but 70,000,000 German. The Colonial Director should follow his reasoning out. Has the spread of English been due to a close corporation policy in colonies? Not at all. She has become a great colonising power by pursuing the principle of leaving colonists to manage their own affairs, even to the extent of putting prohibitive customs duties on her goods. Notwithstanding the Revolutionary War the United States were no real exception to this rule. She is the only country in the world that has self-governing colonies, and perhaps Herr Dernberg would find in that fact her success, rather than in the cultivation of the idea that colonies are places where the consumption of the products of the home-land serve to furnish employment for its people and trade opportunities for its manufacturers and merchants.

The Colonial Director's speech is a contribution to the election contest that is now impending in the Fatherland. The Reichstag was dissolved because it refused to vote the full sum asked for the pacification of German West Africa. The struggle is really between those who not only have a colonial programme, but who also support the movement for the creation of a strong navy. Germany's activity in building warships is generally thought to have sinister meaning for the British Isles. There may at times have been an idea that Germany could make an alliance with some power possessing a considerable navy and that the combined fleets might dispute the mastery of the sea with her who is so universally regarded as supreme there. Is that not a far-fetched and improbable aim? It is far more likely that the United States is the power upon which the Kaiser has his eye. Germany has never subscribed to the Monroe Doctrine, and she never will, so long as there are fair lands in South America, the ideal raw material of noble German Colonies. The Monroe Doctrine is merely a pleasing international thesis unless there is a fleet behind it strong enough to prove its general soundness and tenability. If ever Germany feels strong enough to deny its applicability she will do so, but by that time there may be powers other than the United States sufficiently interested in the maintenance of the doctrine to be prepared to aid the latter in preserving it as a working rule for this hemisphere.

Germany with its Emperor has occupied the front of the stage for some time now, and the Hohenlohe disclosures have increased this interested attention. The Emperor is charged with having so conducted his foreign affairs that the country is at length isolated in Europe. There is something, however, that should not be forgotten to his credit. He has occupied the throne for 18 years and during that time he has had at his hand the most complete war machine that Europe has known since the time of Napoleon. He

is young, high spirited and ambitious. It is true that Germany has sometimes been regarded as a menace by her neighbours, but the actual fact is that in all these years not an ounce of German powder has been burned in anger. Do not forget that when you are estimating the Kaiser's position in Europe.

INHUMAN!
—*Tokyo Puck*

A LITTLE TOO FAMILIAR

UNCLE SAM: "Between ourselves, my yellow friend, couldn't you study somewhere else?"—*Rire* (Paris).

President Roosevelt in his first and main message to Congress dealt with the exclusion of Japanese children from the ordinary schools in San Francisco in his customary frank manner. "To shut the Japanese out from the schools," he says, "is a wicked absurdity.....It is unthinkable that we should continue a policy under which a given locality may be allowed to commit a crime against a friendly nation, and the United States Government limited, not to preventing the commission of the crime, but, in the last resort, to defending the people who have committed it against the consequences of their own wrong-doing." His concluding declaration is not lacking in forcefulness: "In the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed."

The Californian papers do not appear to have been intimidated by the President's firm attitude, and the School Board of San Francisco authorised the writing of a defiant letter which has produced a bad effect in Japan. The southern newspapers raised the cry of state rights, and even some of the northern papers not at all unfriendly to the President urge the same ominous view. What can the President do if the schools are obstinately kept closed to the Japanese children? The use of force to compel their admission is unthinkable, and if there is no remedy what will Japan do? One thing is certain, the conqueror of Russia, with a great navy at her command, will not endure contumelious treatment of her citizens in any part of the world. President Roosevelt is taking a statesman's course in putting the strongest pressure to bear on California—but will he succeed?

Long ago the Russian constitution was described by a grim wit as an autocracy tempered by assassination. The tempering part of the constitution is being applied very freely just now. Scarcely a week passes without the assassination of a high official, and a correspondent says that newspaper readers in St. Petersburg deem their daily journals tame if they fail to record some horrid outrage or deed of blood. To confer upon a man any office charged with the enforcement of the laws is to virtually sentence him to death. Where it is going to end defies computation. Places like Lodz or Warsaw are in a state of chronic lawlessness and rebellion and yet rebellion never quite arrives. The

NICHOLAS—"Hang it all, that's the third time I've missed that bear! Do any of you happen to have, er—a bomb?"
—*Jugend* (Munich)

powers of government which are specially designed for guaranteeing the enjoyment of life and property break down when an attempt is made to exercise it among a population a small proportion of which is ready to immolate itself so long as it can by so doing destroy those whom it hates. That is the terrible condition of Russia and the end of its troubles is not in sight. Repressive measures have not so far succeeded in their object.

The conflict over the separation of church and state in France goes on as an epoch-making event. It is probable that only the most intimate acquaintance with France could make any opinion on the matter valuable. A perusal of what is being written does not offer much light. The effect produced by such violent measures as the expulsion of the Papal delegate from France, the eviction of Cardinal Richard from his palace, the scenes incident to the inventory of church property, and the other acts in connection with the enforcement of the law, which have all the outward appearance of confiscation and spoliation, have created sympathy for the clergy in unexpected quarters. English newspapers, which are not certainly the mouthpieces of Rome, have entered their protest against the ruthlessness of the separation law and its accompanying executive acts.

However vague the details may be the large outlines are clear enough. The Republican leaders of France have for years complained of clerical hostility to the Republic. It must be thought that public opinion supports them in this feeling of resentment, for the elections of a few months ago turned mainly on the question whether the campaign against what has been termed clericalism should be continued, and the friends of the Republic won an overwhelming victory. The tendency and purpose of the separation law is to democratise the church. The affairs of each church building will be in the hands of a committee of laymen, who would have the means of making it unpleasant for the incumbent should he be suspected of harbouring hostile feeling towards the political *status quo*. It is scarcely to be expected that the Vatican could at once accept a resolution so unwelcome and so contrary to its ideals in church government. In refusing to accept the legislation or to accede to public opinion the Holy See has at least shown undaunted resolution, for the difficulties in its way seem insuperable. The statement is made that in almost every parish the annual declaration required by law for the holding of public meetings, or in other words for the preaching of the Gospel, has been made, although not by the priest. Churchmen assert that the declaration has been made by the friends of the Government who "never set their foot within a church door." What is the priest to do? Is he to go on ministering

to his flock thus organised or obey his superiors and abstain from preaching? He cannot gather together a flock elsewhere without applying for leave to hold a public meeting. And then there is the question of the maintenance of the clergy when the public aid upon which they have hitherto subsisted is withdrawn. The Pope has promised large contributions from his revenues for this purpose and further contributions are expected from Great Britain, Austria and America. We of to-day are assuredly the spectators of the most extraordinary changes in the intellectual, spiritual and political world that have occurred in any time in the history of the world.

The letters patent granting responsible government to the Transvaal have been issued and there is now before Parliament a similar constitution for the Orange River Colony. The difference between the two cases is that in the Transvaal the British population bears some equality with the Boer population. In the Orange River Colony the Boer overwhelmingly predominates. There has been some outcry at virtually handing over the government of the colony to men whose rifles are still hot from use in an anti-British war. It may be supposed that Lord Elgin and Mr. Churchill, his lieutenant, feel the difficulties of the situation as strongly as any one. But whatever course were taken there would be difficulties. There seems no place in this Empire of ours for a constitution that deprives white men of the right to govern themselves. Safeguards have been inserted in the instrument which may be supposed to be efficacious in preventing the liberty conferred from being employed in subverting the political allegiance of the state, but in the main they bear a likeness to similar provisions in the constitution of Canada. The King has the right of veto, and the Upper Chamber is an appointive one. The same statements can be made of Canada, so that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State cannot think that they are being treated to new-fangled constitutional principles.

John A. Ewan

THE SEPARATION LAW

FRENCH PREFECT: "Can't you fellows understand that it's liberty we are giving you?" —*Figaro* (Paris).

MUSICAL PROSE IS PRESENT YET

MR. W. B. YEATS, Celtic lyrist and chief mourner for the literary music of a by-gone day, declares that the soul of prose is dead in our time and that only the inert carcass remains in the nk-wells of to-day. This he attributes to the fact that the writings of the authors of our age are not heard, and were never intended to be. Mr. Yeats harks back to the days of the minstrels of old, who dowered mighty deeds with immortality in reverberant sagas which were intoned to the accompaniment of the harp. He lauds the rustic of the time as one who drew culture from Mother Earth at first hand.

"Everywhere the same respectable, lifeless, insipid product," he complains, in speaking of the prose productions of present-day writers, and he seeks to revive the old Celtic sagas and to reinspire our written language with the rhythmic charm which he declares was dominant in earlier days. If he should succeed in adding to the music of our literary product in the smallest degree, he will have accomplished a great and a beneficent work; but a search of even the passing literature of the hour does not entirely bear out his contention that our prose is unmusical, while the works of those writers who may justly expect to be remembered a decade after their exits from their workshops absolutely refute the charge.

As proof against Mr. Yeats' somewhat pessimistic view of the field of present-day literature, there stands the work of a Canadian. In the American metropolis there lives a man, tall and eccentric of appearance, arrived at middle age, but whose work retains all the joyousness of youth, whi'e always through his pages croons the wizardry of an exquisite rhythm. Bliss Carman is writing poetry and prose which, if pure lilting music is to be the standard of excellence, need fear comparison with the products of the pens of none of the greatest who have gone before. His lyrics are all melody, which sing themselves upon the mental tongue, and can scarcely be read inaudibly, while one cannot read from the pages of any of his collections of essays without a haunting suspicion that the printer has inhumanly erred, and that the whole thing should have been set in verse form.

Nor is this an isolated case. The prose of Robert Louis Stevenson, who is too recently gone to claim citizenship in the realm of the past, and certainly not in the dim antiquity which Mr. Yeats laments, is another instance of singing prose. It is just as impossible to evade the slow and soothing rhythm, as he describes the snow falling on the roof of the little house in the cemetery in that artistic morsel, "A Lodging for the Night," as it is to forget the more buoyant flow of many other passages from his works, and he has written nothing which is unmusical or "insipid."

Another, recently departed, and a friend of the brave-hearted Louis, is William Ernest Henley, poet and critic. His writings, whether prose or verse, are all impossible of impeachment on the ground of absence of music from their construction. His prose is buoyant and his verse is veritable song.

Oscar Wilde, whatever he may have been, wrote some of the most exquisite prose poems ever penned in any language. Indeed, it is contended by many adequate critics, that in this regard he has never been equalled.

Writing to-day is Kenneth Grahame, whose words, while set in the conventional garb of prose, bear with them all the magic melody of verse. His unstudied studies of child-life breathe out

the breath of a summer's day, while their clear vision of the child-heart shed the radiance of sunlight on the half-forgotten fields of long ago.

The names come fast. It is not a search of collection but of selection. Barrie, LeGalliene, Roberts, and a host of others all attest the living presence of music in our prose. In fact, there are but few, other than purely scientific or economic writers, who have attained even a measure of favour from readers of any culture whose lines do not, at least occasionally, sing themselves into the memory.

But there is some reason for Mr. Yeats' contention, though perhaps attributable to other causes than those to which he ascribes the ill. The great bulk of the written matter of the present deals with financial and economic questions. With these, the pages of the daily press, the monthlies, and even the fiction of the hour are filled. The clear appreciation of these writings demands a mental rather than a sentimental attitude of approach, and to the task of understanding treatises on the ills of public institutions, or the constructive propaganda of this exponent or that, one must bring a mind unclouded by the soothing charm of rhythm.

Bliss Carman, in his Kinship of Nature, has said that the art of writing musical prose partakes of the hypnotic power of the snake-charmer, and that it is even achieved through a description of auto-hypnotism, lulling the intelligence, so that freer access may be had to the doors of the heart. This must be found to be true by all who read his wonderful book and resign themselves to its spell.

Take for experiment a passage from the essays of Prof. Goldwin Smith, one of the greatest of living stylists. Having perused this, you know that you have read a piece of immaculate prose, a clear and incisive enunciation of a mental process. But turn to Mr. Carman's essays on Nature, and you have walked in a spring wood or watched the autumn leaves falling through a golden glory. In the one case you have read a book; in the other you have enjoyed an experience. It is the difference between head and heart appreciation.

Music has not fled. It is only that the literature of the world has become so much more prolific that the everyday matters which, in the earlier times, were confined to the converse of men in the market place and upon the highway have now found their way into the world of print. Of old, the learned few wielded the pen for the few learned enough to read their works. The minstrels were men, aloof from the battle of life, who sat by the wayside dreaming or singing the gallant deeds of their more active fellows.

To-day this body has increased in numbers, and has been swelled by the entrance of men of action who speak through the printed page with impassioned pen to larger hearings than they could have reached in many lifetimes of the old exhortations. Again, the government of the people by the people requires a great share of the space of the press which alone has made it possible. The great task of teaching the unlearned the very rudiments of education falls largely to that medium. In the old days the king governed, and secured the necessary knowledge of his realm by private report. To-day the people rule, and without the spread of knowledge of the great questions of public interest through the various branches of the press, the power of representative government would be as empty a right as it would have been in the days when the common people gleaned their knowledge of such matters as were not purely local from the alehouse gossip of passing travellers.

As to the cultured rustic of old time, I venture to say that the farmer of to-day, engrossed in the question of crops, as he doubtless is, absorbs quite as much appreciation from the soil he tills with the most modern of appliances as did his plodding prototype as he laboriously pressed his rude ploughshare along the uneven furrows of his meagre plot.

Mr. Yeats declares that no man may attain to a high order of culture and leave himself sufficient time to make a material success of his life. The most

cultured of the successful in material things may, he says, be put to shame by the "ragged art student who occasionally calls to borrow a sovereign." It is also true that any cobbler may put him to the blush for his lack of knowledge of boots. But the culture of the art student is like the craft of the cobbler, the knowledge required for production. It is necessary that the world should have artists and cobblers that the world may have pictures and boots. It is likely that the art student would not have found it necessary to "call" had he mixed with his special knowledge as much of the financier's acumen as that gentleman has managed to acquire of his cultured taste.

The jesters of the early courts were also perhaps the most cultured men in them save for a few hoary sages whose chief merchantable wares were gloomy prophecies. This culture of to-day, which Mr. Yeats thinks so inadequate, is not the culture of an individual nor of a lifetime. It is the accumulated culture of ages. The ancestors of the men of whom he speaks were probably reckoning with notches on sticks when the sagas which he laments were composed. Further, it must be remembered that those sagas were written in the days of gallant deeds, the "Days of Chivalry," and any newspaper reporter will tell you that the big "story" tells itself. It is the "items" that tax his vocabulary.

Mr. Yeats is wrong when he says that the weary have not the energy for any but meretricious books. Granted a man of some taste, the greater the rhythm of the prose the easier will be the reading, while poetry will be found the easiest and most restful of all. There is a wider spread of culture in the world to-day than there has ever been. The average ability to appreciate literature is vastly higher than in earlier days. We are still progressing, and the prose of present-day writers which is not unmusical or "insipid" is doing the lion's share of the work.

Nevertheless, good luck to Mr. Yeats in his mission. His view may be a trifle gloomy, but no great work was ever done by an absolutely contented man, and if he can add one note to the music of our prose, the world will be his debtor.

James P. Haverson

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS

SELDOM has the publication of political observations and experiences caused greater or more widespread interest than has the appearance of the memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), who died about six years ago. The memoirs have been before the public for some time, but the English translation was later to appear. The mere fact that the German Emperor was much annoyed because of the publication of these manuscripts, sufficiently attests their importance and significance. In them is revealed a great deal of the intrigue and narrowness that is characteristic of many of those who get close to the Crown. Prince Hohenlohe, during his lifetime, had a rare opportunity to observe the influences that sway the destinies of nations, and posterity will thank him for having the courage to order, contrary to a severe custom and rigid etiquette, the publication after his death of many things of importance that he saw and heard. One cannot help wondering what prompted him to do that, but little importance, after all, attaches to the motive, if it was a good motive. The revelations of most interest outside the German Empire are those that show the dire influences that made for the promotion of war, and that imperilled international peace and goodwill. Bismarck is not pictured as the great statesman we have supposed him to have been, but he is set up rather as a crafty, unsparing, astute diplomat, with the military tendency highly developed. When we come face to face with conditions such as are revealed in these memoirs, we cannot help shuddering at the stupendous consequences (perhaps nearer to us than we imagine) that constantly wait the world over on the whims and caprices of individuals. To be a king or an emperor or a prime minister is a thing of importance in times of peace, and of supreme importance in times of

war. Surely the day is not far distant when no individual in order to further sectional, family or personal ambitions, shall be able to cause the clashing of nations. If the Hohenlohe memoirs do nothing more than to arouse men in power to the sacredness of their trust, they will serve an excellent purpose.

THE HUMOUR OF LOVE

TWO more delightful volumes could scarcely be conceived than the ones entitled "The Humour of Love," by Tom Masson (New York: Moffat, Yard & Company). One volume is a selection of humorous writings on love in verse, while the other covers the same ground in prose. Most persons have been accustomed to read of love as an all-consuming quantity, as something that must not be considered in any but a serious mood. Mr. Masson is not one of that kind, and his own verse has an excellent reputation as an antidote of the customary overdone morsel. He is editor of *Life*, and therefore has had an excellent opportunity to observe the style of verse and prose of which his two volumes deal. The selections in prose run from Thackeray to Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") and most of the favourite humorists are represented, such as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and E. W. Townsend. The verse runs from Shakespeare to Wallace Irwin and Tom Masson, and includes Byron, Lover, Cowper, Ben Jonson, Bret Harte, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Russel Lowell and Clinton Scollard.

Here is a sample by John Boyle O'Reilly:

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

THE ANCIENT GLORY OF IRELAND

FEW countries afford a more attractive field for the lover of picturesque historical associations than does Ireland, the land of Brian and Cormac and St. Patrick and the valley of the Boyne. Most persons who attempt to deal with it historically fall into sectarian discussion or unhappy abuse, and thus the higher purpose of historical writing is sacrificed. One of the most pleasing books on ancient Irish legend and the more reliable traces of early Irish history, appeared recently under the title "The Fair Hills of Ireland" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). It is written by Stephen Gwynn and illustrated by Hugh Thomson. There are four coloured plates, all done in excellent taste, and thirty-one other illustrations. The frontispiece is a character sketch, "The Shanachie," done in colours. While the work is of much greater dignity than a guide-book, it will be found of invaluable service to those travellers who are not mere "birds of passage," but who wish to glean information from actual observation, and to carry lasting impressions of value. Beginning at the Boyne the book describes the evidences that still remain of the early occupants of the Emerald Isle, and the descriptions embody in an entertaining way the history of the country as it is given in some particular mound or ruin or tomb or hillside. It is a book that will appeal to Irishmen in particular, and to travellers and lovers of antiquity in general.

NOTES

"Three Boys and a Girl," by Anne Helena Woodruff (Cincinnati: Jennings and Graham), is a thoroughly wholesome and natural story for either boys or girls, and is intended to inspire a love of useful amusements and undertakings. The book is well illustrated.

Admirers of Jack London's writings find it almost impossible to keep up with his prolific pen. One of his latest productions is "Scorn of Women," a play in three acts, published in a chaste, artistic volume by the Macmillan Company of Canada. The scene of the play is Dawson City, and the time 1897. The action is complete in thirteen hours. As the piece is so replete with "business," it is difficult to judge its merits off the stage.

THE WINTER LAKES

OUT in a world of death, far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles and miles of lake far out under the night;
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Wilfred Campbell

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

DURING the last few years there has been a steady growth of an association whose influence extends throughout the homes of Ontario. Canada is a country of few cities and of many farms. That such may long be its condition is the wish of most patriotic citizens. Therefore, any change that affects the life of the farm means a change to the whole nation. For a long time, the Farmers' Institutes have meant much to the men engaged in agricultural pursuits. But of recent years the movement has extended to the wives and daughters, with a result which is simply amazing. Now, the Ontario Women's Institute includes a membership of ten thousand, doing a work the value of which cannot be overestimated.

It was all very well for Dr. Watts and other men to preach to women about the beauty of sweeping floors and washing dishes. There is a point where the drudgery of such toil becomes unbearable, and the modern woman is not going to become a drudge if she can help it. Hence it became necessary to discover something in household science that would show the reason and the method in all keeping of the home which would raise it above the unmeaning toil it too often becomes. Women of superior intelligence found that there is no more important sphere for the latest scientific effort than may be discovered within the walls of the farm home. "The man with the hoe," according to Millet's brutal figure, is seldom seen in Canada; but the woman over the washtub was a picture not much happier.

It has dawned upon the world of womankind that the operations of the kitchen, the laundry and the garden need not be drudgery, but may be, when carried out after the most approved methods, productive of that real satisfaction which comes from effective work carried out in the spirit of intelligence and progress.

The Ontario Women's Institute is in sympathy with this practical movement, especially as it relates to rural life. Throughout the year, wherever there is a branch of this organisation, meetings are held where subjects of domestic interest are discussed, and suggestions of the widest scope are received and reviewed. The report for 1905 shows the great variety of subjects under consideration, including First Aid to Injured, Courtesy in the Home, Economy in Small Things, Poultry Raising, Nature Study and Home Nursing.

But in order to understand the Women's Institute, you must visit (as I did last December) the annual meeting, and see and hear for yourself just what is

SNOWSHOE GIRLS OF MACDONALD HALL

being done. The meeting takes place appropriately in the Massey Hall, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, where on December 12th, 1906, hundreds of women gathered from all over our wide-scattered Province. Mr. George A. Putnam, Superintendent, reviewed the year's work in a fashion that showed the growing enthusiasm in the association, and Miss Agnes Smith, of Hamilton; Miss Isobel Rife, Miss M. U. Watson, and Mrs. Helen Wells contributed to the day's programme of "lecturettes." Dr. Hodgetts, of Toronto, spoke on the "Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis," a subject that is of the utmost importance wherever the white plague exists.

But the greatest interest of the convention was shown in Miss Watson's address on "Labour-Saving Devices for the Housewife," which was accompanied by practical demonstrations in connection with certain articles of domestic use. Miss Watson is at the head of the Macdonald Institute, and is a most capable chief officer for one of the finest institutions in Canada.

On the second morning of the convention, Professor H. H. Dean spoke on the production of milk, Miss L. Shuttleworth on its care and handling, Dr. Helen MacMurchy from a doctor's point of view. If you wish to know the difference between milk that *is* milk and that which is a mere apology therefor, drink a glass of Ontario College milk, and then come home to the city product. The disease that lurks in filthy milk has been heard of many times, but Dr. MacMurchy made it exceedingly clear that modern dairy conditions are not at all what they should be, and that it is woman's duty to see that they are improved.

The afternoon was devoted to a paper by Dr. Webster on the care of the mouth and teeth, and an address by Professor Evans on colour in the household. Then there was an opportunity given to the delegates to visit all departments of the College, which in itself is an inspiration to those who want to do things.

There is an absurd antagonism manifested by some "advanced" women towards the other half of humanity, as if any really intelligent man were going

to oppose the true progress of women. Such is not the case in Canada. Canadian women, in their various undertakings, can usually rely on masculine support, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the reeve of the township. There is no more enthusiastic believer in the Women's Institute than President Creelman or Mr. C. C. James. The latter gave a sympathetic address, which was a happy combination of culture and agriculture.

Best of all features of this convention is the atmosphere of optimism and good-will. You can fairly hear and see the country growing and prospering as you listen to the speakers and watch the eager faces of the audience. As Mrs. Brews said, referring to Ella Wilcox's classification of people into those who lift and those who lean—"we want more lifters and fewer leaners."

If you ask, What has been done by the Institute?—the answer must take varied aspects. It has gathered thousands of women together who have learned from the best modern lecturers of the laws of health and home-keeping. It has created a sympathy such as has never existed before among the home-makers of the Province. It has broadened and therefore brightened the lives of a host of women who have found a new interest in the interchange of domestic ideas. Every good comes from an idea—whether it be planted in the brown earth, put in a drain, baked in the oven, or hung upon the wall. Therefore, to the Ontario Women's Institute there is warm congratulation on what has already been accomplished and every good wish for future development.

ARE WOMEN UNBUSINESSLIKE

A WOMAN possessing or assuming the charming name of "Maud L'Estrange" has written with some indignation to an English magazine protesting against the recent charge that women conduct their business meetings with scant regard for parliamentary rules, and are guilty of knowing practically nothing about business methods.

Miss L'Estrange points out that it is really the so-called "smart set" against which this charge is made, and that a Charity Bazaar or a Hospital Ball can hardly come under the head of business. She forcibly concludes with the statement:

"There is a very large, a very considerable body of women workers who do use their fullest capacities in the furtherance of public work, such as Mrs. Scarlieb, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Frances Low, Miss Cobden, and others with brilliant records, who have helped forward the great movements of modern times towards the emancipation of women and the betterment of the condition of humanity, whose names will shine out on the rolls of fame long after the 'Smart Set,' with their extravagances and follies, have been forgotten for all time."

PICTORIAL OR CREATIVE

WE British are sometimes told weird things by our friends in the United States. Some one actually wrote an article of about four thousand words to the effect that Dickens did not know anything about the celebration of Christmas until his famous visit to Uncle Sam's country, and that all his tender, immortal Yuletide tales are founded on his experiences on this side of the Atlantic. A New York editor accepted and published this extremely amusing bit of fiction. Washington Irving might have told the writer better.

A woman, writing some months ago for the *New England Magazine* on the creative element in works of fiction, made this somewhat astounding statement regarding Sir Walter Scott: "But did the wizard create? Never! He wove the finest stories known. He threw his soul into the making of his tales, instead of making his men and women."

O rare Sir Walter! We pity the reader who has found merely the story and has failed to know the Dominie, Friar John, Caleb Balderstone, Flora McIvor and, above all, Jeanie Deans, who is one of the noblest figures that haunt the galleries of imagination. In fact, such a crowd of old friends come at the very mention of Sir Walter's

name that we are embarrassed by the riches of their memory.

LUXURY OR COMFORT

MRS. ALEX. TWEEDIE is an English woman with a decided fondness for travel and with an ability to discourse vivaciously on the people she has met and the conditions she has observed. She approves highly of the attention bestowed upon women in this western world, finding the United States women exceedingly attractive, but the men of the country rather dull and absorbed in business. She is of the opinion that there is "any amount of luxury in the States, but little real comfort. It is a life of *foie gras* and champagne, ill-swept rooms and dirty harness. Things are done on a magnificent scale, gorgeous dinner parties and lunches with every possible luxury are common; the people dress superbly, and yet little comforts are often missing; the joy of clean boots is a luxury; there are few libraries to which one can subscribe and see all the latest books for a small sum; newspapers are more filled with horrors than news; and the pretty flowers one is accustomed to in English homes are seldom found, in the first place because they are so expensive that they can only be enjoyed on occasions, and secondly because the housewife has so many more important duties to fulfil that she cannot spend her time in watering and arranging flowers. Even afternoon tea is still a luxury."

THE BORROWER OF TROUBLE

WHO does not know her—the woman who borrows such a deal of trouble that she is in eternal debt, and keeps those about her in the eternal torment? In the days of our grandmamma she took hysterics, but in these days she has "nerves" which are always getting tied up on the slightest provocation, until their owner betakes herself to a rest-cure and her friends get a chance to have a little of the same.

The borrower of trouble seems to consider herself an unselfish character, but she is really a source of unpleasantness and sometimes of actual distress. Worry spreads as easily as the measles, and, alas! there is no isolation hospital in which the worrier may be kept. She worries about the coffee getting cold and about her husband not wearing a heavy overcoat, and about the probability of the cook becoming the wife of the butcher's assistant and deserting the scene of her present activities. The born borrower of trouble can find nothing too insignificant to be worried about.

The over-anxious parent is a familiar object, shrieking at Tommie lest he fall from the tree and break his precious neck, urging upon Dorothy the desirability of rubbers. Then there is the spinster borrower of woe, who is sure that her darling "tabby" is going to take a fit and that the coal merchant is not giving her the proper weight of the necessary fuel. Who cares? No one is going to take your small worries or mine to heart, but everyone will vote us bores if we keep on crossing these bridges to which we seldom come. The art of living is to conceal your woes, real and imaginary. "Grin and bear it" is a good if prosaic bit of advice, and if you cannot grin you can at least put up with the present. The curious fact is, that the people who have real troubles face the world with serene aspect, and those who are everlastingly fretting have small cause for complaint—which is more than may be said for their friends.

WOOD-CARVING FOR WOMEN

THERE is a department of manual training for women which has lately come in for a large share of over-due attention. In most cities and towns of Canada there are now classes in this useful and ennobling art. The cheap atrocities of poor furniture are gradually being replaced by better workmanship. Women are learning that plush bags and a multitude of "drapes" are not necessary to an attractive interior, and they are also going back to the ideals of our great-grandparents in the matter of home furnishings.

Jean Graham

A New Canadian Poet

By W. T. ALLISON

An appreciation of the qualities that have given Miss Coleman a leading place among our native singers

IN the days of Keats and Wordsworth, yes, even in the age of Tennyson and Browning, a new poet, no matter how worthy, was never sure of a warm reception when first he made his bow to the reviewers. We order things differently in the twentieth century. It is safe to say that both in England and in America a new poet of originality and power, a singer with a real message, will meet not only with kindness at the hands of the reviewers, but with quite an enthusiastic welcome. A fresh voice has been heard of late in our own Canada, and merit has been instantly recognised. A book of poems with the very plain title, "Songs and Sonnets," was published by William Briggs at the Christmas season just overpast, and has already been crowned by leading literary critics of this country as a most valuable contribution to Canadian literature by a new writer. We really owe the appearance of this attractive and much-discussed volume to the leading spirits of the Tennyson Club of Toronto, who prevailed upon one of their number, Miss Helena Coleman, to allow her poems to be published under the auspices of the club. The members of this Toronto literary circle have done well; they have cause to rejoice over the fact that the Queen City possesses a poet who can rival even the Ottawa singers in style and strength of thought.

MISS HELENA COLEMAN, AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND SONNETS"

Special Photograph by Herbert E. Simpson

Although Miss Coleman, the new poet, is an entire stranger to the writer of this article, and is averse to any personal introduction to the reading public, there are two or three facts which may give the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE some idea as to her identity.

Miss Helena Coleman is the only sister of Professor Coleman, the well-known geologist, with whom she has

lived in Toronto for some years. Although in one sense somewhat of a recluse, owing to the result of an illness in early life, Miss Coleman has been a great traveller. At various times she has made more or less protracted visits to Europe, the West Indies and the Southern States. Her poems indicate that she has viewed life in its many aspects both at home and abroad. Most frequent references, however, are made to Canadian scenes. Miss Coleman knows her own land well; she has camped in the Rocky Mountains and is a lover of the stern grandeurs of that Alpine region, but knows better the serene beauties of the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence. She usually spends some months of the year at her summer home, "Pinehurst," one of the Thousand Islands.

Although Miss Coleman has been writing poetry for many years, she has never yielded to the poetic impulse from ambition or from any desire to figure prominently in the domain of letters. During the last few years she has been contributing occasional prose to the "Atlantic Monthly," and verse as well as prose to many American magazines, but each and every piece of work has been published over a *nom de plume*. We understand that the publishers of her present volume had very great difficulty in persuading her to allow her name to appear. Miss Coleman invites criticism and shrinks from praise. Poets or artists of this disposition are very rare and, when they are discovered, the critic, however anxious he may be to expose defects, finds, as in the present instance, that there is scarce opportunity to do anything but applaud. Having given these sparing touches of a personal kind, let us examine the style and subject-matter of these poems introduced to us by the Tennyson Club.

"So far as criticism goes," says a recent writer, "it is the technical side of verse which needs most to be studied."* A poet stands or falls according to the construction and cadence of the verse. Very rich ideas may be ruined by redundancy of words in expressing them; a large and ordered beauty of imagination may fail in effect because of a lack of a stately measure; in any body of verse if the rhymed words and the stressed words are frequently insignificant, the rhymer may be dismissed with scant ceremony as no poet. Redundancy, harshness and poverty are the infallible marks of the poetaster. The latter weakness has to do with a writer's content of thought, but the former evils are essentially faults of style. The poet's claim to fame, then, depends very largely on his or her mastery of outward form or technique, on skill in phrasing, in emphasis and in sonority of verse.

Measured by such canons of taste, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Coleman's style singles her out at once from the great crowd of latter-day lamp-poetry magazine versifiers. Her command of rhythm is very pleasing, and because of her love of Latinised English reaches a certain degree of opulence which cannot fail to give any lover of cadence great delight. Yet in spite of her love for colour and sonority our new poet is at all times eminently clear. Her ease and precision of phrase enable her to avoid that sin of redundancy which more than anything makes for obscurity. Miss Coleman is such a lover of the concrete, that even when dealing with abstract subjects the reader finds no difficulty in taking her meaning. With regard to her choice of subjects, she is a disciple of Browning, but she is entirely free from Browningesque hardness and diffuseness of style. Her titles are too often uninviting and abstract, but her verses while dignified are easily understood. Such unfortunate titles as "Postponement," "Invocation," "Conquest," "Confidence," "Inaction," "Gifts," "Achievement," "Analogy," "Opportunity," "Monotony," "Enlargement," "The Sense of Mystery," "Certitude," and "Absence," are truly formidable, and suggest the index to Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics." On first reading these gray and dreary titles we expect nothing but a cold douche of abstract disquisition. Miss Coleman's titles, however, need not frighten the reader; let him dip into the poem, and all becomes

*C. F. Keary, *Fortnightly Review*, Nov., 906

warmth, colour and light. This reassuring word can be said even of "Analogy," the worst-named and hardest-grained poem in the whole collection.

Miss Coleman shows her mastery of music and saves herself from the sin of monotony by her attempts at different measures and by variety in stanza form. Her metre, which is sometimes too irregular and at times faulty, but on the whole exceedingly well managed, varies from the swinging music of such a verse as the following from "On the Trail":

> Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
> When the wind is in your face,
> And a thunder-storm is brewing,
> And night comes down apace—
> 'Tis then you feel the wonder
> And immensity of space!

to the graceful playfulness of her poem "Since Reading Maeterlinck":

> I used to think the honey-bee
> A harmless little fellow,
> An animated symphony
> Done up in brown and yellow.
> But since I read my Materlinck
> I really don't know what to think!

or advances to the stately and solemn cadence of her sonnet-style in which she is at her best:

> Encompassed by a thousand nameless fears,
> I see life's little day begin to wane,
> And hear the well-loved voices call in vain
> Across the narrowing margin of my years;
> And as the Valley of the Shadow nears,
> Such yearning tides of tenderness and pain
> Sweep over me that I can scarce restrain
> The gathering flood of ineffectual tears.

From these quotations, which for musical charm could be matched fifty times in this book of poems, we have surely arrived at the conclusion that Miss Coleman's style is an instrument of clarity, grace, flexibility and power.

It is a very great triumph to have evolved a style of such sonority and strength; it is a still greater triumph to have uttered a message of corresponding distinction. The modern makers of lamp-poetry are, as a rule, hollow voices sounding down the wind, mere echoes of their masters, or else trifling jongleurs whose only object is to amuse. Their chief sin is one of omission; their verse is worthless because of poverty of thought. They have no individuality, no message, no impassioned word for a waiting world. They are entirely unable to measure up to Matthew Arnold's dictum that the poetry which reaches the soul must be at bottom a criticism of life. We believe that Miss Coleman's songs and sonnets would have pleased even such a severe critic as the serious-minded apostle of sweetness and light. Our new Canadian poet has much in common with Matthew Arnold. Just as he did, she knows how to combine concreteness and colour with a certain noble simplicity and restraint of style, and like Arnold, she loves best of all to devote her thought to the deep things of the soul. If we miss in her bracing pages the gentle pessimism of Arnold, we discover over and over again that she too is acquainted with the doubt and restless intellectual questioning of our day in matters of faith, and she shares with him a tremendous earnestness in dealing with the problems of life and destiny. To every thoughtful Canadian Miss Coleman's poetry should prove deeply interesting, for it is a criticism of life; this new poet of ours knows life in its sadness, gladness and beauty, and sings of it in relation to Nature and to God.

It is in her treatment of Nature that Miss Coleman's loyalty to the Arnold dictum is most pronounced. Of the many nature-pieces in this book, only three or four stand unrelated to human life. A passion for landscape-painting has been one of the vices of Canadian poets; they have never tired of drawing cameos, picturing the lonely lakes, the autumn woods, the flowery fields, yet, beautiful as many of these poems are, somehow we feel that our poets as a class are unsympathetic with the toils and heart-aches of humanity. Miss Coleman has indulged in this popular form of art for art's sake in her poems on "September," "The Dawn," and "The Coming of Autumn," but in nearly all her nature-pieces she links the world of trees and fields and flowers to the struggles and joys and sorrows of the soul. If she paints a landscape she places a human being in the foreground, and it would be well if her example might be

followed by all the wood-ranging, botanical, still-life school of Canadian singers. We have had much description of Nature in her many moods, but we need more warm soul life in our poetry. It is all well and proper to luxuriate in hectic descriptions of Indian Summer, and every Canadian poet has tried his hand at this fascinating subject, but few, few, all too few, have been the rhapsodists who have combined beautiful description with spiritual teaching. The following stanzas illustrate Miss Coleman's manner:

The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;
Vague longings in the heart arise,
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, though it lies
Close to the place of tears.

We share the ecstacy profound
That broods in everything around,
And by the wilderness are crowned—
Its silent worship know.
O when our Indian Summer days
Divide the parting of the ways,
May we, too, linger here in praise
Awhile before we go!

Again, our new poet goes to Nature for the joy of comradeship, which she finds in field and wood:

The silence of thy forest ways
Has given peace to troubled days;
And all thy lovely, leafy things
Have brought the joy a comrade brings.

Nature not only gladdens her but gives new strength and inspiration with which to face the duties of life. In one of the loveliest of her poems, Miss Coleman describes the lilacs spreading their fragrant arms about the deserted old homestead:

As if with beauty they would hide
The fallen fortunes of the race,
Still cherishing with love and pride
The old traditions of the place.

So year by year they closer press,
And every season slowly spread,
Praising with silent loveliness
The unknown, long-forgotten dead.

One of the poet's favourite fancies, a thought which she emphasises in several poems, and which she expands in sonnet-form, is that the earth grows more beautiful as we grow old. This is her richest contribution to the study of Nature. But Nature would be neither beautiful nor charming if she could not see "the living soul behind."

And lovely are Earth's various moods,
Her winter snows, her summer woods,
Her meadows green and broad;
But O, I find no loveliness
In mountain, sea or sky unless
Their changing forms to me express
The changelessness of God!

Her thought of God is

Of some enfolding Care that dwells behind
The fixed, dividing walls of circumstance.

Her teaching with respect to the Fatherhood of God is summed up for us in one of the most effective stanzas in her book:

With beauty lavished everywhere,
With love still ours in priceless store—
And back of all the unseen Care—
O faithless heart, what would'st thou more?

Cherishing such a firm belief in God, Miss Coleman might be expected to maintain a sure and certain hope that this life does not end all. Steeped in the questionings and analogies of modern science, it can still be said of her that she walks by faith, not by sight:

So in the vast and limitless unknown,
That wraps us with its fearful night around,
At first the beam by faith or knowledge thrown,
Seems but to make the darkness more profound,
But presently one step ahead is shown—
Enough to prove that it is solid ground.

In another sonnet she argues that because there may be colours beyond the violet rays so there may be

Far wider realms that lie
Beyond our spirit borders.

In this matter, however, she trust to logic not so much as to

That fine sense whereby we are aware
Of something in ourselves that does not spring
From life without, or in its fulness share;
But like a captive bird with quivering wing,
Strains ever to its native, purer air.

It is in the hour of pain and suffering that she becomes most certain of the life beyond:

But in the night of trial and distress
The quickened soul to vaster realms draws near;
And o'er the borders of our consciousness
Foretokens of the Infinite appear.

Her thought on this subject is gathered

into compact form in the poem "Analogy," concluding with the following stanzas which cannot fail to appeal to every soul that yearns for fuller life beyond the borders and the coasts of time:

The heart attuned to love doth find
Love waiting at the door;
He who to knowledge turns his mind
Finds knowledge there before,
And shall the deepest want we know,
The spirit's anguished cry
For kinship through the darkness, go
Unanswered from on high?

Along with these finer intuitions and spiritual perceptions we find in Miss Coleman's poetry a warm humanity. She loves the human brotherhood. In what is probably the most strikingly original poem in the collection, she tells us how she sorrowed at a stranger's burial. Had she met him in his day of health and youthful strength, perchance she would have passed him by, but death drew forth her sympathy and became the great revealer of brotherhood.

And though I went my way with eyelids wet
For grief of one whom I had never met,
Because his day so soon was ended, yet
I turned my face up Heavenward again,
Believing human love is not in vain;
And, moved and softened by the sudden strain
Of fellowship, I touched the larger mood
Of universal love, and understood
The passion of our common brotherhood.

With such a fellow-feeling for her kind this poet enlists our sympathy for those who struggle on enduring the common lot of toil and grief and pain, and she would not have us forget the obscure heroes who are fighting losing battles amid the hum-drum and monotony of life:

God pity those unknown who daily tread
The desolate, monotonous ways of pain;
And nightly bivouac with their hosts of dead
On silent battle-fields where hearts are slain!

With all her rich and tender sympathy for the human brotherhood, Miss Coleman favours the cultivation of a certain joy of battle and stoicism wherewith to welcome the brunt and pain of life. Her own love of action, of struggle, of grim endurance gives her poetry a tonic power. She would welcome even

The battle-plain,
Where drum and fife
Call to the deadly strife,

rather than spend her days in inglorious idleness and ease. Possessed by a perfect hatred of apathy and inaction, she sings:

Far better in a losing cause to fight
Than feel one's sinews wasting day by day;
Give me the hemlock draught and dreamless night
Before this daily death of apathy!

Actuated by such a spirit she declares that we can master pain, and that good may be the outcome of apparent loss:

O not in vain
These earthly crucibles of pain,
In every loss may still be gain.

Of the many poems in this book which belong to this class, the vigorous lyric, "Opportunity," is worthy of Browning in his stoutest mood, and ought to be sufficient to nerve the most faint-hearted, the most pessimistic, the most sorely-tried, to fight on determined not to yield:

Hast thou been driven to the wall?—
Sound once again thy battle-call.
Thou knowest not what store of strength
Determination yields at length;
When all the outer forces fail,
Sheer inner courage may prevail.

Art thou from service set aside—
Thy cherished hope and work denied?
The greatest task of all may be
To show steadfast serenity.
Not all is lost while we may make
One comrade stronger for our sake.

To make an exhaustive study of this book of poems, devoting adequate treatment to the love element and the lyrics with a distinct Canadian flavour, such as "I Am Content with Canada," would demand impossible space. We shall be content, however, if this appreciation will serve to call the attention of the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to the work of a sincere and high-thought-ed poet, whose optimistic message to all of us may be summed up in the terse phrases—Enjoy Nature, trust in the Unseen Care, love the brotherhood, and fight life's battle with a brave heart.

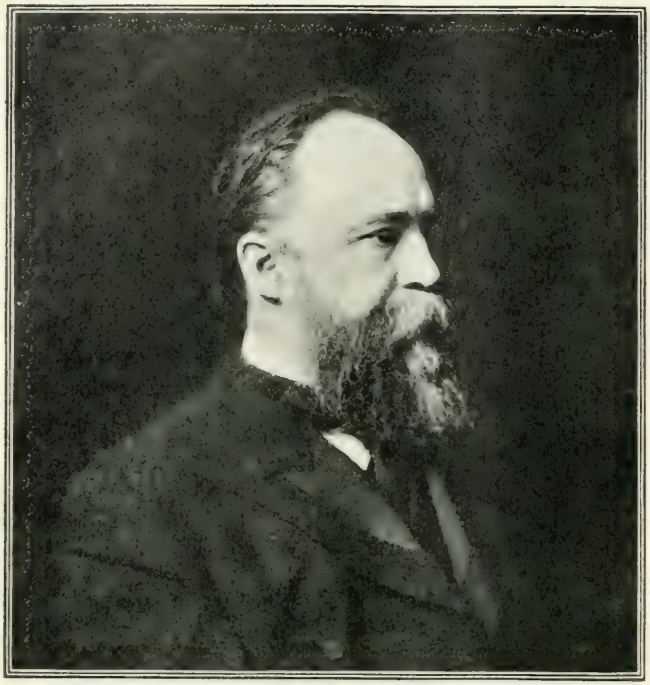
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE COLONIAL PRESS

MR. ARTHUR W. à BECKETT, F.J.I., a Past President of the Institute of Journalists and of the Newspaper Society, recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute a paper entitled "The Colonial Press." Judging from what he had to say about the press of Canada, it must be presumed that he was not even tolerably well qualified to discuss the subject in at least its special aspects, and in justice to him it can be said that he admitted his disqualification in that respect, having been compelled to form his conclusions from the opinions, solicited, of journalists who were supposed to have had opportunities of observing at first hand the press of the colonies in operation. The following is quoted from the paper: "I hear from an expert that the Old Country has nothing to learn from the Canadian press, which is gratifying to my natural, as distinct from my imperial, vanity. It is not unnatural that some of the manners and customs of the neighbours down south should have crossed the Canadian frontier. There is one matter which is certainly deeply interesting to us stay-at-home journalists. The leading Canadian dailies get their British news through New York and through the Canadian Associated Press —which is subsidised by the Canadian Government and is represented by a Canadian in London. I have been told that the Canadian press is unconsciously developing a strong Nationalistic spirit. This is seen in the almost universal advocacy of 'protection for Canadian industries.' The press of Canada, like its

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD

It was painted by Mr. Fred Roe at Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty sat specially for it and now hangs in King Edward VII Grammar School, lately opened at King's Lynn



MR. BYRON E. WALKER
New President, Bank of Commerce

politics, is largely influenced, if not actually dominated, by the manufacturing interest, whose motto is 'Canada for the Canadians.' It is a curious fact that while London letters reflecting British opinion go all over the Australian States, India and the United States, I know of no London letter sent to Canada, except to one or two unimportant papers. The space is devoted to local interests rather than to the interests of the British Empire. So I have been told by those who have been connected for many years with the Canadian press. The papers are, from a journalistic point of view, quite excellent. If there is any fault to find in them it is the absence of the British bias."

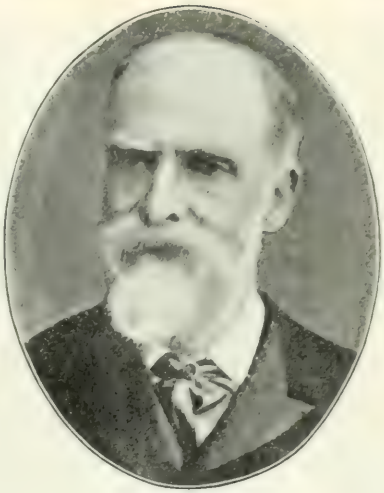
It is rather a sweeping statement to say that the Old Country has nothing to learn from the Canadian press, particularly when just two things are considered—make-up and conciseness. Of course, it must be admitted that as yet the Canadian press cannot support independent cablegrams, and therefore a good deal of foreign and British news does come in through New York. Most of it is sent, however, by the Associated Press, through Buffalo. But it is not fair to presume that there is an American bias, because, generally speaking, the despatches contain what comes under the category of fact and not of comment. Perhaps Mr. à Beckett is not aware that the majority of the papers he mentioned as the most important of the press of Canada publish from time to time special cabled articles from the *London Times*. So far, owing to various reasons, the Canadian Associated Press has not been a success. The "curious" fact that few London letters reflecting British opinion are published in Canada is a credit to Canadian journalism. The letter is out of date even before it arrives, and therefore is of decreasing interest to newspapers that are used to keeping up with the increasing mass of important events all over the world. The comprehensive article finds its place in the monthly magazines.

Mr. à Beckett said, also, that he had been told that in Canada newspaper space was devoted to local interests rather than to the interests of the British Empire. That is as it should and must be. Let Mr. à Beckett look over the newspapers of Great Britain and see whether as much space is given to colonial news as to the news of the British Isles. But it is not only news of the British Empire that we want; we want to know also about the rest of the world. And in this connection it might astonish Mr. à Beckett to know that the very newspapers he accuses of local restrictions, publish more world news, according to their means and opportunities, than the press of any other

country in the world, perhaps without exception. Even the news of our own Dominion is carried by wire over immense distances and at great cost.

Finally, Mr. à Beckett finds fault in the press of Canada because of an absence of the British bias. That is a strange statement from so seasoned a journalist. What we want is fact and a proper balance. There is enough bias now. If there is anything in the Empire to be deplored, let us deplore it; if there is anything to be praised, then let us praise it. But please do not give us things cut on the bias.

If Mr. à Beckett would do a real service for Canada and the Empire, he would use his good influence to induce the British postal authorities to place Old Country newspapers and periodicals entering Canada on at least the same rate with United States publications.

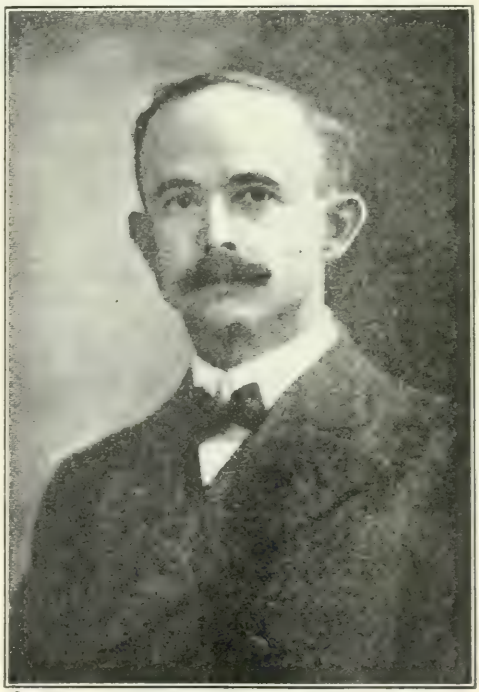


MR. JAMES BRYCE
The new British Ambassador to the United States

Canada have done more to encourage art at home than he has, and his sympathies have been extended in this connection towards the establishment of a compre-

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE

IT had been known to a few persons that Hon. George A. Cox wished to be relieved of some of his most active responsibilities and that one of the first to be relinquished would be the Presidency of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, because there was a gentleman already well-seasoned for the position—Mr. Byron E. Walker, the General Manager. Apart from that, Mr. Walker had long been *de facto* the head of this great banking institution, and his appointment therefore came as a matter of course to those who had been at all qualified to forecast the situation. While Mr. Walker ranks with the great bankers of his time, in the United States and England as well as in Canada, he should be known to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as a gentleman whose high culture and artistic aspirations are rarely exceeded even by those whose daily walk and conversation have not to do mostly with the more prosaic affairs of finance and commerce. He is an educationist of Provincial reputation, having been successively a Senator, a Trustee, and now a Governor of the University of Toronto. Few persons in



JUDGE LINDSEY
Renowned for his success in reforming criminal tendencies in children

HON. G. W. ROSS
Who was recently appointed a Senator

hensive museum of art and to give art a place in the deliberations of the City Council of Toronto. He is also a geologist of widespread reputation, having earned a fellowship of the Geological Society of England.

Mr. Walker is fifty-nine years old, and was born in Haldimand County. He has been connected with the Bank of Commerce for thirty-nine years.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

THE recent visit to Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities of Judge Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, has been of more than ordinary interest. During the last year, *The Century*, *McClure's* and other magazines have fairly acquainted the reading public with the policy of reclamation pursued by Judge Lindsey in his treatment of youthful offenders. Instead of committing a boy to a penal or industrial institution, he tries to win his confidence and thereby discover the circumstances which led to the act of offence. By this means he has been enabled to clear out whole districts which had criminal environment.

The proof of the policy is in the improved condition of a city and state, while the fact that business men of Denver are willing to take Judge Lindsey's "boys" into their offices and factories and give them a trial speaks emphatically for itself. The secret of his success lies in a personal investigation of every case and a personal supervision by the probation officers of all boys who come into court.

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

THE new British Ambassador to the United States, Mr. James Bryce, who has been, since 1905, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is one of the most eminent men of letters of to-day. It seems almost like an acceptable arrangement of fate that the man who in his "American Commonwealth" should have so well appraised the constitution and institutions of the United States should be sent to the capital of that Republic as the Ambassador of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Mr. Bryce has written, also, "The Holy Roman Empire." His writings and speeches have been marked with singular keenness of observation and loftiness of expression. Undoubtedly, he is the most acceptable choice that could have been made for Washington.

A CHANCE IN ONTARIO

THE removal of Hon. George W. Ross from the arena of active party politics in Ontario to the Senate at Ottawa affords a rare opportunity for distinction,

for now, if ever, the Liberal party of Ontario is crying for a Joshua. But will the cry be in vain? Able men there doubtless are, but the "ideal" man seems to be not available at the moment. It is a great opportunity, and it is to be hoped for the general good of the Province that a man of distinguished parts will arise to the occasion. To suit the circumstances, he must be more than a politician and more than an orator. He must be both of these, but as well a man of exceptional resource, unimpeachable character and unfailing magnetism.

Mr. Ross will be remembered in Ontario for his long years of service, particularly in the Department of Education. He will be remembered also as one of the most brilliant orators of his day, and it was in the field of oratory that he afforded a strong impetus to the younger members of the Legislature. His entrance into the Senate should enlarge the interest taken in the debates of that august body.

SPELLING REFORMERS AWAKE

THE movement that began in the United States some time ago to introduce what is called "simplified spelling" is still feeling the impetus it received from President Roosevelt. A "Simplified Spelling Board" has been organised, and a systematic campaign has begun. The board is composed of influential persons, including editors, college professors, and such gentlemen of prominence as Andrew Carnegie, Mark Twain, Isaac K. Funk and Lyman J. Gage. Literature is being distributed broadcast to editors, and an invitation is given to join others in the adoption of the simple forms of spelling, provided a satisfactory number of editors and publishers agree to do likewise. That is a good way to go about it, and it will likely effect a change in the spelling of many words. The list submitted contains about six hundred. The simplified forms suggested are of this nature: Ardor, instead of ardour; accurst, instead of accursed; cue, instead of queue; brazen, instead of brasen; kist, instead of kissed; clue, instead of clew; egis, instead of ægis; scepter, instead of sceptre, and so on.

We have not joined the new throng yet, our type-setters still being willing to go on in the old way. But perhaps the type-setters have not heard about it. Maybe they will later on. Meantime, we shall continue to be convinced that all the ladies of our acquaintance would be highly indignant if we were to say that they had often been k-i-s-t. To our minds, so far, there is nothing like the old-fashioned k-i-s-s-e-d, no other form just quite so good. Then when it comes to cutting down accursèd to accurst, we freely sympathise with those who have been used to reading the Old Testament aloud with fitting emphasis.

Why should not those who are zealous to reform spelling begin at the beginning, by inventing a few more hieroglyphics to represent the vowels that are really outraged in such words as t-r-o-u-g-h, trough, and t-h-r-o-u-g-h, through?

Following is a sample of reform, as the *Pall Mall Magazine* sees it.

THE NU SPELLIN

"What name, please?"—"Hemmaremmins."
"Beg pardon?" —"HEMMAREMMINS."
"Oh, ah, would you kindly spell it?"
"He-Hem-Hem-Hay Haitch-He-Hem-Hem-Hi-Hen-Hess!"

The Editor

IDLE MOMENTS

THE TRINITY OUTDONE

LITTLE Rob considered it a great privilege to help his father and mother to butter as he was often allowed to do. One morning there were four individual butter chips, instead of the usual three. Rob looked at them for a while; then counted slowly to himself, several times: "One for papa; one for mamma; one for me. One for papa; one for mamma; one for me."

Picking up the extra dish, he hesitated a moment; and after a blessing had been invoked, observed: "Well, this one must be for the Lord." *P.C.S.*

A DEMERARA BOY IN NEW YORK

THE following unique letter was recently received by a coloured woman in Demerara (British Guiana) from her son, stranded in New York. The letter is written from "Washington Street, New York, U.S.A.":

My Dear Mother,—I now take my pen in hand to write you these few lines, hoping that they may find you well, as they leave me very bad indeed at present. You must beg Mr. Brathwaite what I used to work carpenter with, if he please to go with you to the Governor Hutchson. But I got a mind that if you was to ask the Archdeacon to give you a letter to the Governor and say how bad I am suffering this side, the Governor obliged and bound to give me a passage home, because I am entitle to it as I am a true born native of the colony. Or you must carry your jewels to Mr. Antony and get money to borrow to pay my passage and get Miss Pilgrim to lend her rings till I come back and work for money to take them out. If your jewels pawn already, you will never see poor Gussy again. I has not tasted food since early to-day, and I don't look for none till I get your letter next month. Hungry going kill me before the answer come, but pray to the Lord plenty and I will try to keep heart. A prayer is answered more quicker in Demerara than in New York, so it is no good for me to say I going to pray this side, because I know before I begin nothing going to come of it. The more I pray the lesser I gets to eat and nobody here don't care about if I tastes food. The whole of this place are inhabited savages. I never see no respectable people like what you got in Demerara. All is avaricious and greedy and fallen short of Glory of God. Expecting to hear from you soon, or else you never see me no more, no more again, but like the prodigal in the far country I eats husks with the swine.

Yours repeatedly,

Gussy C.

P.S.—Be not weary in well doing. Search the scriptures daily and be wise unto the salvation of your soul. Sick and imprisoned and you visited me not. Depart into everlasting darkness where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Verily I say unto you you will not come out thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. He that is often reproved and hardeneth his heart shall be suddenly cut off, and that without remedy. Behold the lilies of Palestine. Poor me, Gussy, I will work at the trade when I come back.

Commenting on this plaintive appeal, which he publishes in full, the editor of a Demerara newspaper facetiously remarks:

Master Gussy is evidently in a tight place, and knows it, and there may be a cheap funeral in Washington Street. I like his remark about eating husks with the swine, but I wonder if he means his fellow New Yorkers. One more fool disillusioned! Having been on the rack in New York myself,

however, I cannot well afford to poke too much fun at the home-sick creature, whoever he may be. I know what it feels like to be homeless and hungry in that wilderness of a city, and how cold it is sleeping on benches in the parks, except when a policeman comes along and makes it warm with a nice hard knock laid on anywhere. Sick of these night visits from our enemies, I and another Demerarian slept for a night in trees, but one night I awoke to find my fellow-sufferer being hauled to earth by two policemen, who were using a hook-stick like those grocers use to unhang hams with. They did not hook me, I dropped, surrendered, and took a clout on the back of my head like a peaceful citizen of the U.S.A. And then we crawled into an empty boiler at the river side in South Street. It was a perfect little paradise until the police put a hose through the man-hole and swamped us out. I pointed out to my tormentors that as I happen to be in the world I was bound to sleep somewhere, but one of them replied by asking in a strictly confidential whisper: "Why the h— don't you die?" No such luck.

Such is New York's reputation in the tropics! And since Gussy eventually got back to his native land and is no doubt telling the boys all about it, we may be sure that the ill-repute of the metropolis is receiving considerable emphasis.

G.M.L.B.

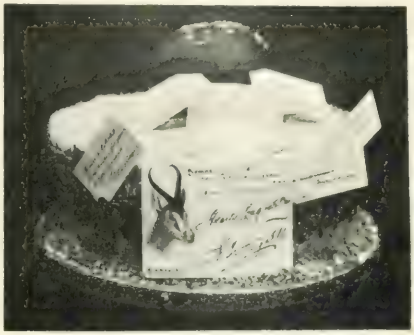
HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

THE quaint house shown in the picture is situated on Elysian Street, St. Thomas, Ont., and has been locally named "The House of Seven Gables." It is composed of seven distinct parts and formerly included several more. Then, too, like the original "House of Seven Gables," its title appears to be somewhat

uncertain. It belongs to what is known as the Ainley Estate, which has for years been in Chancery, and for some years it was not definitely settled as to whether the heirs of the estate had the legal right to collect rent from the tenant.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAKE

BEFORE the South African team started for England, a cake was presented by the Editor of the *Kimberley Star* to the captain of the team on the condition that it was not to be cut until they had won their first match in England.



On the top of the cake there was a small Rugby football made of chocolate containing the visiting cards of well-known residents in Kimberley. Only the captain and the manager of the team were in the secret, and the cutting of the cake came as a complete surprise to the rest of the players.

SMITH: "I say, Jones, can you pay me that five bob you owe me?"

JONES: "Sorry, Smith, but I haven't got it."

SMITH: "Can you lend me ten bob, then?"

JONES: "Certainly, old chap, with pleasure!"—*Selected.*

A CAT AND DOG CEMETERY

CAT or dog banquets, and even cat or dog shows, often strike the unsophisticated as being extremely ridiculous, but these things seem quite reasonable enough when proof is seen of an actual cemetery for cats and dogs. The accompanying illustration, taken from a photograph, shows a cemetery of this nature in Kensington Gardens, London.

A PRETTY MIX-UP

THE CENSUS TAKER: "Your name, mum?

"I don't know."

"Beg pardon, mum?"

"I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this State. In several States it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three States it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name."

"This your residence, mum?"

"I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighbouring State, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband."

"Then you're married at present?"

"I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts; divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three other States, and a single woman in eight others."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ACTIVE SERVICE

FRIEND—"Have you ever seen active service, Colonel?"

Colonel Grass—"I have, sir—very active. I once promised a waiter two shillings if he served me quickly."—*Tit-Bits.*

FIRST Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble?

Second Physician—Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CEMETERY FOR DOGS AND CATS

BASKETRY OF THE FRASER RIVER, COLUMBIA RIVER, AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND INDIANS

See Page 421

Exhibited by the Woman's Art Association of Canada

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. XXVIII TORONTO, MARCH, 1907 No. 5

The Winter Wood

By VIRNA SHEARD

An expression in verse and prose of a poet's appreciation of a majestic phase of Nature

LITTLE fir-trees of the winter wood,
In your ruffled robes of snow,
You are all empearled and powdered and curled
Like a belle of long ago,
And the wind you greet with witchery sweet
Or courtesy, dainty and low.

Mighty gray oaks of the winter wood,
How grave you are, and how grand!
'Mid frost-woven lace each holdeth his place,
And stands as a king would stand,
With an ermine gown and a jewelled crown
And a sceptre in his hand.

Beautiful pines of the winter wood,
What grief is yours that you sigh?
Why all day long sing a sorrowful song,

As the wild wind goeth by?
Blows he east or west, he loveth you best—
What grief is yours that you sigh?

O place of shadows! O lonely wood!
As wondrous you seem to me,
As still and white at the edge of the night
And breathless with mystery,
As a garden where God might walk abroad
Or souls of the dead might be!

TO walk along the rim of the wood on a dazzling winter morning when the sun sets every ice-drop atwinkle and knots a bow of colours in the heart of it, is to leave dull care behind. The raspberry bushes trail their purple red branches abroad to catch unheeding skirts, and the friendly burrs show a clinging determination to cast their lot in with the passing stranger. One does not feel as an alien, but rather becomes a part of the landscape and general scheme of things. On the carpet of snow, blue tinted from the blue above, are here and there tiny markings—criss-crosses, dots and half moons—that tell a story all their own, a story of the little feathered and furry people of the wood. Some there are that sleep—small, warm brown balls, hidden away in queer holes and corners; and some there are that are restless by day and night, but most restless when the moon rolls like a wheel of silver across the sky.

Here a gray feather on the white shows where an owl passed in the dark, and there a few russet hairs tell that "brer" fox rested a moment against the rough bark of a stump, to think things over and plan anew.

Life is all about us, vivid, intense life, hidden, dreaming life, still life, though we see no living thing, and there are only empty nests swinging in the trees.

Down under the frost-bitten leaves are winged seedlings and acorns in their cups and polished, three-cornered beechnuts. The golden-rod stands under shelter of the low hills, and bends its fluffy head against the wind, though it is only the ghost of the golden-rod we knew a few yesterdays ago.

Milkweed pods still hold fast some of their silvery treasure, and the yellow mullein-stalks—beloved of the red-shouldered black-bird in summer—still stand stiff and firm. Hips and haws on nearby bushes gleam like coral, and the Virginia creeper keeps its purple berries.

We walk through a land of promise, where those who sleep will awaken when Spring begins to pipe upon her fairy flute, and where is the heart that does not beat faster at the beauty of the thought?

To pass on and enter the winter wood alone is a different thing. It is like going into a cathedral when it is empty, and the organ is still. There are the mighty arches springing from pillars that run straight and tall to a vault of blue. There is the softened light that rests the eye and the silence that rests the spirit. Everywhere is a faint perfume as from a censor swung in a distant chancel by an unseen priest. Yes, it is like going into a cathedral that is empty.

There is no Sunday feeling about it, though. The Sunday feeling is a thing apart. We all know it. It is, perhaps, a thing evolved in the mind from external conditions belonging to the day—the closing of shops and stilling of traffic, the ringing of bells (not the joyous, but the monotonous, sonorous ringing), the stopping of ordinary toil, the encasing of one's body in garments of little ease, and one's mind into certain grooves of thought. Whatever causes this peculiar Sunday feeling, we do not take it with us into the temple not made with hands. Yet those who walk the aisles where the wind blows free, and the sun, moon and stars have leave to send their chequered light, walk there very near to the unseen things that are real, and very far from the material things that vanish away.

A GROUP OF KLOOTCHMEN MAKING BASKETS AT THE INDIAN CAMP ON THE FRASER RIVER. THE SQUAW ON THE RIGHT IS AT WORK ON A PAPOOSE (BABY) BASKET. A COMPLETED PAPOOSE BASKET IS ATTACHED TO THE POLE OF THE TENT

Photograph by Okamura

An Ancient Art Modernised

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

Basketry, an art practised in the time of Moses, is now a flourishing industry amongst Indian tribes in British Columbia

IN a basket or ark of bulrushes, idly floating upon the bosom of the Nile, reposed the infant Moses, smiling, unconscious of the peril that threatened his baby existence.

Virgil, describing in glowing words the golden couches, with cushions of purple, upon which reclined the guests at Queen Dido's stately banquet, given in honour of the return of Æneas from the ten years' conflict at the Trojan siege, does not disdain to describe the osier baskets* in which the bread was served at this historic feast.

The rude Briton, with no prophetic vision of the watercraft of his posterity, fashioned of osiers, with slime and with pitch, the coracles which, baskets though they were, expressed his conception of the strength of his country's defences.

Basket-making, therefore, may rightly

* Cereremque *canistris* expediunt. -Æneid I, line 701.

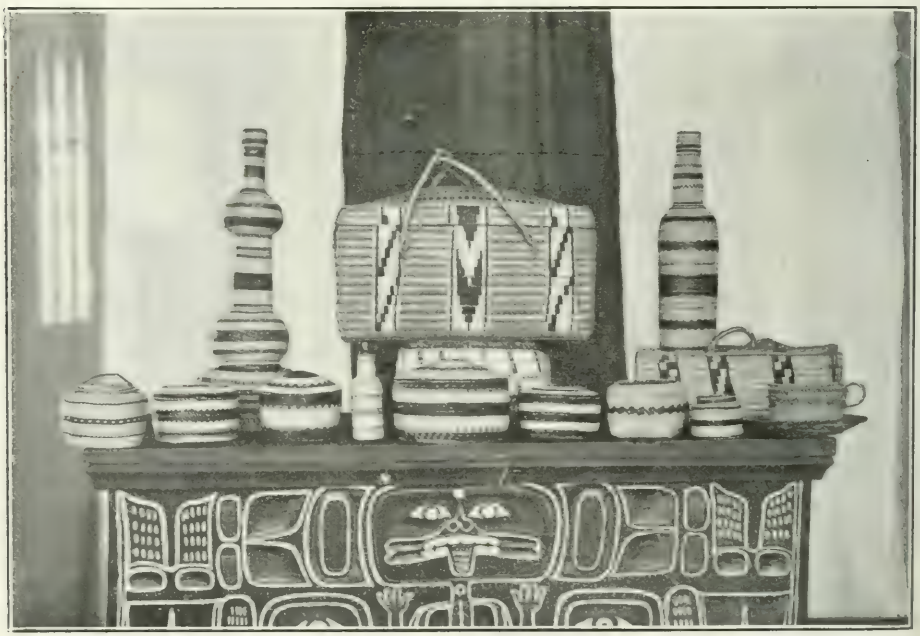
be held in honour for its antiquity; it may claim consideration also because it is an art in which the first crude ideas of form, of symmetry and of artistic design, latent in the native mind, find a vehicle for expression.

In the different forms of basketry is embodied a certain degree of knowledge of the principles of art, and real beauty may be discerned in the baskets cunningly fashioned by dusky hands, while other expressions of their ideas of art do not appeal to us at all. For example, the grotesque carving of a Totem-pole, to the Indian of the Pacific coast an object of pride and of religious adoration, to us merely signifies that a confused group of indefinite forms are struggling in his mind to find expression, but that the mind and the eye, alike untrained, are unable to give to each form its due proportion and value, the result being a confused arrangement of composite forms.

Most of the tribes of North American Indians practise some form of basket-making. With the opening up of our primeval forests and the exploring of our mountain fastnesses, however, the Indians have silently retired to their reserves, usually so remote from the busy haunts of men that their work is rarely inspected, except by the Indian agents who provide for the necessities of these wards of the government, by the missionary, the teacher and the priest, who lay special stress upon manual training in the system of education planned for these children of our aboriginal races. As the genius of the Indian is imitative rather than constructive, the wisdom of this mode of training is evident.

Dwellers on the Pacific coast, however, are brought much into contact with the native races. Early in July the salmon fishing begins, and from their reserves in the interior the Indians, or Siwashes, as they are locally called, to the third generation come down to the coast to await the run of sockeyes, whilst the women, or Klootchmen, obtain employment in the canneries.

With them they bring the basketry upon which they have been engaged during the winter, to sell or barter as may seem to them the more profitable. Formerly the Siwashes had so little idea



SPECIMENS OF THE BASKETRY OF THE ALBERNI TRIBES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE TRUNK BASKET IS THE WORK OF THOMPSON RIVER INDIANS

CHARACTERISTIC BASKETRY OF THE FRASER RIVER INDIANS—A TRUNK, A LARGE ROUND BASKET AND A VALISE

SPECIMENS OF THE EARLIER DESIGNS IN BASKETRY USED BY BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS ON THE LEFT IS AN OLLILLIE BASKET; IN THE UPPER CENTRE, A BASKET DECORATED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS; TO THE RIGHT, AN OLD WATER CONTAINER

INDIAN BASKETRY EXHIBITED AT DOMINION EXHIBITION AT NEW WESTMINSTER. NEAR THE TOP IS A TABLE MADE WHOLLY OF WOVEN CEDAR ROOT

Photograph by Oxenaar

of the value of this work, that the product of months of toil was often bartered for a trifle. But the great durability of these baskets, the excellence of their workmanship, their beautiful designs and tasteful ornamentation, have elicited so much admiration that a value now attaches to this type of basketry in some degree commensurate with the labour expended upon its production, and the collecting of Indian baskets has become a fad so universal as to suggest the tulip craze in Holland three centuries ago.

In the American cities on the Pacific coast high prices are paid for this basketry, a fine trunk basket being worth from fifteen to fifty dollars, while a small basket in lace-work pattern is not unfrequently sold for ten dollars, the price being determined by the quality of the work and by the intricacy and beauty of the decorative scheme.

Though there are different tribes or distinct races of British Columbia Indians, the basket-makers may be said to belong either to the Alberni tribe, sometimes called the Nootka Sound Indians, or to the West Coast Indians, better known as the Fraser River Indians, a branch of the Salish stock.

The work of the Fraser River Indians is much sought after on account of its great durability. Baskets made in the year 1858 have retained their shape and colour so perfectly as to be scarcely distinguishable from the work of yesterday, though the basketry of later date is marked by a distinct advance in grace of outline, and in the beauty of the conventional designs for decoration.

The different tribes of basket-makers employ the same materials for their work, a variety of results being obtainable from different methods of use. It is well known that the Indians are versed in the properties of the trees and shrubs of their native forests, and the tough, pliable roots of the cedar they have discovered to be best adapted for the strong, firm basketry for which the British Columbia Indians are so celebrated.

The weaving is done by the women, but the materials are prepared by the men of the tribes. For the frame-work of the basketry tough root cedar is used, and for the weaving cedar roots are carefully peeled and cut into smooth, even strips from three to four feet in length, about a quarter of an inch wide, and a sixteenth or an eighth of an inch thick.

The smaller roots are similarly prepared, and bundles or sheaves containing from eight to thirteen, or more, of these fibres are strongly bound by the weaving strip to the frame-work of the basket.

Their tools are few—a strong knife constantly at use, both for cutting and as a planer, and a sharp stiletto-like tool for piercing the warp or foundation of the work, to admit the pointed end of the smoothed and polished weaving strip. The *skookum* (strong) part of the work being completed, infinite pains is taken with the work of encasing the frame with a polished outer coat.

Tough grasses bleached white are woven upon the frame-work, stitch by stitch, giving the regular effect of the grains of an ear of corn. The rich, brown bark of the wild cherry is used effectively in the decoration scheme, a touch of variety being given by staining a portion of the bark black with a dye whose intensity only deepens with age. From these limited resources the patient fingers of the Klootchmen evolve forms remarkable, not less for their artistic grace than for their charming variety. An admirable feature of this basketry is the pains bestowed upon every detail of the work. The quality to which the weavers attach most importance is strength, which they endeavour to combine with beauty of workmanship.

Even in minor details this point is not overlooked. The handles, made of deer-skin, are firmly secured in position, and on this foundation the flexible cedar strips are dexterously woven, and are ornamented with a design corresponding to the decoration of the basket.

The oldest design of the Fraser River basketry is the *ollillie* (berry) basket, in shape an inverted square pyramid, much ingenuity being shown in varying the arrangement of black and brown in the scheme of ornamentation. Many of these "*ollillie*" baskets are quite water-tight, and are used as water containers. When filled with *ollillies*, the baskets are carried upon the backs of the Klootchmen, and are firmly held in position by a finely woven strap fastened about the head.

The weaving of the Alberni Indians is remarkable for a certain characteristic grace, due to their materials being cut into very fine strips. Thus they are able to make baskets of lace-like fineness, among the products of their skill being exquisitely woven fruitstands, flask cases with removable tops, photograph baskets, card receivers with beautifully curved pedestals, field-glass cases, and baskets shaped like Pompeiian vases.

The Alberni and the Sechelt Indians employ red, yellow, blue and green pigments to stain the fibre used in ornamenting the baskets, the colours being employed sparingly and effectively.

As for the basketry of the tribes in the interior, birch-bark is principally used, though baskets made of coils or plaits of sage-brush and Eloeagnus bark are occasionally seen. The woven basketry of splints is made chiefly by the Thompson River and Lillooet tribes, and to a less extent by the Chilcotins and Shuswaps. The style is known as "coiled," and is similar to what in Washington State is known as Klickitat basketry. The chief seats of the industry are the districts of Coldwater River, Lower Lillooet River and the Fraser River Canyon. Spruce root is used in the basketry of the Chilcotins and Shuswap Indians, cedar-root being used by the Thompsons and the Lillooets.

For ornamentation, these tribes use grasses and bird cherry bark, which are frequently dyed various colours. The designs for ornamentation are usually symbolic, and being either animal or geometric, are often both novel and artistic.

The types of the basketry of the interior are of quite different workmanship and design from those of the Pacific coast.

From very ancient times the Indians of British Columbia have made this characteristic basketry, but it is not known whether the art originated among themselves, or was introduced from without. It is possible that all primitive peoples possess such rudimentary principles of art as are applied to the fashioning of an object, whether carved from wood or modelled in clay, or hewn from stone; but since the artistic instinct differs both in bent and in degree, the work of each tribe has a style of its own, the feature of distinctiveness being still further emphasised by the taste of each worker, so that each piece bears a dis-

tinct character, the unmistakable style of the individual weaver.

Though in collections of Indian curios fine specimens of native basketry may be seen, some of the finest pieces of work are hawked from door to door, and are sold for much or little, according to the eagerness of the purchaser, or the need of the vendor. If a Klootchman wishes to sell for money, she simply states her price, and if a sale can not be made, she departs with a kind "Good-bye."

Often, however, she prefers to exchange her basketry for "iktahs," a flexible term, including in its scope articles of clothing, knick-knacks of any kind, articles that are portable and articles that are not portable. As the process of bartering, interesting as it may be to the novice, is apt to prove tedious to the experienced trader, the Klootchmen sit down upon the grass, and leisurely inspect each article offered to them. Should the object submitted for their inspection be not approved, it is pushed aside contemptuously. Occasionally they laugh obstreperously, as some unusually unsuitable article is offered, gaudy millinery exciting much mirth. In spite of their criticisms, the millinery is eventually accepted, probably to be bestowed upon such dusky damsels as would fain be emancipated from the wearing of the red or yellow or purple handkerchiefs which form their characteristic headgear.

Each "iktah," when accepted, is laid aside, and is assessed by the Klootchmen at so low a value, that when the barter is completed, such an amount of clothing and other articles is heaped up as must greatly tax the capacity of the government vessel, upon which at the end of the fishing season the Indians embark to return to their reserves. But the basket represents the toil of many months, and the estimate placed upon the work is not excessive.

If the "iktahs" are approved by other Klootchmen of the tribe, the fortunate possessor of the basketry may be visited by other vendors, whose demands may include "muckamuck" (food), kitchen utensils chairs, and, lastly, soap!—a request rarely, if ever, disregarded by the would-be purchaser. Another careful reckoning of the "iktahs," another demand or two, and with a gesture of infinite condescension, the basket is pushed towards the buyer, who triumphantly adds another trophy to her collection of curios.

And now the basket may be inspected at leisure. At the first glance these specimens of basketry suggest to the artistic eye symmetrically woven forms, ornamented with regularly interwoven bands of shining brown and glossy black.

On one basket the rich brown bark of the wild cherry has described a perfect Greek fret design. The symmetrical spirals that adorn the upright sides of an octagonal basket tray have defined an Ionic volute. The gleaming whiteness of a third basket is relieved only by interlaced Roman crosses, outlined in brown, the work of a devoted worshipper at the little white Roman Catholic church, where the picturesquely clad Siwashes perform their devotions.

It may be that while in her basketry she wove the sacred symbol of her faith, her heart's devotion was woven with it, for surely it was a true missionary spirit that prompted the question: "Tillicum (friend), you Catholic?" A reply in the negative caused a look of disappointment to cloud her face, when thinking she may have been misunderstood, she held up her scapular, as if to make her meaning more clear.

When, however, she learned that her "tillicum," though not a Catholic, attends church, a look of intelligence illumined the dusky face, as she added: "Halo (not) Catholic, but one Heaven allee samee."

At the Indian encampment on the banks of the Fraser, very beautiful specimens of the basket-making art may be seen. Within the openings of their tents, for they rarely "sport their oaks," the Klootchmen are at work, quite willing to give the visitor a lesson in the handicraft of which they are masters. But, though one watches with absorbing interest the successive steps by which their artistic conception finds expression, the lesson is not learned.

The Recall of the River

By DEAN MACLEOD

How a simple misunderstanding, causing serious estrangement, is righted by the spell of happy associations

STANDING by the tottering old fence that separates the roadway from the alluring bank, one looks down on the winding river—a still, dark waterway, where the tree-tops, rising far above, and the drooping alder bushes, cast black reflections below. The river always flows on, in the same placid way. The wild fowl nest in its sedgy banks; the muskrat's little sleek brown head darts in and out among the yellow water-lilies and under the spreading, drooping branches, so irresistibly mystic with hidden life. Sunbeams dance on its ripples; starlight and moonlight waver on its breast; breezes darken its surface, and rosy clouds of sunset glow in its dreamy stillness, while the frogs and crickets frolic in a very storm of joyous existence. But this was a late September afternoon. The blue mountains beyond, which ran to the sea, were gorgeous in patches of crimson and gold, burning red in the sunlight; bare, rocky hillsides gleamed as copper, and in the middle distance a low, flat, bush-grown country, exuberant in overgrown blueberry barrens and great red clusters of pigeon berries, stretched far into a wilderness of flaming golden-rod and purple Indian tea.

Splash! A flash of drippling silver sparkled in the sun, and a great spotted trout wavered and dropped with a soft thud under a moss-grown, crumbling log into a deep, dark pool.

The sudden sound startled the man and woman in the bark canoe, drifting silently down stream. The woman idly picked up the magazine she had dropped and looked at the pictures upside down —she was thinking. The man rolled the sleeves of his shirt a little higher and pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and began to paddle vigorously. She looked at his brown, bare arms and thin —so thin—straight figure, and the tears rushed to her eyes. Why did he work so hard in that close, hot office? Money, what was that? She hated it and all that it could buy. Her beautiful home, the jewels and dresses that he lavished upon her, which she must seem pleased with and pretend to like, all sickened her. Why must men be always so stupid? He gave her a thousand things she did not want, and withheld the one thing she longed for. How joyfully she could come back to the little house on the river, to the blue sunbonnet and the darning of Phil's socks! She had planned and expected so much of Phil's manhood, and it had all ended this way. He loved that city life, where men filled their pockets and emptied their souls. He loved the money, he liked slaving for it. The jewels he bought her and the money she asked for pleased him. If he could only understand that it was not the money she wanted, but just a wild, desperate wish to anger him, to hear him say "No, you cannot have it." He was so exasperatingly solicitous and generous. Sometimes when she read in the papers of a husband's ill-treatment of his wife, she almost envied the wife. If Phil would only beat her or scold her, she felt she could like it. But he always gave in, always let her have her own way, no matter how unreasonable. And she was not a woman that enjoyed having her own way. She schemed sometimes, yes, schemed to make him angry with her. But it was always the same; nothing would make him different, yet for mere nothing he would rail in reckless fury at a servant.

For some time she had thought it was because he loved her, but lately she had suspected he was simply indifferent, and

that he was tired of her. Often she would not see him for days. She just knew he thought more of his work than of her. He was finding her a burden. He could make more money if she was not there. Well, she would trouble him no longer—she would go away; at least, she would tell him so. Never for an instant did she think he would really let her go, for deep in her heart she almost knew he loved her. She just wanted to stir him up and make him tell her that she was necessary in his life, and she—well, she looked at him now and could hardly smother that wild wish to throw her arms around his neck and love him. Then the thought of that other day, when he had told her he was willing—yes, his very words, willing that she should go! She remembered the scene, she always would. She had gone to him with much the same feeling that a child turns a worm over and tickles it with a straw. He had sat there reserved and waiting; she had thought he probably wondered if it was to be a new ring or a horse. But when she told him that she had decided to make both their lives happier by a separation, and that she was going in two days, he only sat still and looked at her. She had almost thought he turned white; but, of course, she had only imagined it, for when he finally spoke his voice was calm, brutally calm. He said: "I have tried to make you happy, Alice. I thought I had given you all a woman could ask for, but I see I have failed. I will not prevent you. I am willing you should leave me, if you wish to do so."

As they still moved along in silence, she remembered how the next day he had come to her with a desperate resolve in his whole attitude, and she had noted triumphantly that he looked as if he had not slept at all. She was glad she had bathed her own eyes. He carried a time-table and a calendar. Then he insisted that she go with him to Nova Scotia to settle their business there, to close up the river-house and other property; that in a week, at least, he would see to it that he would not trouble her any more if she still wished it. She had said "Very well" as calmly as she could, and turned quickly to the window that he might not see the foolish joy in her eyes. "Insisted!" That was what he had said. For the first time in his life he had ordered her to do what he had every reason to believe was distasteful to her. She had tried to make herself believe she did not want to go, but her husband had insisted, had ordered her to go, so she must do it. She had felt almost happy. She had doggedly put away the thought that Phil would actually let her go at the last. She had been almost sure that when they were together there, the old surroundings and memories would bring it all right again. She had always longed to get back, but Phil had always been "so busy in the office" and could not spend the time.

She sighed. Well, the week was gone and now it was late afternoon of the last day. Phil had not even hinted that she stay with him. He would let her go, she knew he would. Oh, how could she ever have said she wanted to go, when she loved him so!

She looked at him again—the old gray hat was in his hand—his dark hair was rumpled as in the old days when they had sat together on the river bank, and she had loved to run her fingers through it and marshal the hairs to suit her wildest fancies. There was a little place on top where it would not be coaxed to stay flat and she had loved that best, because it was the only obstinate thing about him. Phil used to threaten to glue it down. He could not seem to tolerate the thought that anything should be contrary to her wishes.

Phil's face was not weak. She looked at his chin and its firmness almost frightened her. It was such a fine face, with the stamp of one who would move forward irresistibly and move others with him. And those blue-gray eyes of his, with the clear, fearless glance. She could always trust Phil. She suddenly remembered that he had never given her cause to worry about him, even to feel a pang of jealousy. Oh, she just knew that he would let her go, for the only reason that he thought she wanted to go! If he would only ask her to stay with him—even suggest it, or at least

give her reason to think that he minded at all. If women were the weaker sex, men certainly were the blinder.

The canoe still glided slowly through the rushes. She wondered if he would kiss her when they said good-bye to-morrow. Then she almost laughed at the idea. Of course he wouldn't. Man and woman kissed each other only when they loved each other. At least, she loved him. Of course he wouldn't, because he didn't love her. Anyway, if he loved her he would not let her go. It had been a long, long time since Phil had kissed her and told her he loved her. Indeed, she had been stupid, blind, not to have known, to have seen, that he did not care for her any longer. A guilty flush went over her cheeks when she thought of the many nights she had stolen to his room when he slept and had stood at the door and pretended to kiss him, imagining the sensation of her lips on his. Or at breakfast, when he looked worried and tired, she would pretend that she got up and went softly to his chair and kissed him just where that line wrinkled when he laughed. What would he have done if she had dared to do it? But no, she would never kiss a man who merely tolerated her because she happened to be his wife.

Now it was Phil's turn to soliloquise. If he had not happened to go to the river-house that morning, he would not have had so much to think about. Just the thought of his experience there started the blood coursing wildly through his veins, and a look of half-bewilderment, half-pain and then contentment was in his eyes, and he began again to think it all over for the fortieth time.

He had gone to have one more look at the little place—their Arcadia—and found his old gray hat hanging beside her sunbonnet behind the door. He had just put the hat on and was going to put the sunbonnet in his pocket, when he saw through the window the flutter of her blue dress.

To have met her there would have been awful. A fellow has to have some pride when his wife refuses to live with him. He wasn't going to play the baby to her. Anyway, how could he have known she was going to stay? So he stepped behind a curtain. He had heard her come in, and for a time all was silent. He was wondering if she, too, was thinking of those first two happy years. He had trusted so much to this return to old memories. But now the week was gone, and Alice had not seemed to care at all. She would not even leave the hotel to come here with him yesterday. And just as he was thinking what the coming days and years would be without her—he heard her sob. Jove! Was that Alice—and crying—and in his chair, too—the big leather one—dust and all, and hugging an old pair of his boots and an ancient tobacco-pouch, with the old blue sunbonnet on her head!

He had always hated to see Peggy cry. Peggy! The old name had come naturally there. What an ass he had been to get behind that curtain. Then she had started talking to them, to the boots and the tobacco-pouch and the bonnet. And the things she told them between tears and kisses—how much she loved him, and if he would only ask her not to go; that she hated diamonds and furs and dresses. Here he pulled his hair to see if he surely was not dreaming. Alice hated the jewels he had slaved to buy for her. He had thought all women liked such things. She had certainly seemed pleased and happy over them, and that was all he had cared for. He had been glad to work and worry to buy Alice a new ring or a gown, and now she was telling that ridiculous bonnet that if they had only both stayed here with it—meaning the bonnet—that he—meaning himself—would never have got so crazy about money and things and got to hate her.

The idea that he, Philip Terry, loved money for its own sake had so staggered him that he had forgotten to listen until she sobbingly told the boots: "If he would only ever, ever scold me or tell me not to do things I didn't like or didn't just let me do every single thing I wanted to, I could have stood it."

Could have stood it! Now that he knew the truth he could laugh to think of his beautiful Alice tolerating the despised jewels if he would scold her into

wearing them. What an idiot, what a blind fool he had been!

He sat there, completely wrapped in the past, so when the canoe ran aground in shallow water he gave the paddle with a laugh to Alice.

"Your turn, Peg," for in the old days it had been their way to take turns with the paddle when one ran ashore or missed stroke.

Then he dreamed again.

He wondered if Alice remembered the old raft of the childhood days, and the day he crawled out to the farthest edge to get her a lily she wanted—he had tumbled in right there under that old dead beech tree. She had stood on the bank and screamed in terror and even started in after him; but when he was safe on the bank she called him names like "stupid" and "clumsy" and made him make a fire to dry his own clothes and her little shoes. She always wore such pretty little shoes, he remembered, especially a pair of red ones with buckles on them, and her little skirts always had so many frills and such rows of lace. What a chump he was, not to forget all those things! One thing he would never forget or cease to regret, and that was the heaven of happiness he had missed in these last eight years. But he was constituted to remember and to remember with all his soul those days and nights when that perpetual ache of longing and hopeless effort to forget became almost unbearable. One moment by the silent, sunlit, sleeping river as in the old dear days, was worth years of that life.

He hadn't yet decided what course to take. He always used to be an irresponsible chap, letting things work out themselves, and he was tempted to do it now. But things must hurry. He couldn't wait much longer; he had been kept from his own long enough. His eyes feasted on her face, she must have been conscious of his gaze, for a deep red crept up over her cheeks and she suddenly steered the canoe into the old landing-place and picked up her coat, a flimsy lace thing with bows all over it, and prepared to step out. The canoe slushed through the river grasses and scraped on the sandy shore.

His mind was suddenly made up.

"My say, Peggy, you ran ashore. I choose to go back and have tea in the shanty." He grasped the paddle and before she could speak was out in midstream.

"Philip, take me ashore at once. I—I have some packing to do. I have decided to take the night train."

Then there was a silence, so she must say something or he would know—at least think—that she liked this—this carrying her off without as much as a "by-your-leave."

"May I ask what you propose to eat in—in the house?"

He laughed gaily.

"You may. There is a basket under my coat, and in the basket are some biscuits, blueberry jam and cold salmon, also coffee, and there is a magazine for you to read to me while I smoke an after-dinner pipe."

How did he get that lunch and why? It was one of his old ways to surprise her that way. Fish and jam—that was a Phil idea for all the world. Well, if he could joke and bring up old memories on this day she needn't care. They were nearing the house now, and what should she do? She could not bear to go in and see it all the same, yet so different. And for the last time, too! What excuse could she make? Perhaps it would be better to just go and brave it out. If she attempted excuses, he might suspect the real reason—and anything but that. Phil looked so natural there, and it all seemed just as it used to, with all the bright blue summer day to dispose of at will.

"What time is it, Phil?" she asked, indifferently.

He looked at the sun and the shadows reflectively.

"About six. I hope you are not hungry, Peggy, for I am going to take you to the bridge and back before tea."

Then as an afterthought—

"Would you like to go?"

"You are rather late in asking me."

"I had not intended to ask you."

"Oh!"

That same little dizzy flutter quivered in her head as on the day he told

her he insisted she come to Nova Scotia with him, and again she covered her eyes to hide the light in them.

"Of course, if you don't want—"

"No—no, I'll go," she broke in hastily.

Why did he have to spoil it?

When they came back to the shanty and he helped her step from the canoe, he kept his hand on hers for a few steps.

She looked at him in surprise. His face was quite white, and he trembled.

"Phil—what is it, are you ill?"

She was all concern. He turned red then.

"Oh, no; I'm all right," he ventured, trying to conceal his emotion.

They ate supper together, much like they had used to in the earlier days, but Peggy was pensive, and when the time came to put away the things—for the last time!—tears welled up in her eyes.

Phil nailed up some loose boards on the verandah and split wood for next morning's fire. Just as if they would ever need it! Then he called Peggy out, and giving her his tobacco and pouch, bade her prepare his smoke just as she had used to.

They sat down on the grassy knoll.

"I—I think I have forgotten how," she stammered.

"I'll teach you again, then, for you will need to know—now."

She did not grasp his meaning, but sat quietly and filled his pipe as she used to do. When she gave it to him with a smile, his fingers closed over hers in the same old way. Then she drew apart.

He sat and looked at her—a look in his eyes as of a man who suddenly sees drawing nearer and nearer the thing he has long, vainly prayed for.

The sunset deepened and the twilight came—still they sat there in silence. Across the flat came the tinkle of cowbells and a dog barked again and again at his own echo. The warm night-wind fanned the light from Phil's pipe and it shone on Peggy's face, strained and pale with thoughts of the separation that meant life so utterly empty and forlorn. Nothing mattered, nothing, if he would only love her again. And now he was reaching out and taking both her hands in his. They sat face to face, hers slightly lifted, her lips set firm, almost defiant, as they looked at each other in silence. In her eyes was the look of a Roman who had waited all these years, craving, hoping, praying, and now, suddenly, in some unexplained way, as she threw her arms about his neck, she knew that they had come back to each other with the recall of the river.

The whistle of the night-train sounded clear across the flat, but they did not hear it.

My Heaven

BY T. MURIEL MERRILL

A WONDROUS wind hath come from out the west,
Carrying sweet perfumes on its wayward quest;
Warm the sunshine laughs in yonder glade,
Then strays beyond to quiet woodland shade;
Ripples the breast of silent forest pool,
Half hidden 'neath the hemlocks, dark and cool.
And thou art here, and there, and all around,
Where e'er I glance thy presence dear is found;
I live and love and loving live for thee.
Ah, this my heaven, and thou my God shalt be!

Canadian Nationality

By IRA A. MACKAY

To the world, Canada is still a dependent colony, possessing, however, a clear destiny to be worked out

I WAS sitting chatting with a friend one summer day, four years ago, on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. Our conversation was on the subject of national emblems. By degrees we came around to discuss the American eagle. I think my friend was a little afraid lest I should say something about the habits, disposition, etc., of that particular bird which might have a national application; at any rate, he forestalled me by rising quickly to his feet and stretching out both his arms literally to their full length, he said: "Why, this American continent is one vast eagle with two great oceans for her wings." The reference was a little far-fetched, I own, but if you will glance at the map of North America, you will see what he meant. The conversation ended there, but I did not cease to think about it. North America is indeed the only progressive continent with an ocean on each side. We are the middle continent in the commercial world. This central position alone gives us an undoubted advantage over all the others. We in Canada are five thousand miles nearer the Orient, four thousand miles nearer Australia, five hundred miles nearer South Africa, than they are in Europe; and we have immediately to the south of us the Republic of the United States, by far the most progressive of the western nations. We have, moreover, the territory, the resources, and last, but not least, the cold north winds and winter frosts, which give virility and energy and pluck to our people. If the British Empire is to become a great world-empire, with many times its present wealth, influence and power, can there be any doubt that the central base of operations of that Empire will be right here in Canada? If, then, the destinies of a world-empire are by nature in our hands, it becomes us well to carefully consider our present position in world-history. One hundred years of Canadian allegiance to the British flag, and British institutions, and Britain's King, with many a jibe and sneer, and many a bitter disappointment, has preserved for Britons everywhere the hope of the Empire, and our hope is not yet abated. Canada, we believe more intensely now than ever, has certainly a vast work to do in the world's work of the future. Whatever our formal political status may become, the substance of our destiny is clear. This conception of our future should of itself give us courage and hope. But let us consider our present political position for a little.

We frequently hear it said that Canada being a self-governing colony, is virtually an independent nation. This is far from true. Self-governing colonies are not, as some people seem to think, a new institution in world-history. Many of the colonies of Greece and Rome, in the later days of these empires, enjoyed quite as large a measure of self-government in matters of internal politics as Canada now enjoys. Moreover, to be a self-governing colony is far from being an independent nation.

In the first place, all our external relations, that is, all our relations with other nations, are constitutionally controlled from Westminster, and not from Ottawa. This of itself is enough to forbid us the right to plume ourselves as an independent nation. We are not a constitutionally sovereign, self-contained, independent state. We do not, in a word, count for one in the family of nations, and our own voice is not heard in the counsels of nations. "Oh, Canada, go away back and sit down behind John Bull's coat tails!" That is how the other nations of the world

largely feel towards us, and there is no use in our blinking the fact any longer.

But if we are not an independent nation as regards our external or international political relations, we are also far from being wholly so as regards our internal or domestic matters of government. We have in Canada at the present time one of the most rigid constitutions known to political history. It is true that this constitution, that is, the British North America Act, is really the product of Canadian brains, but it is nominally, at least, the product of the Parliament at Westminster. Under this constitution our chief ruler, the Governor-General, is an appointee of the British Crown, and our final Court of Appeal in legal matters is a British Court, in which we have no effective representation. These salient facts alone mark us as a dependent people. It is largely in vain that we insist that this status is more nominal than real; in the long run the world will believe us to be what we hold ourselves out as being. The foreign student of history and politics, knowing little or nothing about our real unwritten status, bases his conclusions exclusively on our nominal and published status. In their minds we are dubbed a colony, and they seldom go beyond the abstract term. Indeed, not many years have passed since a "colonial," travelling even in the motherland, was kept in pretty constant remembrance of his being a colonial.

But to follow this question still further, we are not even independent within the scope of the British North America Act itself. We quote from an article in the *Canadian Law Review* of September and October, 1904, written by John S. Ewart, K.C., of Winnipeg, one of the leading members of the Canadian Bar, and a legal author of high standing. At page 530-31, Mr. Ewart says: "If Canada wished to have biennial, instead of annual Parliaments, she could not so enact. If she wanted to take her census every twelve years instead of ten, she would be powerless to make the change. If the Maritime Provinces wished to unite and become one province, they would be advised that it was impossible. If Canada wished to increase the membership of her Senate, or to decrease the qualifications for it, or even to change the quorum of the House of Commons, her power would be found to be inadequate. The right to make her own coins is forbidden by express statute. Over such a trifling matter as the procedure to be adopted in appropriating her own money, Canada has no authority. And such a necessary change of the capital city as that from Ottawa to Winnipeg (I speak as a Winnipegger) cannot be accomplished by unanimous vote of our Parliament, our Legislatures and all our people. Westminster can do these things for us. We cannot do them ourselves. Self-government as to such and many other matters simply does not exist."

These examples given by Mr. Ewart might be added to almost indefinitely, but they are sufficient to make our point clear. Canada is very far indeed from being an independent nation.

Nor have we any right to comfort ourselves with the thought that our colonial status is after all merely a *formal* political status. These merely formal abstract political notions have usually a very potent influence on the affairs of men. Take an illustration: Suppose we draw two imaginary lines across the North American continent, one line a hundred miles north and the other a hundred miles south of the boundary line between Canada and the United States. As regards soil, climate and natural resources these two strips of territory are almost identical. If anything, the advantage in this respect is with the Canadian strip. The only difference is a political one, and yet the southern strip contains six times the population and industry of the other. So much, at least, a merely abstract political notion can do. Attracted by the abstract dogma of political freedom, hundreds of thousands of the strong right arms of Europe have settled annually in the Republic. To the minds of these people, saturated as they are with political dogma and prejudices, Canadians are a subject people. It is in vain that we talk to them of a "self-governing colony." Of a self-governing colony and the political conditions which may prevail there, they are incapable of forming any intelligent work-

ing conception. The phrase is for them a merely abstract contradiction in terms. Nor is it any use to say that their notion of Canada is wrong; it is enough that the notion exists in order that it may have its inevitable effect, and until the notion is displaced, much as we need their help, these people will not come to us to assist us in building up a great people of our own.

Now we are not trying to raise any radical cry against British connection. We still have a keen affection for our past. We still love the Motherland as dearly as ever. Our hope of a united Empire never before has been so strong as at present. We still fondly hope that all the other parts of the Empire may join with us and we with them as one political unit in carrying forward the work of civilisation in the world. For our own personal part, however, we are opposed to any scheme of organisation which would deprive us of any modicum of our present autonomy. We look forward to the day when what is now the British Empire will be an alliance, or federation of independent sovereign nations, administered in common matters of war and commerce by a regularly constituted representative international council. It is for this reason that we think all thoughtful Canadians should sanction Sir Frederick Pollock's scheme of forming an Imperial Advisory Council with representatives from all parts of the Empire. We believe that such a council would, by reason of its very fitness, begin at once to take on important administrative duties; it might, indeed, form the nucleus of a new and unique form of federal parliament. Quixotic as the hope may seem, it is only in some such way as this that the burning problem of the British Empire can be solved. Either this or we fail. Scattered in widely different parts of the globe, we are by nature admirably adapted to a unique application of the federal form of constitution vaster than has been. All real growth involves both differentiation and integration. As the whole Empire increases its organisation, so must each part increase in independent strength and character. Only in this way, we think, can the integrity of the Empire be maintained, and the obliquy, which now rests upon the colonies of being dependent, subject people, be at the same time removed. We must become strong in our own might, or else we shall remain, by reason of our very size, a source of weakness to the Empire of which we form a part. We need strength commensurate with our size.

Meanwhile we must begin without delay to prepare ourselves for the task. Many practical duties are even now pressing hard upon us. That great man, Mr. Chamberlain, proposes tariff union between Great Britain and her colonies as the first step towards effective, practical consolidation of the Empire. This would no doubt be a good beginning, and would not only be a benefit to the colonies, but, we believe, also to the motherland. But a five or ten per cent. tariff is a small item in the business of the world. Our neighbours to the south of us have a ship subsidy bill up their sleeve by which to balance that account; indeed, a very little attention by them to matters of transportation would soon make things even again. But there is one clear, practical thing we Canadians can do, and it is time it were done now, and that without any further delay. *We can begin a bold and courageous transportation policy.* We have already begun the construction of a new transcontinental railway, and I am sure that we all, independent of party politics, hope that it may serve, as it was designed to serve, to carry the heavy farm produce of the west to the Atlantic seaboard at the lowest possible rates. Even so, however, it is only a matter of a few years until a third line may be profitably operated, and this time we shall hope to see a heavy line built by the most direct path straight from Quebec and north of Lake Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies. Such a road would open up a vast new strip of our northern country. Then in the next place we can complement these land transportation facilities with a heavy transport steamship service and a fast passenger, mail, and small freight service, both of the very latest, up-to-date character, between the Atlantic seaboard and the coast of Great Britain. Let that be done and we shall then, in the nature of

things, be down to rock-bottom on the transportation problem. We shall then have an advantage in the British market of the fruits of which no tariff trick or other trick of legislation can deprive us. Then we also need a better steamship service with the West Indies and South America. We need, also, an up-to-date service with South Africa. South Africans need our flour, leather, lumber, boots and shoes, and they have already given us a twenty-five per cent. preference in their tariff, while the mother country, which also enjoys this preference, is largely deprived of its benefits by an iniquitous shipping ring. We can produce more cheaply than any part of the world. If, then, we can carry more cheaply, we can sell more cheaply. If we are to begin to consolidate the Empire, we must begin to consolidate in substance as well as in form. That, I take it, is the rich lesson which we in Canada have learned from the joint effects of the Confederation Act and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Let no one say that these schemes are mere visions. Everything is a vision before it becomes a fact. They are not one-half so visionary as that quixotic venture of building the Canadian Pacific Railway across this Continent, and we accomplished that task when our Federal revenues were only a part of what they are to-day. If we are to become a great nation we must become courageous, and we must boldly concentrate our Federal revenues on enterprises of national interest and importance. The great national economic problem with us now is, "How are we to get our farm products into the markets of the world at rock-bottom prices?" Upon that problem depends almost our entire future, and that problem can only be solved by a bold, progressive transportation policy on land and sea. We must show ourselves to be the true sons of our sea-going fathers. We must prove ourselves to be a genuine, progressive, self-reliant, western people. Let Canadians everywhere become more alive. We have a noble heritage, and our destiny is clear, if only we are prepared to work it out in an honest, sincere, resolute manner.

Night

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

QUEEN NIGHT, now I attest thy purity:
Men say the deeds of dark to thee belong,
Some have misused thy deep security,
As masks of virtue evil-doers don.
But 'tis the Day that gives the world new scars:
Were God's light not so strong, the thoughts of man
Would be so black as to blot out the sun—
In Evil's bridge Day builds the larger span;
Our hearts are scorched, but, Night, thou art a shade
Where dwell we with thy child, pure infant-sleep,
Within whose soft arms rest we unafraid,
While pitying tears upon the scars may steep,
Day's hewers come we, all wrong unconfessed:
Night's arms reach far, and merciful her breast.

By ALBERT R. CARMAN
Author of "The Pensionnaires"

A striking sketch of the typical, matter-of-fact American girl, at variance with old-world conventionalities

EVER since Miss Mamie Benson, of Cleveland, Ohio, had been in Italy, she had been "dying" to see Venice. But the firm, at whose various European offices she was acting as typewriter, had no office in Venice; and so, if she were to get there at all, it must be a trip at her own expense. And then she didn't care to travel alone. She was not exactly afraid; still you could never tell what "these Dagoes might do."

So when Mrs. John Peterson, a motherly widow from Lansing, Mich., appeared in the sitting-room of the *pension* at which Mamie was staying in Milan and announced that, as soon as she had "done" Milan, she was going to Venice, Mamie made up to her right away, and then got leave from her firm to take a little holiday and go over to Venice with her new friend.

"I won't be a bother to you," Mamie assured Mrs. Peterson. "I'll just go round with you where you want to go. And, maybe, I can row the gondola for you sometimes. I s'pose we can hire 'em without an oarsman?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Peterson, doubtfully. "I never heard of anyone doing it."

"I can row all right," asserted Mamie, "if they're not spoon oars. Those things I never could handle."

"But wouldn't we get lost?" questioned Mrs. Peterson. "They say there's just hundreds of canals running in all directions."

"That's just it," returned Mamie. "Whoever heard of getting lost in a canal? And then I'll get used to the whole town in a few days. I always have with every town I've been to since I came over here."

Mrs. Peterson looked at her in admiration. "Well, I haven't," she said with emphasis. "I have come to the conclusion that there isn't a straight street in Europe. They all seem to start for one place and then go somewhere else. And then there's the omnibuses and street cars! They never run to anywhere you want to go to. Why, just think of it!—in London they run from one saloon to another!"

"No; do they?" laughed Mamie. "Well, that's not a prohibition town, is it?" and she laughed again until the tears came out of her round eyes and rolled over the tremulous rotundity of her cheeks. Then she wiped them away with fat little hands, whose fingers ended in pink puff-balls of flesh.

They had the compartment to themselves going over to Venice, until they reached Desenzano, when the poet got in. Arthur Temple was printed on his valise, and exaltation was printed on his face. He had been

".....walking up from Desenzano
.....gazing at the Lydian laughter of
the Garda Lake below."

Mamie was surprised to see him, for she didn't know that there was anything to "do" between Milan and Venice, and expected only Italians to get in at the way stations. Presently Mrs. Peterson opened up a lunch and offered the poet some; and then they all got talking together. Mamie expressed the surprise she had felt at picking him up at a way station, and mentioned her notion that the country was all farms and "jay towns" between Milan and Venice.

"You forget Verona," said the poet.

"Verona? That sounds like a patent medicine," returned Mamie.

The poet laughed leniently. "Why, Verona," he said, "was where Romeo and Juliet lived."

"Oh!" cried Mamie, abashed. "I thought they were in a play."

"They were," said the poet; "but they were real characters, too."

Now Mamie had seen the play in Cleveland, and had neither made much of it nor seen much in it.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment, "they weren't real characters in the play anyway. I think I see a Cleveland boy doing all that talking under a bay window. Why, he'd go to see any girl who lived upstairs that way with a collapsible step-ladder."

At Venice, all three came out of the railway station together and walked down the steps to where the black gondolas were floating about.

"Why, they don't row them, do they?" exclaimed Mamie in amazement; "and that's just like they are in the pictures, too. They—they—sort of push them, don't they?"—doubtfully.

But the poet's eyes were shining, and he said nothing. This was Venice and the Grand Canal, and there floated the night-black messengers of this mysterious city, Venice, the Queen of—

"Now, did you ever!" Mamie broke in on him. "Imagine rowing a boat with one oar, and standing up to do it!"

"They have always done so," said the poet, dreamily. "Had we come here away back in the middle ages, we should have seen just such black swans floating upon the waters, with the tall gondolier leaning gracefully on his oar."

Mamie looked at him for a moment, as if awaiting the point of his joke. It had something to do, she fancied, with the age of those dingy old boats. But his face showed that he was not joking. So she snapped out—

"Well, that's no credit to them. They ought to have improved by this time. It must be a lot easier to sit down and row—"

"Row? In Venice?" exploded the poet. Then her round, confident, self-satisfied face disarmed him. "But you are a little barbarian," he ended with a forgiving smile.

"Let us hurry and get one anyway," suggested Mrs. Peterson. "People are picking them up." And they began to signal to the floating gondoliers.

"Wait! Wait!" suddenly cried Mamie. "Here comes a steamboat. That's our size."

"But you can't mean to take a steamboat in Venice," said the poet, impatiently.

"Of course I mean it," insisted Mamie. "It will be twice as quick."

"Well, let me help you on it, then," said the poet politely; "but I am going in a gondola."

"Oh," said Mamie, as if in expostulation at his putting himself out, but not offering to go toward the steamboat landing, "we couldn't think of bothering you ....Perhaps, we'd better all keep together, anyway." And so they went down the steps and into the roomy waist of a gondola.

"My!" said Mamie, after they had pushed in silence across the Grand Canal and entered one of the smaller canals on the other side, taking a short cut to the hotel. "My! but the cellars in those houses must be fearfully damp."

"Do you suppose they have cellars?" asked Mrs. Peterson, doubtfully.

Mamie shook her head in confessed ignorance. "They'd be cool," she added, as a possible reason for believing in their existence.

"But they'd be dead dark," objected Mrs. Peterson, "and ratty."

The poet took note of their discus-

"Mrs. Peterson thought that, perhaps, the church was sinking down into the water in places"

sion. "They have dungeons at the Doges' Palace," he said, "which are below the water line."

"They ought to have been written up," commented Mamie, with prompt vigour. "They could never do such a thing in the States, could they?"

"They were written up," said the poet, with amusement. "That is how I knew."

"Oh! you!" cried Mamie, her twinkling eyes showing that she saw the joke. "You mean they were written down in history. But that's no good. No one reads history but kids at school—'nd—'nd wise guys that you can't get to vote. If you want the police to get a move on, you've got to write it up in the papers."

"We'll have to see about that," replied the poet; but Mamie saw that he was still joking her, so she flushed a little and fell into a stubborn silence. Mrs. Peterson wondered if they were lost, and if the gondolier had understood what hotel they wanted, or if he was taking them to another, and said that the water looked to her just like the water in a ditch; but Mamie accepted none of these conversational offers.

That afternoon, they came out together on the Piazza of St. Mark and looked about them. Mamie at once said that the church was "dumpy," having the soaring height of Milan Cathedral in her mind.

"That is a Byzantine effect?" explained the poet.

"What is a Byzantine effect?" enquired Mamie at once. She was always an unabashed seeker after information.

"Why," said the poet, "that basilica is—round domes and—little pinnacles, and rich decoration—"

"You like it?" persisted Mamie.

"Very much," said the poet, emphatically.

"Well, to me," said Mamie, "it looks like a lot of little cakes that had settled and 'gone heavy'."

Nor was she any better pleased with the mosaics in the vaulting of the entrance hall, and finally she said, hardly knowing whether she was making a joke or not:

"I believe that I could make just as good mosaics as Moses himself."

The bad repair of the paving, both in the church and out of it called forth her keenest ridicule.

Mrs. Peterson thought that, perhaps, the church was sinking down into the water in places.

"What did they build it here for then?" demanded Mamie. "Isn't there any dry land around here?"

Then the poet decided to take them in hand. He said:

"Do you know—you are seeing things in the wrong way all the time. People do not come to Venice because it is a model, up-to-date American city; for it is nothing of the kind. They come here just because it is something quite different. It is a city of the middle ages, built out on these islands for middle age reasons. Those mosaics are eight hundred years old. This church is nearly a thousand years old." And much more to the same effect.

Then they went to the Doges' Palace, and Mamie determined to keep her opinions to herself. So for a time the poet was enjoying himself hugely, pointing out to two silent and apparently admiring ladies the marvellous bronze cistern tops in the court, the great staircases, the vast council rooms, the old masters, the "mouth of the lion," the chambers of the Terrible Ten and the Terrible Three, and the dank dungeons beneath the lapping waters of the canal.

"Do you know what I think?" said Mamie at last.

The poet smiled a question.

"Well, I think that they did an awful lot of painting of people that nobody ever heard of."

"The painters must have heard of them," suggested Mrs. Peterson in a mollifying tone.

"Sure!" said Mamie; "or made them up. But I guess they heard of them all right. They'd want to send the bill to them. It must have cost them a lot of money to get their pictures painted like this. But it really seems to me that most of these people couldn't have cut much ice, or I would have heard of them myself. They've a lot here about battles, and yet not a scene with Napoleon or General Grant or Julius Cæsar in it. You know, it may be all very well, but this whole palace looks to me like an advertisement dodge got up by local people to puff their own citizens—a sort of jubilee number of the town paper, done in stone and paint."

But the poet had gone, and they did not see him again until dinner that night.

The poet pointed out "the mouth of the lion"

There was much about Venice, as the days went on, that fascinated Mamie. She liked sitting at Florians of an afternoon, drinking chocolate and listening to the band. The Lido made her a little lonesome, for the almost waveless Adriatic was so like Lake Erie. The glass works tempted her, but she did not think much of the Venetian lace—it was too coarse.

But the churches and the paintings, and even the "alleged palaces" on the Grand Canal did not move her much. Having learned that the Bridge of Sighs had never been crossed by sighing prisoners, she looked upon its continued presence as a sort of brazen swindle upon American tourists, who were chiefly taken in by it. Still going anywhere in a gondola was a dreamy pleasure, and the shops in the arcades of the Procuratie were always a delight.

Finally the morning came when she and Mrs. Peterson must leave, the latter for Florence and Mamie for her office at

Milan. The poet took his first trip by the detested steamer to the station to see them off.

"Well," said Mamie to the poet, "I know that you like this town, for you are going to stay. But, to me, it's the worst yet in Europe; and that is saying a good deal. They do things just a little stupider here than they do anywhere else. They began by building in a swamp, which was pretty near the limit; and then, instead of getting around with launches or canoes, or something like that, they picked upon one-oared boats, as heavy as barges and as slow as time. And even to-day they think it's a disgrace to travel in a steamboat."

"Not they—always," said the poet, a little sadly.

"Well, they keep up the gondola idea for strangers then," said Mamie. "If I owned the town," she went on, "I'd move it over onto dry land. Those enemies that they came here to escape, that you were telling us about, must be all dead by now. There used to be Indians in America, but we don't live in a stockade out in Cleveland now just because people had to once. We've sat up and begun to take notice since then, and so should these Venetians. It would be perfectly safe for them to go ashore now."

"And become a city of trolley lines and departmental stores," observed the poet.

"Sure thing!" replied Mamie. "Think of living in a city without a street car! And, for that matter, almost without a street! A flooded city, with nothing but sidewalks left! Can't go driving! Can't take a car! Can't go walking and find your way back again! Can't find your way there, if you're going anywhere! A perfect obstacle race to go around the corner. First you'll have to climb an overhead bridge; and then, in a minute, you'll have to swim a canal or come back to the main alley-way and start again."

"But," she went on presently, the poet not having spoken, "they've done one thing well. They've advertised their canal boat Eden to beat the band. I have been hearing of nothing but Venice ever since I came over to Europe. It's Venice—Venice—Venice! You simply must see Venice! They had you"—turning to the poet—"all posted on this gondola fake before you got here. Their advance agents must be corkers, whoever they are."

"Their names were Byron and Ruskin," said the poet, looking off at the passing row of Gothic Palaces.

PART OF KING EDWARD'S COLLECTION. THE HELMET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MANTELPIECE WAS BOUGHT FOR £8,000

King Edward's Expensive Hobby

By MORTIMER VERNON

His Majesty revives the old office of "King's Armourer," vacant since the days of Charles II

NOT only his own loyal subjects, but all clear-thinking men of every nation, appreciate and respect King Edward VII for his manifold points of contact with life. If without irreverence one may say so, King Edward is the Admirable Crichton of monarchs, and this glimpse of him pursuing a hobby will be intensely interesting.

The King's Armourer is one of the most important and ancient of offices in the Royal Household, but until King Edward VII appointed Mr. Guy Laking, the son of Sir Francis Laking, His Majesty's physician, to the post shortly after his accession to the throne, it had not been filled since the time of Charles II. Mr. Laking is the greatest living authority on ancient armour, and he was the only person who could effectively execute the many very responsible duties which the King's Armourer of the present day has to perform.

The first duty Mr. Laking had to carry out was to arrange and put in order the priceless collection of armour at Windsor Castle. In this work Mr. Laking received much valuable assistance from King Edward, who is himself an expert authority on ancient armour. For example, on one occasion Mr. Laking was putting together a very valuable suit of armour made for Prince Henry of Wales in the seventeenth century, which had been found in an old lumber room at Windsor Castle. The pieces of this suit were taken into the armoury room at Windsor,

where the King came to inspect them. Now it was of the greatest importance that each piece should be identified as being the original piece of the suit. "I congratulated myself," said Mr. Laking, "that I would be able to detect at a glance whether we had got hold of the right pieces or not. They appeared to me to be correct in every detail, and I was just about to say so to the King, when His Majesty quietly observed that the shoulder plate of the suit could not have belonged to the original suit of armour, as it was obviously of later date than the 17th century, and this proved to be the case. The shoulder plate we had found really belonged to another suit of a much later date, and was just a quarter of an inch wider than the shoulder plates made in the 17th century. This little incident serves to show what a keen eye for detail King Edward has in such matters. As a matter of fact, the original shoulder of the suit in question was never found, and King Edward would not have it, therefore, put in the long corridor at Windsor, which is reserved entirely for complete suits of armour."

It took the King's Armourer twelve months to arrange all the armour at Windsor, but he had of course to attend to many other matters in connection with his office during that period. The King is being constantly asked to buy pieces of old armour. These are mostly represented as being "old English armour," but are by no means what they are represented to be. Mr. Laking faces the work of deciding whether such pieces should be purchased for the Royal Armoury. In any case, the King never buys any armour except pieces which at some time or other did actually occupy a place in the Crown collections, but which, through various circumstances, got into other hands. There are altogether about three hundred pieces of old armour in the world which the King would purchase if he got an

THE KING'S ARMOURER ARRANGING A GROUP FOR THE WALLS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

A CORNER IN THE ROOMS OF THE KING'S ARMOURER AT ST. JAMES' PALACE

opportunity to do so, but Mr. Laking estimates that at the outside not more than fifty of these pieces will ever come into the market, as the rest are in national museums in different parts of Europe, and will in all probability never stir from where they are.

A couple of years ago Mr. Laking read in a Russian paper that a Polish gentleman had purchased an old English helmet of the time of the Wars of the Roses, at a sale in Moscow, for £50 and that a dealer had promptly offered the purchaser £500 for it, which, however, was refused. Mr. Laking at once had an audience with the King and started off for Moscow that very night.

At Moscow he learned the address of the Polish gentleman who had purchased the helmet and to him the King's Armourer went and asked to be allowed to see it. Mr. Laking saw at once that the helmet was a genuine article and immensely valuable, for there are only three of these helmets in the world. His Majesty was determined to have at least one of them, and told his armourer to pay £10,000 for it rather than let it go. The Polish gentleman knew the helmet to be a valuable one, and after several days' bargaining, ran his price up to £6,000, and it now stands in the Armourer's room at St. James' Palace.

The amount of faked armour which is being constantly offered to His Majesty is enormous, and until Mr. Laking's appointment as Armourer, a good many of these fakes were purchased. These had to be taken out of the Crown collections when they were being recently arranged.

When a piece of armour is offered to the King the would-be seller sends first of all a photograph of the piece to the King's Armourer who shows it to the King. If the piece appears to be genuine and His Majesty approves of it, Mr. Laking makes an appointment to inspect

it. These offers come from all parts of the world, and if the offer comes from outside England the owner of the armour must send the piece to St. James' Palace, or pay Mr. Laking's expenses if he wishes the Armourer to come to him.

Since King Edward ascended the throne his Armourer has received offers of one thousand and eighty pieces of armour, and has purchased three, one being a Tilting Breast-plate belonging to a suit in Windsor Castle which the Armourer secured for £8,000. This particular piece was in the possession of a Parisian collector who brought it with him to England and showed it himself to King Edward, who at once recognised the importance of securing it for the Windsor Armoury. The dealer asked £10,000 for it, but Mr. Laking managed to buy it after a great deal of bargaining for £2,000 less.

A German lady came recently to Mr. Laking with a sabre of the sixteenth century, which she declared was originally in the Windsor Armoury, which she wished to sell to the King. The price she asked was moderate, and the sabre appeared to be quite genuine. Mr. Laking made a thorough and lengthy examination of the weapon and finally decided to advise His Majesty to buy it. Then it suddenly occurred to the Armourer that the sabre was rather light in weight, and subsequently he ascertained that it was several ounces lighter than any genuine sabre of the sixteenth century and must therefore be a fake. The lady had arranged to call at the Armourer's office a few days later, but she never appeared. She wrote, instead, a letter to the King confessing that the weapon was a fake.

There are several ancient privileges attached to the post of Armourer, which, however, the present holder of the office does not claim. One of those enables him to dine at the King's table at least once a week; another enables him to demand a golden goblet from His Majesty once a year. Mr. Laking, it need scarcely be remarked, does not claim either of these ancient privileges. On state occasions, however, he wears the gorgeous uniform of his office, which is no doubt far more ornamental than comfortable.

In addition to the offers of armour which King Edward so frequently receives from would-be sellers, His Majesty is constantly receiving presents of armour from foreign monarchs. Many Indian princes, for example, have often sent immensely valuable suits of armour and weapons to King Edward, and these the Armourer has to arrange and to ascertain in what part of the Royal palaces they can be disposed of to the greatest advantage. Whenever a present of armour arrives for the King, Mr. Laking inspects it and makes a rough pencil drawing of the manner in which he proposes to arrange the pieces. This picture is then submitted to the King for approval. Sometimes His Majesty suggests alterations in the picture, and in any case always holds a short consultation with the Armourer before finally deciding on the manner in which the armour is to be placed. In the Armourer's office there is a complete record of every piece of armour in the Royal Palace, and a picture of every group of the different pieces of armour. All this work was carried out by special desire of the King, before whose accession the great Crown collections of armour were hidden treasures lost to sight in old lumber rooms in the different royal palaces.

HEAD OF TASMAN GLACIER, NEW ZEALAND

The Britain of the South

By T. E. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor was for six years in the New Zealand Parliament, and therefore is well able to discuss conditions in that country

THE memory of one of the most fearless of navigators is indelibly associated with the Colony of New Zealand. It is doubtful whether Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, who discovered these "Fortunate Isles" in December, 1642, landed on any portion of them, but he christened them in honour of his own country, and the name of the Colony New Zealand (although no Dutchman has ever won distinction in this Colony since Europeans settled here), will for ever remain a monument of the skill and daring of one of Holland's greatest seamen. European settlement dates back about seventy years, but it was only in 1840 that Great Britain formally annexed the islands. The area of New Zealand is 104,000 square miles. Compared with the 3,000,000 square miles comprising the Commonwealth of Australia, this area seems insignificant, but a comparison of New Zealand's fertility and natural beauties with those of her massive neighbour is at all points to her advantage. There are numbers of folk even in England who believe in a vague way that New Zealand and Australia are one and the same country. Even though the Tasman Sea with its 1,300 miles of stormy waters did not separate us from Australia, the climate and physical features of New Zealand are essentially different from those of the Commonwealth States. Whilst much Australian scenery is admittedly beautiful, the Commonwealth becomes almost com-

monplace when contrasted with the startling beauties of the Britain of the South. Natural beauty has been lavished upon us. Nearly all our 4,330 miles of coast-line is rugged and rockbound, whilst hundreds of miles display mountain ranges whose forest-clad slopes are pierced by summits crowned with eternal snow. Stretching from 33° to 53° south latitude, New Zealand has a marvellous variety of climates. In Auckland, the most northerly province, sub-tropical fruits and flowers flourish, whilst in Otago and Southland, at the other extremity of the Colony, the good old winter games of Great Britain are indulged in and occasional spells of frost and snowfalls remind us that we are within a week's sail of the Antarctic Continent. There is no point in these sea-girt islands more than one hundred miles from the sea coast. Of the sixty-seven millions of acres within our boundaries, about fifty-five millions are suitable for pasture and agricultural purposes, and some thirty-six million acres are at present utilised by these interests. The fertility of our agricultural lands may be judged by the fact that our wheat crop averages thirty-five bushels, and oats forty bushels to the acre, while our exports of frozen meat, which reached £3,250,000 in value last year, always command by their quality the highest price upon the London market. In butter and cheese, of which we sent £1,500,000 worth to England last year, we challenge the quality of even the Dominion of Canada. Although our population is not yet 900,000, we produced marketable goods last year valued at £30,000,000 and exported to foreign markets over one-half of that value. Our combined imports and exports equal £29,000,000. It is a fact worthy of note and a defect calling for a remedy that our imports from Canada are less than £50,000 of the £13,000,000 from all countries.

A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND GOLD DREDGE. THE ORE IS TAKEN FROM GRAVEL BEDS IN THE RIVER

Our people are all British born with the exception of about 11,615, of whom 4,000 are Germans, 3,500 from Denmark and Sweden, 1,600 are Americans and 3,000 Chinese. With the exception of the last named, nearly all the foreign-born folk have been naturalised. We claim, with

some degree of pride, that we are more British than any portion of the Empire outside the Motherland, that

"Precious stone set in the silver sea."

Our religious sympathies may be gauged by the fact that the Church of England claims 41 per cent. of our total population; Presbyterian, 23 per cent.; Methodists, 11 per cent.; and Roman Catholics, 14.23 per cent. Our educational institutions are well abreast of modern methods and ideals.

The first organised settlement of the Canterbury province was controlled by a number of influential and educated Englishmen, and the immigrants they induced to come here were to reproduce upon New Zealand soil the Church of England with its system of Government. All settlement and all the institutions which they hoped to create were to be in harmony with the English ideals, which regarded the squire and the parson as the poles of any perfect or desirable civilisation. The pilgrim fathers of this province arrived in 1851, and although the exclusive ideals which inspired them have failed of realisation, as they were bound to do, the high character and unusual ability of these nation builders of 1851 have left an indelible impression upon all our principal institutions. Many of the early settlers were educationists, and a few of the pioneers in the Canterbury province are entitled to credit for the establishment of our national system of free, secular and compulsory education. Any boy or girl of proved capacity can go free of cost from the primary school to the university. Apart from the national schools there are only a few Roman Catholic day schools. The latter receive no State aid, but are subject to be inspected by the State inspectors with regard to the standard results.

The southern portion of the South Island was settled by Scotch people, and to this day Scotch are heavily in the majority in Otago and Southland. With the exception of the Canterbury and Otago provinces, the Colony was originally settled by a mixed population from Great Britain. Our isolation has protected us from any inrush of undesirables. European exiles form not even a fraction of our population. The pauper fleeing from foreign persecution could not reach our shores. One consequence of this isolation has been that our population has increased but slowly. A chief advantage we have derived has been our freedom from the educational, social, religious and political problems inevitably associated with a mingling of races. Perhaps the future may cause us to regret that we have not had to develop under more cosmopolitan conditions. If the British race is capable of reaching its highest possible development under the stimulus of an equable climate, political and religious freedom, and an abundant food supply, then New Zealand should

WAIROA GEYSER AT PLAY—AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

A MAORI CHIEF

become a leader amongst the oversea dominions of the British Empire.

Politically, ideal conditions obtain here. We have adult franchises. Every man and woman of twenty-one years of age is enrolled upon the parliamentary rolls by the State and at the public cost. Our municipal franchise is scarcely less generous. The women were admitted to vote in 1894, and each succeeding parliamentary election has witnessed them using their political powers more keenly.

Woman's entrance into politics was preceded by many doleful predictions as to the calamities which would follow the experiment. Family discord would reign supreme; women would be unsexed; divorce would multiply, and the seven plagues of Egypt would fade into insignificance when contrasted with the evils which were certain to follow the reform. After twelve years' operation, all the predictions remain unfulfilled. The polling booths have been purified by the presence of women voters. The home life of the voters is as serene as it was before the franchise to women was granted. Divorce has not increased. Not only have not the evil forebodings been realised in actual experience, but the moral tone of Parlia-

MAORI POI DANCE. SPECIMENS OF MAORI CARVINGS IN THE BACKGROUND

ment has been perceptibly raised. Social legislation relating to the preservation of infant life, to the protection of women and children, legislation giving the people power to absolutely prohibit the liquor traffic, amendments to factory laws and other humane enactments have received closer attention from Parliament. Contrary to all expectations, the women's vote has been aggressively radical in its tendencies. It has maintained a Liberal Government in power for sixteen years, and the once formidable Opposition of eighty members has dwindled to about a dozen dismal prophets of evil.

The configuration of the country deprives us of any navigable rivers with the exception of the Wairoa and the Waikato in the extreme northern portion of the North Island, but as compensation we have many rivers of considerable volume which have a fall of twenty-five feet to the mile, and which are designed by nature to become the sources of enormous wealth in electric energy. Our rainfall is assured by our forests and mountains. Drought is unknown here. New Zealand is the Switzerland of the South Pacific. So varied is her mountain scenery, that Mount Egmont, rising from the level plain and reaching 9,000 feet above sea level, vies in its perfect symmetry with the Fujishama, Japan's famous peak. Mount Cook towers in rugged beauty 13,000 feet above sea level and crowns a range of glacier-strewn and eternally snow-clad peaks, extending in an unbroken line for 450 miles from Nelson to the Bluff. Switzerland can boast of more peaks, but she has none which exceed Mount Cook in rugged grandeur, whilst the glaciers which gather around its base are more extensive than any in Switzerland. World famous as the Norwegian fjords are, the series of sounds or fjords upon the extreme southwestern coast-line of the South Island are unparalleled in their sombre majesty. Milford Sound is perhaps the most notable, but numerous fjords of rare beauty extend over more than a hundred miles of coast. Inland from the fjords are Lakes Te Anau, Wakatipu-Manapouri and Wanaka—all glacier fed, all extremely beautiful. Set in a circle of hill-land, forest clad from the water's edge to the snow-line, they reflect in their almost fathomless depths, forest and snow-capped peaks so faithfully as to produce weird feelings in the spectator. Passing from the lavish beauties of mountains, lakes, fjords and forest, we have at Rotorua thermal wonders so varied as to fear no comparison with those of Yellowstone Park. If one's mood wearies of such fare, then our mountain streams, rivers and lakes teem with fish, nearly all of which have been acclimatised. Salmon trout from Britain under the magic influences of their new homes attain, as compared with an average weight in Great Britain of three to five pounds, the enormous weight of twenty-five and sometimes twenty-six pounds. American brook trout, rainbow trout, perch and other fish abound, and after many years of expensive experiment the true salmon has been successfully introduced. In many parts of the Colony, notably in Otago and Auckland provinces, stag-hunting may be had to greater perfection than in any other part of the world. If the stag is not royal enough to satisfy the sporting instinct, then the wild boar may be hustled on many a mountain side, and no monarch of mediæval times ever pursued nobler game. With all these possessions and potentialities, is it any wonder that the 900,000 people who inhabit New Zealand are jealous of their birthright? No Chinaman may enter the country without paying one hundred pounds as a poll tax. Although the number is decreasing, a demand is growing for legislation which will bar them entering any business ordinarily carried on by Europeans, and which will induce them to return to the land of lanterns. No one who cannot speak English and comply with certain educational tests is permitted to land in the Colony. No known consumptive can enter. These restrictions upon immigration are vigorously applied, and a policy of exclusion of aliens is endorsed by all classes.

Whilst few public men have called themselves "socialists," the legislation of the last fifteen years has been strongly socialistic, and our legislative tendencies are increasingly socialistic. Not only has the State established well-equipped ma-

ternity homes, but it trains nurses skilled in midwifery, who are available at reasonable fees to go to sparsely settled districts. The cradle is the keen concern of the State, and all colonists of sixty-five years of age who have been in the Colony twenty years, and whose total annual income does not exceed sixty pounds, receive an old-age pension, the maximum pension being ten shillings a week.

Peace in the industrial world is assured, and all disputes *must* be referred to an Arbitration Court, consisting of a Supreme Court Judge and two representatives selected by employer and employee respectively.

Nearly all our public works, such as the construction of roads, bridges and railways, are carried out by labour directly employed by the Government. The men work on the co-operative plan. This system has been in vogue for thirteen years, and although the rate of construction is certainly slower and the cost almost certainly higher than under the contract system, there is little desire to revert to the latter. There are 2,400 miles of railways in the Colony, all of which is owned and operated by the State for the common good. The telephone, telegraph and postal system are also exclusively owned and operated by the State. The State carries on in the public interest and in competition with private enterprise, fire, life and accident insurance. It mines coal, and, besides supplying the requirements of the State railways, has State coal depots in all the chief centres. Its Public Trustee administers thousands of deceased persons' estates, and in many other directions all the people's interests are elevated above what has hitherto been regarded as the right of individuals.

Our land is not more than sufficient in area to supply the demands of our own people. We cannot induce people to throw in their lot with us by offering them free land. We have not got it, and the general temper of the Colony is against encouraging a large increase in population by immigration. Further, the value of land here is high, and a man requires considerable capital if he is to go upon the land with prospects of success. There are still forest lands in the possession of the Crown which may be purchased or leased cheaply, but the conditions of settlement require men and women of exceptional vigour and persistency to succeed. In the settled portions of the Colony, land is dear and values are determined by the values on the London market of our wool, meat, butter, cheese and grain. In spite of these advantages, we have quite enough hapless, unfortunate and vicious people to form diminutive social problems.

The aboriginal population of New Zealand is worthy of special reference. To-day there are 43,000 Maoris, inclusive of men, women and children. Although some recent census returns appeared to prove that their number was slightly increasing, it is almost certain the supposed increase was due to a more carefully taken census. When they pass, one of the most remarkable native races ever discovered will have closed its career. When the Maori arrived in these islands, no one knows. Tradition gives a probable date, stretching back some three centuries. How they came here is an easy matter to solve. It is clear they came over sea from the South Sea Islands, perhaps from Samoa or Hawaii. They excel in seamanship, and as makers and users of canoes, they are exceedingly proficient. When they came and whence will always afford food for controversy, but opinions as to their character do not vary. The equable climate and abundant food supplies of which they became possessed on reaching these shores, must have exerted tremendous influences upon them. They are to-day one of the most stalwart races extant. They are in times of peace or war, humane, generous and foolishly courageous. The occasions upon which Europeans and Maoris have made war upon each other have established the Maoris in the esteem of their foes as a chivalrous people. Their love of fighting is only exceeded by their sense of fair play. Upon occasions when European troops who were besieging Maori strongholds ran out of ammunition and ceased firing, the Maoris have sent out a messenger under a flag of truce to ascertain why firing was suspended. Upon learning the reason, it is recorded that they offered to share

their ammunition so that the fight could be continued. Upon one memorable occasion, the officer commanding the attacking force sent an offer to the Maori chief in a beleaguered Pah, or stockaded native village, which was well nigh starved out by the siege, to permit the women and children to remove to a position of safety. The offer was declined, the women and children declaring that they preferred to fight with their men folk. Then a more generous settlement was offered if the Maoris would surrender, but the reply came from the indomitable chief, as he shouted it defiantly to the peace messenger, "We will fight for ever."

Many shipwrecks upon the rocky coasts of New Zealand have afforded the Maoris opportunity for exhibiting brilliant heroism. They are expert swimmers and they have rescued scores of seamen from death. On one famous occasion a young Maori chieftainess made sixteen journeys from shore to a wreck, each time rescuing a seaman. By this means the whole crew of the barque were saved. This signal feat aroused keen enthusiasm, and the Maori "Grace Darling" was the modest recipient of a very handsome public presentation. It will be easily understood how the possession of such qualities have permitted the mingling of the races so far as friendship is concerned. There is practically no intermingling by marriage, and the half-caste population is very small, but the utmost good feeling exists between the races here. No suspicion of colour line exists. There is no position in the public service to which a Maori may not aspire, and numbers of them have passed through our colleges with distinction. The Maori probably reaches a higher level of mental capacity than any other native race living to-day. Despite all these facts, it is certain that a few decades will see the Maori extinct. No architectural or scientific monuments will remain to perpetuate their memory, but the European population of this land will always be able to derive enjoyment from the knowledge that the law of justice governed the relations of the races, and in the mythology and traditions of the Maori race we shall always find the pleasures which attach to melody and lofty imagination.

British parliamentary institutions are not the only motherland predilection we have developed. Our sports are those of Great Britain and they flourish amazingly. Cricket, football, horse-racing, bowling, hockey, tennis, golf and rowing are vigorously indulged in by all classes. Although we have less than a million people, 300,000 are town dwellers. The configuration of the country has prevented a capital city from coming into existence We have four chief cities—Auckland at the extreme northern end of the North Island and Wellington at the south, have populations of 67,000 and 55,000 respectively. In the South Island, Christchurch and Dunedin are the chief cities, with populations of 60,000 and 53,000 respectively. This geographical factor renders the crowded city life of older countries impossible for us. All our cities have modern services—electric tramways, and light, public libraries, museums and art galleries. Our municipal and State politics are free from the taint of graft. As the people succeed in freeing themselves of the prejudices for forms, ceremonies and institutions which they or their parents knew in England, the democracy of New Zealand will become ideal so far as public institutions go; and few, if any, of the oversea possessions of the British Empire should contain a more prosperous, contented or happy people.

Worry–the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Giving the philosophy of holidaying and hobby-hunting—worry and its relation to insanity

III.—WORRY AND HEALTH OF MIND

N studying the influence of worry upon the infectious diseases and upon the process of infection itself, we are concerned, after all, with that kind of disease which is becoming less and less important; whilst there remains another kind of disease, the importance of which is daily increasing. In the present chapter I wish to consider worry in its relation to the mind diseased, and we shall use this phrase to cover the whole realm of mental disorder, ranging from even the mere inability to work as hard as usual to insanity itself.

But first I purpose to throw in the very forefront of this article the question of what may be called the hygiene of the mind in so far as worry bears upon it. It would be useless merely to say that the mind must be protected from the influences of worry by a careful adherence to the injunction not to worry. This would be of no more practical value than would a mere unsupplemented demonstration of the potency of worry in this respect. But fortunately there is an extremely familiar practical question which recurs in regular fashion in the experience of each of us, and which has an immediate bearing on this question. Let us here inquire, without further delay, into the philosophy of holidaying. Let us ask what a holiday really is worth, and what are the conditions in which its worth may be most fully realised. This is a subject true notions of which must necessarily be of value to everyone who possesses them.

The first question to answer is as to what constitutes the *essential* of a holiday? What is a holiday? We must reject any definition which does not cover all the cases, and, if possible, must find one which gets to the heart of the matter. If we *do* get there we shall find, I wager, that our whole conception of all *real* and *necessary* holidaying must be framed in terms of worry.

For some men a holiday may consist in rest from any kind of set occupation. Their holidays are constituted by lying in a hammock with a handkerchief over the head, an unread book slipping from the fingers, and the senses occupied by nothing more than the sleepy hum of summer flies. If, in the course of such a holiday, one sleeps very nearly the round of the clock, it is none the worse for that. This may not constitute the reader's notion of a holiday; and it is very far from constituting mine; but for those whom it happens to suit, the *dolce far niente* is a holiday of the best.

On the other hand, another man's holiday—by which he may profit no less than his lazy neighbour by his—may consist in a cricket tour, including an enormous amount of physical work. Yet another will travel, covering almost impossible distances and seeing an incredible number of things. Judged in physical terms, such holidays as these are the very antithesis of the first kind of holiday I have described. In the one case there is the minimum expenditure of physical energy; in the other cases, there is the expenditure of perhaps a dozen times the customary amount. Yet, as everyone knows, these varying procedures all constitute true holidays for those whom they respectively suit. Plainly, then, any physical or merely *muscular* criterion of a holiday is a matter of accident and not of essence. In answering the question, What is a holiday?

we must turn from the physical to the psychical—from matter to mind.

Is a holiday, then, constituted by freedom from mental work? Directly we think of it, we see that we have not yet reached an essential definition. One man's idea of a holiday is freedom for mathematical research; another longs for his holiday because he is to have the pleasure of writing a book therein; yet another will swear to read no printed word that he can avoid for six weeks, nor ever to take pen in hand, and he also may obtain a genuine and effective holiday. Plainly, then, as the physical method of estimating a holiday failed us, so also does the method by estimation of mental work done or not done.

Yet certainly it is in the realm of mind that we must remain if we are to discover the one fact which is common to, and which is the only essential of, all forms of holiday. It is some state of mind or other that really constitutes a holiday—and what is that? Well, it is certain that one may lock oneself up in one's room and have a superb holiday; one may go to bed with some not too unreasonable illness, such as a simple fracture, and may have a holiday of the best; or, on the other hand, one may travel abroad, meeting one's business letters at each Poste Restante, covering many miles, seeing many new things, and yet not holidaying at all. As I have repeatedly stated elsewhere, the business man on a holiday, if he is wise, will not let anyone know where he is. He is to be pursued neither by post, nor telegraph, nor telephone. "If his business worries are to follow him, he will do much better to stay at home and tackle them with the conveniences which that implies. The deadly thing in modern life is worry, and worry is more deadly on holiday than anywhere else, besides making the name a farce. Worry and responsibility are very nearly one; and thus the wise doctor on holiday will not be caught revealing his profession."

We have discovered, then, what really constitutes a holiday, and the discovery is a capital one, leading to many interesting conclusions. *To holiday is to be free from worry.* Every kind of holiday, wherever and however spent, possesses this character, and no proceedings which do not possess it can constitute a holiday. It follows that the unemployed rich, for instance, or such of them as are free from any kind of responsibility or cause of worry, cannot holiday; it is not merely that they cannot enjoy a holiday, but that they cannot holiday at all. No matter what devices they employ or expenditure they undertake, they cannot obtain that sense of freedom from normal worry which is the essence of a holiday, and which is reserved for those who have work, and duties, and cares.

Again, it follows from our discovery that, even in the case of those who do a large amount of mental work, a holiday, as the term is commonly understood, may be totally unnecessary. Many men who lead the intellectual life work their brains as hard as ever during their holidays. There are countless instances on record of such men who never wanted or took what is commonly understood by a holiday, and who lived to an old age, physically and intellectually green. The happy few whose work so-called involves no worry, no fear, no apprehension, make holiday every day, or are beyond the need of holidays—which you please.

For convenience we may express our conclusions in a very terse form, if we use the word work in its most common sense. *Work* is best defined as anything that one *has to do;* everything else, however much intellectual or physical activity it may entail, is occupation, employment, *divertissement,* or anything else you care to call it, but not work. The essence of a holiday, then, is the complete suppression of the normal struggle-for-existence aspect of the mind's work. This once granted, it matters not at all how strenuously you employ yourself at anything whatever that you do for the love of it.

I fancy that some readers will expect me, in discussing worry, to insist that the modern civilised man is apt to overstrain his mind, never giving it a real rest. I may have been expected to declare that strenuous folk must learn how to do nothing, how to take a "real holiday." But I do not believe for a moment that

the reality of a holiday depends upon mental rest. I believe that a man with a competent and active mind is in no more need of resting that mind than a batsman who has already made ninety-nine runs, and finds himself master of the bowling, is in need of resting his muscles. On the contrary, I incline to the view that it is good for the body and for the mind alike to exercise those functions of which they are capable. The batsman about to make his century will be in nowise benefited by being deprived of his opportunity to complete his tale of runs. The student who has written all but the crowning chapter of a book will be in nowise benefited by being deprived of his opportunity. The man with good muscles, the man with a good mind, the man with a good voice—in short, the man who is capable of exercising without strain any function whatever, does well in general to do so. In contravention of the common views on the subject may be noticed the very common cases of men, active, vigorous, and eager in mind, who have done abundance of hard work for years and thrived on it, and who then, retiring from business, become a nuisance to themselves and their families, begin to overeat themselves, fret, fuss, and worry about trifles, and deteriorate in body and in mind—all in consequence of a holiday which was *premature*, and was therefore not wanted.

More persistently than ever, civilisation is tending to produce the type of man whose mind will not be content with doing nothing. My point is that there is no need for him to do nothing. If, like the vast majority of us, he has work to do—work in the sense of whatever has to be done willy-nilly—he must certainly have his annual holiday, his annual period of discharge from such worry as is normal and incidental to his work. But if this be granted it does not matter how hard he employs his brain *for fun*. He may play as much chess as he pleases, or may toy with algebraic formulæ, may write the most un-Miltonic of blank verse, or compose the most stale and effete and laboured of music; he may drive his brain as hard as he pleases in any direction whatever, provided that there be no *must* driving him, no worry, no fear of consequences, should his task not be done or not be done well. On the other hand, he may be one of those unfortunate people who will worry about their play, who thus transform into work, as we have defined work, everything that they do. Such a man on holiday joins in a local cricket match; he is in a state of nervous perspiration before he goes in to bat, and he mopes all the afternoon because his partner ran him out. Precious little good the cricket has done *him!* I know a man, very dear to me, who rather fancies his batting, and who sometimes finds it difficult to get to sleep at night because he happened to come down a fraction of a second too late upon a fast yorker a few hours before. The more fool he! Plainly he is on the way to taking his cricket too seriously, converting it into work and a source of worry. Most people will rightly say that cricket is an ideal recreation for the brain-worker; but in the case I have instanced the brain-worker would be much better to work his brains harder than ever, as at chess, rather than worry when he fails to get runs. Furthermore, I believe that there is no evidence to support the doctrine which assures us that men kill themselves by overwork. Men kill themselves by worry every day, but not by overwork as such. For most brain-workers there is no better holiday than a novel intellectual occupation, provided that it be absolutely *careless*. I incline to believe that intellectual labour without worry never injured anyone yet, and never will. I also believe that, just as the successful business man, when he retires, is apt to become a poor, querulous creature, worrying about the most ridiculous domestic trifles, so also the ordinary brain-worker who accepts the common doctrine that in order to holiday it is necessary to give the brain rest, may do himself far more harm than good. If Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, he certainly finds some worry still for the idle mind to endure; unless, of course, it be the mind of an idler, with which I have no interest or

concern here. The true holiday of the brain-worker must not consist of replacing something by nothing, for Nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill it with worry. It must include the provision of a novel mental occupation in sufficient quantity, the essential character of that occupation being not its novelty, but the fact that there is no worry associated with it—it is done *for fun*.

This is not merely a question of the difference between working for money and not working for money. A man of an egotistic type, such as my friend, may do the greater part of his ordinary work for glory, and may play cricket with the same motive. When his cricket is not successful he worries just as he would worry if his work were not successful. There is all the difference in the world between this state of mind and that of the cricketer who plays the game for love of it alone, and who, if he fails to score, is merely disappointed. He will sleep none the worse for that.

Having defined the process of holiday-making, not in terms of matter and motion, as is commonly done, but in terms of mind, we shall find, I think, that the truer definition is not merely true but useful. It will enable us to include under our idea of holiday-making certain occupations which would never be associated with holidaying in the opinion of those who think that the essential of a holiday is the motion of a certain amount of matter—one's body—through a not too small amount of space. I wish the reader to include, as part of the hygienic or health-preserving process which we now understand holidaying to be, the habit of hobby-hunting. The importance of this habit daily increases, just as the importance of our whole subject daily increases. Natural selection acts nowadays not so much upon the plane of muscle as upon that of mind; not upon brawn, but upon brain. More and more, therefore, the normal or average mental type departs from what we may call the bucolic or rustic standard and approximates to the civic standard. The man who is happy doing nothing becomes scarcer, whilst the man of curious, busy, and active mind becomes more common. Now, such a man is more and not less prone to worry, and is more, not less, in need of freedom from worry; but that need is to be met by a positive rather than a merely negative process. The annual holiday is highly desirable, but it is very necessary for the modern man to remember that he must not count upon it too exclusively. Every day should include a period of holiday-making; and this is where the hobby comes in. I am only at one with practical psychologists and physicians in general when I insist upon the value of hobbies. We may distinguish hobbies from sports, perhaps, by describing the first as mental recreations, and the second as physical recreations. It is because of the needs of the modern mind that hobbies are so valuable. I have already spoken of the man of active mind who retires from business on some particular birthday—as if years, of all things n the world, constituted the criterion of age—and I have shown how such a man may suffer accordingly. But if he has a hobby, some form of mental occupation which he does for the love of it—anticipating the happy future state to which I look forward when all human occupations will be ends in themselves, and when no one will do uncongenial work because he must—the case is totally changed. Such a man is in no danger of suffering rapid psychical degeneration. Similar, also, is the case of the man who has to work for his daily bread at something from which worry cannot be always dissociated. Such a man very frequently will find that sports or physical recreations do not avail to banish from his mind the thought of business worries. It is, indeed, quite natural that as mind becomes more important and body less important in the constitution of man, amusements that are merely physical or bodily should cease to be as useful as they are in the case of the kitten or the child. In short, the average worried man needs something more than mere sport or play as such. His imperative demand is for a new mental interest. I have already said that Nature abhors a vacuum; and this aphorism may be especially applied to the modern mind. It must be filled

with something, and business cares will not be dispossessed from it merely because the body which it owns happens to be swinging dumb-bells. They must be pushed out by something else. Certainly the dumb-bells will suffice, or golf, or any form of sport, if they happen to arouse sufficient mental interest to banish any consciousness of the ordinary worries of life. The mere element of competition in sport is often quite sufficient for this end, since man is a competing animal if he is anything. The struggle for existence and sexual selection between them have seen to that. Hence, very often we find that the best relief from the serious competitions of life, entailing serious worries, is to be found in the mock serious competition of games and sports with their mock worries. I have already adverted to the danger that in some people the mock worries may become real worries; but that must not be permitted. Nothing, I fancy, will dispossess a real worry better than a mock worry—of which one knows quite well, even whilst making the most of it, as every sportsman does when he tries to win a game for his side, that it is "only a game, after all," and does not matter. To lose gloriously in the field of sport is not the same as to lose, gloriously or ingloriously, in the field of real life.

But many men find, especially as they become older, that they cannot take sport, even mock, seriously enough for it to displace the ordinary cares of life from their minds. It is for such men that a hobby is a real salvation. As a man grows older he begins to "funk fast bowling," or to find that his golf becomes worse, and so soon as he becomes less skilful he will derive less enjoyment and benefit. Fortunately, however, the mind takes much longer to grow old than the body, and when the sports of youth or even of middle age fail, a man may turn to one or other of a thousand hobbies, and find in them that mental interest which will give him every day a holiday or period of freedom from worry. Let the man beware, then, who too thoughtlessly permits all his intellectual interests to atrophy, save those which are concerned with his work. Do not let him be caught saying, "I have no time for music nowadays," or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that which the worry of the struggle for existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle-for-existence itself.

I have already said, what I here repeat as forcibly as possible, that an utterly false influence has been accredited to brain-work as such in the production of nervous breakdown and of insanity. I do not for a moment believe that any case of nervous breakdown or of actual mental disease was ever caused in a person of average nervous constitution by mere intellectual labour as such. It is not work but care that kills; but it is highly desirable that we should examine somewhat more critically than is customary the proposition that men are driven mad by worry. If I were merely to emphasise this statement in this form I should be doing my readers a grave disservice in tending to perpetuate the utterly false notion of insanity which still prevails even amongst highly educated people. The public has yet to learn the paradox that mental disease is physical disease. The causes that produce physical disease in stomach, or lung, or heart, may produce physical disease in the brain, and the expression of that physical disease is mental disease or insanity. The overwhelming majority of cases of insanity depend absolutely upon material changes in the brain due to the circulation of some poison or other in the blood. Of these poisons the most important is alcohol—which, following an old teacher of mine, I have elsewhere called the toxin of the yeast plant. Scarcely less effective are the poisons or toxins produced by many other forms of lowly plant life which we know as bacteria. These poisons produce physical changes in the brain upon which the insanity depends. The doc-

trine that worry as such can produce mental disease is unintelligible to anyone acquainted with these matters.

Nevertheless, we can state the facts in a more rational form. We begin by reiterating that, contrary to opinion, overwork as such cannot cause insanity, but can do so only by first causing worry. We must then proceed to say that worry as such cannot be conceived to cause insanity, and, in point of fact, does not cause insanity. (I am now using the word in its common sense, to indicate the really grave forms of mental disease.) But worry has its ways and means by which it can and does cause insanity; they are only too easily enumerated, and only too abundantly illustrated in common experience. In the first place, worry is a potent cause of insanity because it leads to the use of drugs, and especially alcohol. Other aspects of this distressing subject are treated in another article. Here I need merely note that alcohol stands out far beyond any other one factor as a cause of insanity, and that worry is responsible for an enormous amount of drinking. Indirectly, then, worry is a terrible common cause of insanity, and any success that may conceivably attend our study of it will be, in its measure, success in attacking one of the most appalling problems of our civilisation.

Again, worry is a most potent foe of sleep, and lack of sleep is a most potent foe of sanity. I am sometimes inclined to think that the importance of sleep in preserving the mental health has been exaggerated by some writers. We know that before an attack of acute mania, only too often resulting in murder and suicide, a man commonly passes several sleepless nights. The sleeplessness is not a cause of his madness, however, but an early symptom of it. I am, indeed, inclined to think that physical health suffers more than mental health from lack of sleep as such, but if the lack of sleep depends upon worry, and, still more, if drugs are resorted to in order that sleep may be obtained, the cause of the worry not being removed, then certainly we have a potent factor in the production of insanity. Though lack of sleep in itself is insufficient, I believe, to cause insanity—as is surely proved by the countless bad sleepers who do not lose their mental health—yet it is certainly a most important contributory factor in the production of insanity in that it makes the brain far more susceptible than it would otherwise be to the action of such poisons as may beset it. In a word, it lowers brain resistiveness. The use of alcohol and other drugs, then, and interference with sleep, constitute most frequent and effective means by which worry leads to mental disease of the graver kinds.

I have spoken at but short length of the actual relations between worry and grave mental disease. This has been possible since the intermediate links in the chain of causation are discussed elsewhere. On the other hand, I have spoken at very considerable length of the condition by which worry—such as most of us must daily encounter—may be prevented from causing the minor degrees of mental unhealth or mental lack of fitness. In a word, I have written less of the pathology than of the hygiene of the subject. This is right, I think, since my aim here is primarily to be useful, and only secondarily to present a complete account of the subject. It is my honest belief that what has been said regarding the preservation of mental health by means of well-devised holidays —that is to say, periods of perfect freedom from worry—can scarcely fail to be of real utility, especially to many hard-working and conscientious readers, whose ideal of duty scarcely permits them any leisure for mental recreation; and I can certainly ask for no higher reward than to serve such readers as these.

(The fourth article of this series will appear in the April Canadian Magazine)

Newfoundland and the Dominion

By F. A. WIGHTMAN

A strong plea for annexation, with an estimate of the Ancient Colony's eligibility

THE recent frustration of Newfoundland's plans by the disallowing of her legislative acts by the Colonial Office in favour of the United States, and the appeal of the Colony to Canada's sympathy, together with the opinion expressed by leading English journals that confederation with Canada is the only solution of Newfoundland's problem, and the only true policy for her to follow, brings "the Ancient Colony" prominently before the eyes of the world, especially before Canadians. Will the present difficulty tend to bring Confederation nearer? is a question perhaps difficult to answer, but an affirmative answer would probably be the more correct. This being so, a brief discussion of her present condition and possible future may not be untimely.

That this important, self-governing colony, lying so near our coasts, with such a community of interests, and inspired by common aims, should have preferred to remain outside the family of federal British Provinces in North America is, from the Canadian standpoint, somewhat surprising. A refusal on the part of British Columbia in the early days to enter Confederation can be understood, since its refusal can be supported by reasonable objections; but this distant and isolated Pacific colony, with all its vastness, was the first to seek admission, and time has amply justified her decision. It would be impossible here to give even an outline of all the reasons which influenced Newfoundland's decision at that time. As seen, however, in the light of the present, and in view of subsequent years, these reasons do not seem to have been well considered, or her present position justified. It is true that at the time of the inauguration of Confederation, the interests of Newfoundland were not so closely related to this country as they are to-day. Her commercial, and even her social interests were much more direct with England than they are now. Communication with Canada was not so easy as it is now, and not so frequent; and this isolation was, of course, detrimental to the cultivation of both trade and sentiment. Moreover, Newfoundland was essentially a fishing country, and was entirely dependent on the outside world for the commonest articles of domestic consumption. Canada at that time did not bulk very large as a manufacturing or food-producing country, and afforded absolutely no market for the products of the "Ancient Colony." Under these circumstances, with the prospects of Federal tariffs imposed on the imported food supply, there, of course, seemed little advantage to Newfoundland in entering the Dominion. This, together with the fact that Confederation, even in Canada, was an experiment which even some Canadian leaders regarded as having very doubtful advantages, rendered the situation still more difficult with respect to Newfoundland. It must be admitted, therefore, even if subsequent events do not justify the position, that at that time there was considerable force in these opposing arguments.

Sufficient as the foregoing obstacles may have been, it is not at all certain that they were the chief determining factors in the influencing of public opinion at that time. Certainly they did not present the strongest barrier to the success of the Federal movement. This is credited, whether right or wrong, to have been furnished by the prejudice and power of the wealthy fish merchants of the Colony, who saw in Confederation a menace to their monopolies and opportunities for still greater gains. The influence exerted

by these merchant princes was almost incredible. Most persons in the Colony were virtually their slaves and entirely at their mercy. They paid out little or no money, and the system of barter kept the poor fisher-folk generally in debt for their supplies. Being in debt, they were under obligation, and being under obligation, their independence, and even their manhood, was largely taken away. The situation was intensified by the fact that fishing was practically the only industry carried on in the Colony. There was nothing else by which men could earn a livelihood. It is all too easy to understand how selfish and wealthy corporations would take advantage of these conditions to influence public opinion to side with their own interests. Neither is it difficult to understand the ease with which it could be accomplished by these monopolists among an ill-informed and dependent population. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, not difficult to understand how Newfoundland was led to refuse the advantages of Confederation at the first.

Real as these difficulties may have seemed thirty-five years ago, they have, both real and imaginary, now almost wholly disappeared, and to-day a large section, it is said, of both political parties in Newfoundland, are in favour of becoming a part of the Dominion. It is, therefore, in order that we should speak of some of the material advantages that might be expected to result from a union of that Colony with the Dominion, not to mention the many painful experiences which might have been averted in her subsequent history.

So far as Canada is concerned, it has been claimed that the chief reasons for this union are of a sentimental rather than of a material character. To some extent this may be true, and yet it must not be supposed that the material advantages to Canada would not be of considerable importance. Briefly stated, they would appear to be as follows: The increasing of the prestige of the Dominion abroad, for such is the inevitable result of an acquisition of territory. In addition to Newfoundland proper, there would also be brought into the Dominion eastern Labrador, adding materially to the area, and quite possibly to the resources of this country. The trade of Canada with the Island of Newfoundland would be placed on a secure and permanent basis. When it is considered that very few of the 225,000 inhabitants of that island are engaged in agriculture or manufacturing, their needs along these lines will be seen to be very great. At present, considerable portions of this trade go to foreign countries. The greatest of all advantages, however, accruing to Canada would be in the uniting of the fisheries of British North America under one general government.

Notwithstanding the great disparity in the size of the two countries, the fisheries of Newfoundland are about equal to the Atlantic fisheries of the Dominion. Under these conditions it is difficult, if not impossible, for Canada to treat with other countries, and especially with the United States, as advantageously as she might. The union of these great fishing interests in the North Atlantic would place in the hands of British North America a mighty lever, by which favourable international trade privileges could be secured. The strategic position of Newfoundland, as commanding the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is also a matter worthy of consideration.

It is true that as an offset to these advantages the Federal Government would be under the necessity of expending large sums of money in giving adequate protection to the fisheries, the postal, marine, and public works departments, as well as that of transportation, being, for some time at least, called upon to provide a more efficient service than now prevails. The terms of entrance would, no doubt, also demand a large Federal subsidy. The advantages to Newfoundland from such a union are still more obvious. If the reasons of a sentimental kind are not yet so strong there as here, the material ones would seem to be much greater. Newfoundland would be called upon to sacrifice neither British connection nor individual autonomy, but would be united in a new bond of Federal sisterhood.

If some small sources of revenue were taken away, she would, on the other hand, be relieved of many great responsibilities

by way of expenditure for public services. These demands have, in the past, brought Newfoundland more than once to the verge of bankruptcy. The character of the country is such that they are very great, and a relief from them could not be anything but a distinct advantage. Besides, under Federal control, they would be expected to be greatly improved. The credit of the Colony, as an integral part of the Dominion, would doubtless improve abroad, whereby Provincial loans could be secured at a lower rate of interest. Her Provincial administration would be greatly economised, and her own sons would be called to fill the gubernatorial chair. The abilities and aspirations of her statesmen would find abundant scope in the arena of Dominion politics, and would have within their reach all the possibilities a great nation has to offer. The Dominion civil service would be open to her young men, and her magnificent resources would have all the advantages of survey afforded by the Geological Department of Canada. Another great advantage, and perhaps the greatest of all, would be the larger importance attaching to her claims upon the Colonial Administration. If the French Shore question had been a Dominion question, it seems only reasonable to suppose that at a much earlier date it would have received the consideration its importance demanded. The same may be said of the more recent dispute with the United States.

Notwithstanding Newfoundland's present attitude, it is not to be supposed that she is wholly insensible to these advantages or wholly oblivious to the strength of the sentiment which makes union so desirable. Though the question is quiescent at the present time, it is not dead. In Prince Edward Island Confederation was consummated within two years of the passing of a declaration that it was undesirable. When it seemed the farthest away it was the nearest at hand. So it will probably be with Newfoundland. The question will become a political issue at some unexpected time, and the event that has been delayed for the third of a century will suddenly come to pass. We speak confidently of this question, because manifest destiny seems to point so clearly to this conclusion. It is certainly one of the possibilities of the century, and of the not distant future.

The foregoing discussion of Newfoundland's relations to the Dominion renders appropriate a brief description of the chief features and resources of that important colony. If, according to Beckles Willson, she is the tenth island from the standpoint of area, she would be the fifth Province of the Dominion, as at present constituted, in size. A territory so extensive, and so rich in resources, cannot but be worthy of our consideration. Until within recent years, this great island was a veritable *terra incognita*, even the people who had been born and brought up on her shores knew nothing of the interior of the country in which they lived. This has now been entirely changed. The country has been completely explored and traversed by railways, while her resources and physical features are fairly well understood. The history of Newfoundland is most romantic. This can be imagined when we remember that she is England's most ancient colony, the nucleus, so to speak, around which has been clustered the magnificent Empire of the present time. If Christopher Columbus may be regarded as the discoverer of Central and South America, the sighting of the shores of Newfoundland by John Cabot may be regarded as the discovery of the Northern Continent. These shores were visited by the fishermen of many countries, even by far-away Portugal, as soon as the great value of the fisheries became known. In 1583, however, England finally took possession of the country and laid the foundations, in this humble way, of her great Colonial Empire.

From that time down to the present, with varying vicissitudes, the history of Newfoundland has been a constant struggle upward, through many difficulties, to the proud position she occupies to-day. An insular position, a somewhat rigorous climate, a large proportion of barren soil, and, worst of all, restrictions against settlement and French Treaty rights, have all stood in the way of progress. The faithful, loyal and magnificent perseverance with which these difficulties have been

met and overcome cannot fail to call forth the admiration of all men. They speak of qualities of mind and heart which place her sons in the very front rank of Anglo-Saxon colonists. Here is to be found, perhaps, when skill and hardihood and daring are required, the very best type of seamen produced in the world. Maritime Canada may well be regarded as sufficient to form the bulwark and nursery of the British Navy.

Now that Newfoundland is feeling the touch of twentieth century progress, she is found to be something more than a fishing colony. Her resources are many and great. With respect to copper, coal and iron, she is said to contain some of the richest deposits in the world. In the interior there are vast forests of spruce and pine suitable for both lumber and pulpwood, and which, owing to the proximity of the British market, must give them a greater value than like areas anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic. In agricultural possibilities, too, Newfoundland is found not to be the barren wilderness she was so long thought to represent. Many beautiful valleys with most fertile soil are to be found in the Colony, especially on the western coast. In the aggregate there are said to be 7,000 square miles of agricultural land, which when fully occupied must represent a vast increase in population and add much to the general prosperity. The climate of the country, of course, varies with the different localities, though in a general way it may be said to compare very favourably with other portions of Eastern Canada. On the west coast, especially where the best land is situated, the climate is also the most highly favoured.

St. John's is already a fine city, with much wealth and destined to have a great future, occupying the most easterly point of the western world. But of this we need not speak. There are other cities and towns of considerable importance, locally called outports; of these, Harbour Grace, Trinity and Bonavista are among the most important. New and important centres are sure to rise. On the line of railway, and especially the west coast, the near future is sure to witness the growth of important centres.

Much might be said of the scenic beauty and sporting attractions of this great island. The following will suffice: "Bays stretching inland from fifty to ninety miles exhibit a wonderful variety of views along the great arms which project in all directions, and are the paradise of artists. Along the shores the lofty cliffs are reflected in their clear, bright waters, and countless islands, sometimes of extraordinary beauty, stud their bosom. They bear a striking resemblance to the fjords of Norway, and their scenery often not less magnificent. Indeed, both countries present so many points of resemblance that Newfoundland has been justly named the Norway of the New World."

At the Grave of Muir

BY J. E. B. McCREADY

PLANT here a maple that may wave
In beauty o'er the poet's grave.
Perchance its root may pierce his mould
And turn its leaves to richer gold
And deeper crimson. So their flame
Shall blazen forth his modest fame
To distant years, and in their fall,
Spreading anew his funeral pall,
Shall speak for him a nation's grief—
Sweet Laureate of the Maple Leaf!

The Black Fox of St. Voltaire

By S. A. WHITE

A tale that only one person really believes to be true, but that person has excellent reason

NAXELLE, king of black foxes, within his barred cage in the town park, lies by the sunlit space on the floor and coaxes warmth into his feeble bones. No longer can he see the trading-post, the mission beside, or even the deep pine forest through which once filtered the blue smoke of Algonquin campfires, invisible against the blue of the sky. Nor can he see the narrow trail of the snowshoe worn by the weary trapper, bending under a burden of pelts, as he came winding upward towards St. Voltaire at white dusk of a winter's day.

Instead of all that, he sees a town sprawling wide where the fort stood, and shining steeples, windowed towers and red-black chimneys looming skyward where the palings stood of old. Clanging forge and trip-hammer's clash fill the valley that long ago knew no sound but the trapper's forest call, wild night warnings from the prowling wolf or the sudden war cry of raiding Iroquois. Down where the regal pines gave back the blue lake light in summer and checked the sweep of the ice-blast in winter, angular saw-mills mar the sheen of the waters, and the bare, lumber-bordered yards but eddy the wintry gusts into greater fierceness. Naxelle knows that were the patched wigwams here now, they would frighten him as of yore, flapping from their pegs in the rushing gale; that were the mongrel curs about, the biting wind would send them whimpering for cover. But these things have changed. The tribes have vanished with the forest; the trading-post has been swallowed up in the jaws of commerce and the thrilling, barbaric pageant of the savages, fraught with danger and episode, has faded to the material present. The post is gone with those it knew. The picturesque weirdness is a dim tradition, a sort of legendary lore for the fireside and the wine. The leading actors in this wild-wood drama of years ago perished with the place in the Iroquois attack on the mission. Not one of the striking historical figures who wove their personal courage and magnetism into the web of the ever-changing years remains as a link to connect the visible with the vanished—not one, save Naxelle. Naxelle was young once. That was in the days of St. Voltaire; the St. Voltaire that dragged the reach of civilisation and Christianity upon its heels, while its hands stretched into the wilderness ahead.

Among the hunters and traders of St. Voltaire none could match Ramon Gabrielle. His was the quickest hand, the surest eye, the most untiring frame. His tale of furs ran much farther than any two of the others at the moon's end. There was no inhabitant of valley, ridge or wood who could outwit him. The slinking sable, the timid beaver, the wily otter could not escape him. In the animal world there were none to match this man in cunning—not until he met Naxelle.

One evening in the quiet winter twilight Ramon was nearing the post after a day of rounds. As he ascended the slope that hid the mission from the wind, there showed, silhouetted sharply against the snow, the biggest and blackest of black foxes, the animal that carried the coveted fur upon his deceptive body. Ramon's heart swelled, for he thought of the tremendous proportions of this month's tale of pelts when this rich skin should be added to it. For, of course, it would be added. Was he not Ramon, king, the never-failing?

Ah, yes! But this was Naxelle, king of black foxes.

One was the Monarch Man, the other the Monarch Beast, and the beast was the equal of the man.

Ramon's bullet spat the snow into a powdery smoke. But Naxelle had leaped —he was not where he had stood when the trigger snapped. Instead, he was four feet to the right, a sardonic grin on his foxy features, if only Ramon could have seen it in the waning light.

The powder horn was tipped in a flash, the bullet rammed home, and again hurtled on its mission of death. Again its resting place was in the bank of white, a snowy, upward cloud the sign. This time Naxelle was four feet to the left. He opened his jaws as if in derision; then his black brush flipped over the ridge of a snow gully and he was gone.

Ramon breathed a white-shrouded oath into the frosty air. The shame of it —he, king of huntsmen, beaten!

It was with a sense of guilt that Ramon sat among his companions that night while the stories went in turn. He did not mention the black fox, and later as he lay awake in his blankets he pondered on how it had happened, how an untutored fox of the wild could have baffled him.

There he was wrong, for this was not an untutored fox. Necessity had tutored him, and although he was a stranger in the vicinity of St. Voltaire, his forest craft was not forgotten with the change of residence. Moreover, he was a named fox, and when a fox is characterised with a special name one may look with doubtful eyes upon him. Leagues away at the mission of St. Camielle he had been named "Naxelle" by the trappers. He was the king. They had at many times poured leaden missiles after him; they had trapped for him in their wily ways; they had invoked the aid of the priests' prayers in the enterprise and set poison daintily disguised in his haunts. All to no purpose—he lived to leap from their rifle-balls, to shun every trap and snare, to scorn the poisoned dainties and to scurry from view, a living derision of their prowess as craftsmen of the woods. They suffered it till their pride could suffer it no longer; then they burnt and ravaged the rabbit pastures where Naxelle found his chief source of food, and, driven almost to starvation through the bleak months, he skirted the timber for long leagues down to St. Voltaire. There he found plenty to eat; there he stayed, and thus it was that he crept as a nightmare into Ramon's dreams, whether waking or sleeping. Like Naxelle's former enemies, Ramon hunted and trapped for him to no avail. The year ran out and the sable shadow was still conqueror. The next twelve months slipped by, and Ramon was no nearer his aim. Then a wondrous thing happened, fearful as well as wonderful.

In November, the Freezing Moon of the Indians, little Pierre, Ramon's son, strayed from the post early one Sabbath morning. At noon he was missed, and they scoured the woods for him. All the long afternoon they searched and searched in fruitless endeavour, and when the dark set in with the cruel, merciless frost, a sinking horror gripped their souls, for they knew what they would find when their search would end, if it ever would. By torchlight they trod the trails of forest and slope, and well on towards morning the anguish-stricken father, in company with the good priest Leblanc, stumbled on the tiny form in a nook in the rocks. The little legs were frozen stiff, but, behold! the arms encircled the neck of Naxelle, the black fox, and his tender face was buried in the deep fur, while the wonderful brush, the brush that had flipped derisively at the father, was round the child's throat, covering the baby form from the sting of the elements. It was the warmth of Naxelle's body and peerless fur that had kept the spark of life glowing. The arms would not unloose and with eyes of mute wonder the fox felt himself lifted with the child to Ramon's strong breast and borne down the path into the fire-bright cabin.

The doctor from the next mission was brought in haste, but the legs had to come off. While little Pierre lay in bed there were two who never left his side, Ramon at his pillow, and Naxelle, all the roving spirit quenched, with the light of pity in his wide eyes, crouched among the blankets, where the chubby arms of his master could find their way round

his neck, even as they did that night of the frost.

When the boy cripple could hobble around on his crutches no dog would have attended him more faithfully than did Naxelle. He was half the sunshine of the little future-darkened life, a life that was soon to be in peril, for ere the spring had begun to stir in the woodland glades came the blood-thirsty destroyers—the Iroquois.

In one short hour the post was no more. Only one person escaped. His most vivid recollection is that of a great, gloating creature brandishing a weapon above him, and then a leap at the intruder's throat by the king of black foxes. Everything vanishes thereafter, until the awakening at St. Camielle. There they told little Pierre that they had found him near the ruins, well guarded by a big black fox. But they would not believe the little fellow when he told, as best he could, of how the fox had come to St. Voltaire. Nevertheless they kept Naxelle, and built a large den for him, just as if he were a public charge. And as time went on the people became accustomed to the story about the fox, and now it pleases them to tell it. None, however, except the little folk, really believe it—none but me.

After all, perhaps I am a little too credulous. But I might be pardoned for that weakness, because—well, you see, I was little Pierre.

Ethics of the Farm

IF the hired men had not been instructed to occasionally drop a wisp or two of grain, Ruth would have found that gleaning afforded a somewhat barren prospect. But Ruth's footsteps fell in pleasant places, and she was the object of a conscious benevolence. Nowadays, however, benevolence of that kind is mostly unconscious. Nevertheless, gleaning is carried on in every walk in life, and many there are who benefit from what others leave.

We find it so on the farm. For instance, I "go halvers," as we say, with a neighbour, and sow corn on a field of my land. The neighbour will provide the labour, I the land and the seed. When the corn is ripe, the neighbour will cart every alternate load to my silo. When he has finished his task and has gone home satisfied, I look over the field, and, strange to say, many ears of corn are still to be seen there. The neighbour in his eagerness to finish the work has failed to observe that his rack was leaking, or that some of the cobs fell off the cart or were thrown right over it. I tell my man to take the waggon and pick up the abandoned corn. He gathers, say, ten bushels. That is present day gleaning. It is different from Ruth's, because it is the result of unconscious benevolence.

Farmer John

Celebrated Coalport China

By MORTIMER PHILLIPS

The history of a famous pottery which began in England many years ago

ONE of the most successful and important of English China manufactories is that of Coalport, situated in a picturesque spot on the banks of the River Severn, in the County of Shropshire. This celebrated industry dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, but the site of the original works was at Caughley, about a mile distant from the present works and on the opposite or south side of the river. The small, unpretentious works on this spot appear to have been founded by a Mr. Brown, of Caughley Hall, and afterwards managed by his brother-in-law, a gentleman named Gallimore, to whom, in 1754, a lease of the place was granted. Of this Mr. Gallimore very little is known, for the only name as proprietor on record is that of Mr. Thomas Turner, son of the Rev. Richard Turner, D.D., vicar of Norton, Worcestershire, and chaplain to the Countess of Wigton. About the year 1780, Mr. Turner visited France for the purpose of picking up knowledge on the porcelain manufactures of Paris and other places, and while residing in the capital is said to have had a regular laboratory fitted up at the top of his house, in order that he might chemically analyse the beautiful foreign specimens of the ceramic art.

On returning home he brought with him some skilled workmen whom he had tempted by high wages, and at once entered into the manufacture of porcelain at his own retired works. One result of this foreign trip was the production of the celebrated "Willow Pattern" and the "Blue Dragon." The first-named has undoubtedly been the most popular and had the most extensive sale of any pattern ever produced. It has, of course, been made by many other firms, but the credit of its first introduction belongs to Caughley, the original copper engraving of the "Willow Pattern" bearing Turner's name being still in existence at the present works.

A COALPORT CHINA VASE

About this time John Rose, son of a neighbouring farmer, was apprenticed as a lad to Mr. Turner, who taught him the art of china making in all its branches. In the year 1788 these two quarrelled, young Rose left, started a small business at Jackfield, in the immediate

neighbourhood, and it was not long before his successful operations affected the business of Caughley works to such an extent that the latter were gradually beaten out of the market, with the result that, in 1798, it passed into the hands of Messrs. John Rose & Co. by purchase, Mr. Turner entirely withdrawing from the business. In the meantime Mr. Rose had moved to Coalport, where he had established himself in some buildings which had been used as a small pottery by a Mr. Young, of Shrewsbury, where the works have continued ever since; and although frequent additions have been made to them, parts of these old buildings still remain, and add much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF COALPORT CHINA

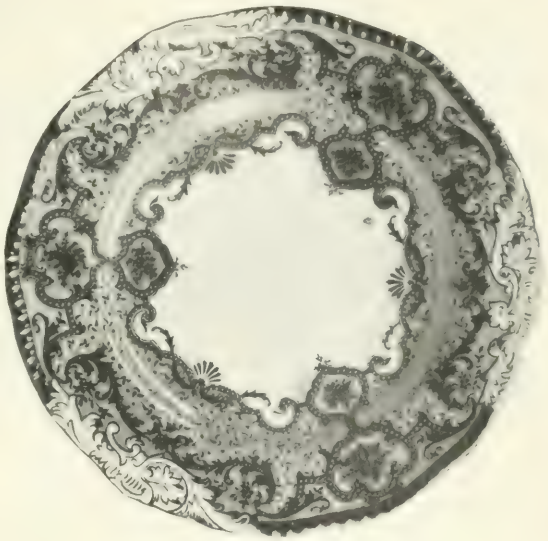
On October 23rd, 1789, a terrible event occurred in connection with the Coalport works, which was most sad in its results.

At that time a great many people employed at the works, such as the painters and workmen, lived at Broseley, on the other side of the river, and they were in the habit of daily passing backwards and forwards across a ferry, which is still used, in order to go to and fro from their homes. On this night, thirty-two persons, including some of the best artists, went on board the ferry boat, which about mid-way, owing to the intoxicated state of the ferryman, was upset, and twenty-nine persons were drowned. The principal painter at this time was an artist named Walker, who perished with the others in this sad accident. An unfinished pair of vases with his work thereon, which he had left only a few minutes before he lost his life, are still preserved as a memento of the unfortunate event.

The Coalport China Works, as before mentioned, not only represent the old Caughley factory, but two other interesting ones as well, *i.e.*, Swansea and Nantgarw. About the year 1820, Mr. Rose purchased these works and engaged the services of the former proprietors, Billingsley (or Beeley, as he was called) and Walker. These two factories had only existed for a few years, and although the one at Nantgarw, which was established by Billingsley, the famous flower painter, and his son-in-law, Walker, produced perhaps the finest of porcelain in body and texture ever made, it was not a success, and on discontinuing the works at Nantgarw, removed to Coalport with all their moulds and processes, and were employed there until Billingsley's death, which occurred in 1828. Walker was also a very clever painter, and while he remained at Coalport greatly improved the art of china making.

About this time Mr. Rose was awarded

a gold medal by the Society of Arts for a leadless glaze, all the principal manufacturers in the kingdom having competed for it, but the prize was awarded to Mr. Rose, whose compound was mainly composed of felspar, which is commemorated by a distinctive mark about two inches in diameter, and round in shape, bearing the following inscription: "Coalport, Improved Felspar Porcelain," in a laurel wreath in the centre, while round the edges are the words, "Patronised by the Society of Arts." The gold medal was awarded May 30, 1820. Lord Boyne has a very beautiful service painted with roses by Billingsley and bearing this mark at his place in Shropshire.



A COALPORT CHINA PLATE

It is unfortunate that for many years so very many pieces of Coalport china were produced and sold without any mark whatever, but the present proprietors have adopted a much wiser plan, and every piece sent out from their works bears the following mark—a royal crown with the words "England" above, and "Coalport" beneath it, and below "A.D. 1750," and "Leadless Glaze" again underneath the date.

Perhaps some people wonder why the date 1750 is given, as the Coalport factory was not founded till later, but it is really the date of the establishment at Caughley, which the Coalport firm has a right to use as representative of the former works.

The Coalport China Works have been well represented at different exhibitions which have been held from time to time all over the world. Both at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and also that of 1862, as well as the one in Paris in 1855, Messrs. Rose & Co. gained medals for their productions, and these successes have been continued at the more recent international exhibitions.

A PIECE OF COALPORT CHINA

In 1845, Messrs. Daniell, of London, received the Queen's commands to prepare a dessert service, intended as a present for the Czar Nicholas. This magnificent service was made at Coalport, the colour being "bleu de roi," and every article had the various orders of the Russian Empire enamelled in compartments around the border, with the order of St. Nicholas and the Russian and Polish eagles in the centre. The service was the object of much admiration at home and in Russia.

At the Exhibition of 1851

THE CHINA WORKS AT COALPORT

there was shown a most beautiful dessert service of the Rose du Barry colour, which has always been a specialty of this factory, and was subsequently purchased by Lord Ashburton. It was deemed by competent judges to equal the original Sevres in beauty of tint, and to surpass it in evenness of colour.

Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. William Rose, who retired from the firm in 1862, when Mr. Pugh became sole proprietor, and continued so till his death in 1875.

In 1889 the Coalport Works were incorporated and made into a private company by the present proprietors, under the style of the "Coalport China Company (John Rose & Company), Limited," thus perpetuating the name of the original founder, Mr. Charles C. Bruff and his brother-in-law, Mr. A. N. Bruff Garrett, acting as joint managing directors, first-named being also the chairman of the company; and it is an interesting fact, and one well worthy of record, when the works were taken over at that time, that among the work-people there were eighteen whose ages averaged sixty years apiece, while their length of service was forty-seven years each, sixteen others averaged sixty-four years in age with fifty-two years of service, a wonderful record, showing a very remarkable length of service and average employment, and one that speaks volumes in these change-loving days for the conditions and relations under which these works have always been carried on. Upwards of 450 work-people are now employed here.

July 24, 1900, was a red-letter day in the history of Coalport factory, as the Duchess of York, now the Princess of Wales, who was staying at Patshull, Lord Dartmouth's place, near Wolverhampton, drove over with a large party on that day, and was conducted over the works, in which Her Royal Highness was greatly interested. Before her departure, the Duchess partook of tea, and was presented by Mr. Bruff, on behalf of the company, with a very beautiful dejeuner service of pale yellow china studded with turquoises on a tray to match, with which, as well as with her visit to Coalport, H.R.H. expressed herself much delighted. This particular decoration of china, with ornamentation of imitation gems and cameos, has been made a specialty at Coalport, and is most effective.

A brief account of the various processes may perhaps here prove interesting: The ingredients formed in the body consist of china-clay, stone, flint, bones and other substances, all of which are ground and prepared, afterwards being weighed out in their various proportions, and finally mixed together into a liquid state, known as "China Slip." This slip, after being passed through magnets to eliminate any metallic substances, is now ready for casting or pouring into Paris-plaster moulds, used in the process of making hollow-ware, but in the case of other articles and flat-ware generally, the same material has to be passed through a filter-press, which squeezes out all the water and it is then ready for the pressers and throwers, the last named, perhaps, being the most skilful branch of the potter's craft.

Every piece of ware has to be allowed a certain amount of time for drying before firing, for which latter purpose, seg-

gars, made of fire clay and varying in size and shape according to the nature of the articles that are to be fired, are used. The greatest care and skill, however, is required in placing the articles in these seggars, all of which are bedded in ground flint to support them. The seggars are then placed in the kiln, one on the top of the other, which is afterwards closed up and fired about 48 hours. The ware is then in what is termed the "biscuit" state, and after being carefully scoured or cleaned from the flint, is taken to the glazing-room, where it is dipped into a preparation of glaze about the same consistency of ordinary cream, after which it is examined again, placed in glazed seggars, carefully sealed at the joints to exclude any outer contact, and fired again, which occupies about twenty-four hours. The work of printing is the next operation, which is carried out by the aid of transfers, or thin sheets of tissue paper, which are struck off copper plates and designs, and lightly pressed on the ware. After the printing comes the decorating processes, but in the case of elaborately decorated articles, the design is sketched by hand, and can only be carried out by the most skilled workmen. The last firing then takes place, this time in a kind of large muffle, known as "enamel" kiln, and when the articles are withdrawn from these kilns, they are sent to the burnishing-rooms for final treatment, and afterwards passed on to the finishing warehouse.

The productions of the Coalport China Works take rank with the very best in the Kingdom, and the Directors are determined to maintain the present standard of excellence.

Thoughts

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

CONCERNING one who in my heart held court,
Lawless usurper of an alien throne;
I said, "Turn out Sir Vagrant, and the flock
Of fawning thoughts, which he has made his own."
My heart, obedient, heeded my behest,
Drew back the bolt, and bade the traitors flee;
When came a thousand more on whirring wings,
Who, spying entrance clear, flocked in with glee.
Up-perched, with white wings closed in calm content,
And chirped and cooed of him with one consent.

Concerning one, than whom there was on earth
None wiser, kinglier, though all lands be sought,
I said, "Thou'lt ever cherish him my heart,
And altar build, and feed it with thy thought."
My heart, obedient, heeded my behest,
And built a shrine elaborately done;
Piled on the wood, though each log heavy, wet,
But killed the heat till the last spark was gone.
And all that answers now my loud lament
Is a black heap of embers, clean forespent.

Malta and the Maltese

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

An intimate sketch of a picturesque community at the half-way house between Gibraltar and Cairo

IF you look down from the heights of Notabile your eyes rest for a moment on the flat-roofed houses of Valetta, and then across the deep blue harbour to Floriana and to the "Three Cities" beyond. All round you are "relics of nobler days and noblest arts," despoiled yet perfect, relics of dark ages when the island was taken by the Moors and occupied in turn by Romans, Greeks and Carthaginians.

Nestling close to the walls built by the Knights of St. John, as a stronghold of Christianity against the Turks, the strength of England lies; for here in the deepest waters of the harbour the British fleet lies safe at anchor. Far away across the Mediterranean on a clear winter's day Etna is just visible through the haze which covers the Sicilian coast. The streets of Malta are steep and narrow, and the visitor climbs slowly up the steps, pausing here and there to look at a Madonna and child or a figure of Christ adorned with flowers under a lamp.

STREET SCENE, MALTA

The Maltese are priest-ridden to a degree, and the Roman Catholic religion is firmly planted in the hearts of all and embedded in the walls of the town. The picturesque shops are full of exquisite lace and filigree work, marked with the emblem of the island, the Maltese Cross, and more than five thousand women are employed in making the beautiful shawls and scarfs which find their way to all parts of the world.

In winter the island is quite a health resort for many English travellers and Italians, who pass the season in that delightful climate, and enjoy the hospitality of the officers, naval and military, on the ships and at the clubs in the Strada Reale or at Sliema, or by wandering through the country lanes bordered by the quaint stone walls which surround the orange groves clothed with fruit; and perhaps make excursions on ponies across the fields to the shores of St. Paul's Bay, where St. Paul was shipwrecked in the year of our Lord 58.

In November and December the hotels are full and every little apartment is occupied, chiefly by ladies who are known by the garrison as "The Fishing Fleet," and who come with

their pretty faces and frocks as bait for the officers. Of all the attractions in Malta there is none so popular as the opera, and from the decorated boxes and stalls, as the curtain descends, comes the sound of mirth and pleasure from the uniformed officers and their friends after *La Boheme* or *Carmen* has been exquisitely rendered by some of the best Italian singers of the day. Then there are the picturesque churches and the Chapel of Bones, where the skulls of the Knights of Malta lie in rows in a beautiful vault underground, together with the haunted underground city itself, tenantless beneath the battlements, where no person is allowed to tread.

The people in the streets too are interesting—especially the dark-eyed ladies in their quaint black gowns and large hoods, worn for over a hundred years as a sign of grief and mourning, since the time Napoleon's army broke through the fortifications and ravaged the town. It is said that the hood was to be worn for a century because of the mortification that the women suffered, but ten years have passed since then, yet the custom still prevails. The carriages are old ramshackle vehicles called "carottzis" and driven by Maltese who speak a patois and tell you they are "more better as you." They drive furiously by day and night over the cobbled roads of the town, and when evening comes every "cabby" takes a youth with him on the box to prevent the devil attacking him. A small boy appears as if by magic when you hire a carriage after dark.

There is a race course and a capital polo ground a mile or two out of the town, called the Marsa. Here the troops are drilled, and I remember some years ago seeing a parade of men from one of the United States transports when the ship called *en route* to the Philippines. In connection with this an officer told me rather an amusing story. When the transport came into the harbour the troops were landed for exercise and three men of a certain Irish regiment quartered in the island changed uniforms with American soldiers and sailed away on the transport for the east. In the morning the Sergeant-Major at Floriana barracks, much to his astonishment, found three clean-shaved Americans on parade. After an explanation and much correspondence by cable the men were returned to their respective corps, having done service under a foreign flag.

A MALTESE LADY, WITH RAISED VEIL

Apart from the British garrison, which consists of a brigade of infantry and a small army of gunners, there is a local militia—a well-organised and highly efficient corps—under their own Maltese officers, several of whom served in the South African war.

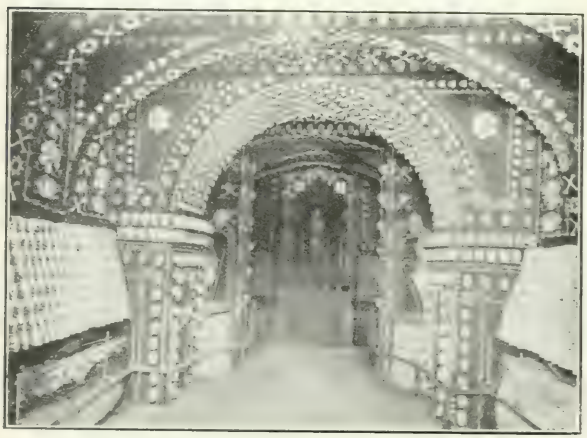
Everyone who visits Malta pays a visit to the Main Guard, and it is one of the most interesting sights in the morning to watch the guard being changed or the

INTERIOR VIEW, GUARD-ROOM, MALTA

trooping of colour. The guard-room is exactly opposite Government House, in the centre of the town. The rooms used by the officers are covered with drawings made by some who were on duty. The pictures represent badges of the regiments and sketches of military life drawn by no mean artists. One picture is particularly realistic and shows the skeleton of an officer lying in a tomb. The room is an inner chamber, and as it is supposed to be haunted it is never used. The officers on guard are allowed to entertain their friends, and one often sees a group of ladies watching the passers-by from the balcony which overlooks the square.

On one occasion when the officers were having their dinner, a Maltese militiaman had been confined for not obeying an order. When inspecting the prisoners on his return the commander of the guard found the soldier's entire family quartered on the verandah, and they absolutely refused to move until the "dear soldier boy" had been released. The inhabitants of Malta are awakened by the sound of bells—for every church has a peal and they vie with one another in noise and quaint tones.

As there is no grazing for cattle, the people live on goat's milk, and in your ramblings through the city you are delayed by herds of goats driven along the sidewalks, stopping here and there to feed on orange peel and rubbish from the gutters. The goats stop at the house doors to be milked. They know their customers. It is not surprising that the doctors have discovered that the dreaded Malta fever so prevalent in the summer months is to a great extent due to the milk.



THE CHAPEL OF BONES

In spite of this, and the offensive odours, Malta is an ideal place to winter in. It is only four days from London via Rome or Sicily, and it is the half-way house between Gibraltar and Cairo. With a daily service of steamers to Syracuse and Catania, convenient trips can also be made to Algiers and Tunis, and to nearly all the ports on the coast of the blue Mediterranean.

The Pride of the Penningtons

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

A final test of the old proverb "Pride Goeth Before a Fall" is prevented by the naïveté of a prospective bridesmaid

MURIEL was standing in the music-room by the window, poking her chubby forefinger into the tiny hollows made by the satin buttons in the cushion of a low arm-chair, and thinking very deeply. There was a bit of a pucker between her straight, dark little brows. It was all so strange, so very strange. For six months she had been looking forward to a wedding. Sister Dorothy was going to marry cousin Ned. They were to go to the church first, and then come to the house, where they were to have a grand reception, and all the ices Muriel could eat, for the little girl was to be one of the bridesmaids. Afterward, Ned and Dorothy were going away, and when they returned they were to live just around the street from Dorothy's father's house in the summer, and in the winter they would be at "The Towers," Ned's place, which was next to "Whancliffe," Muriel's home. It was to have been such a happy time for Dorothy, Ned, Muriel and all.

"Just presacly the same as two own homes," Muriel had said. But suddenly, just as suddenly as the lights are turned down at the Pantomime, everything was changed.

There had been a ball two nights before, Muriel knew, because Dorothy had come in all shining-eyed and dressed in spangly white to kiss her good-night.

"When you come back will you kiss me again?" Muriel had asked.

But Dorothy had said: "No, dear little one. It will be morning then, and I should wake you. I shall come up when you have finished your lessons tomorrow."

But the morning came and breakfast was over; the morning wore away and the lessons were done. Soon it was past luncheon, and still Dorothy did not come.

"Miss Chapman," asked Muriel of her governess, "may I go up to the drawing-room? Mother is there, you know, and perhaps Dorothy is ill or has forgotten."

So Muriel ran up and peeped in and saw her mother sitting in one of the windows, a book opened on her knees, but her eyes very gravely fixed on the wall opposite.

"Well, my little girl," the latter said, seeing Muriel, "I was just going to send for you. Dorothy and I have been very busy to-day."

"Pretty nearly you are always busy now, mother," the child said, laughing in an understanding sort of way, and hugging her mother tightly round the waist. "Only four more days now, and my frock is all ready, and my hat in its box on the shelf."

Mrs. Pennington pushed the long, dark curls from her daughter's face and looked at her gravely; then she smiled a little.

"Will you remain here very quietly for twenty minutes?" she said to Muriel. "I am going to Dorothy now. Presently I shall send Katie to fetch you to my room, and you may have tea with sister and me."

"Thank you, mother; that will be nice." Muriel climbed up on the seat her mother had vacated and peered over the tops of the red carnations to the street below.

She had been looking for a few minutes when she saw cousin Ned's tall dogcart dash around the corner, and Ned himself, all in his uniform, pull the horses up sharply at the door. Ned threw the lines to his man and came quickly in. Muriel heard the front door

open and close, and then Ned's light step and the clink of his spurs as he came up the stairs. He must have gone into the music-room, for he did not pass the drawing-room doors at all.

The twenty minutes must have gone by twice, and no Katie had come to fetch her, when she heard Ned's step again in the hall, and he came very quickly into the room where she was, calling her name sharply. The little girl slipped to her feet and turned towards him, then started. Her cousin's usually merry face was very white and stern, and his hands shook as he held out his arms to her. She ran to him, hugging him tightly. He must be ill, very ill to have changed so, and all in a day.

"Will you kiss me, dear little Muriel?" he asked her. "I am going away."

"Going away!" she echoed, leaning back, her big dark eyes full of wonder, "Going away before the wedding?"

"There is to be no wedding," he told her, and his voice was husky, but his lips were firm. "Dorothy will tell you about it. I am going to sail for India to-morrow night."

He tried to smile a little.

"You'll kiss me good-bye, won't you, Muriel?"

"I'll give you a million kisses, my dear," said the child, but her mouth trembled. "Only I can't understand, and I can't bear it, Neddie."

Then the boyishly stern face grew weak all of a sudden, and he hid it in Muriel's curls. The little girl tried very hard not to cry, but the sob in her throat was so big that she couldn't swallow it, so she hugged her cousin very tightly, and hid her face against his arm, not feeling the hard gold braid scratching her cheek.

Presently Ned held her off from him, and looked into the sad eyes.

"Muriel," he said, "when you grow up, sweet and tall and fair like Dorothy, be gracious, dear little girl, and kind and forgiving, and beautiful as you like, but give no room in your heart to pride. Pride is a cruel thing, more cruel than death."

Then he kissed her very gravely, and said "God bless you" twice. After that he let her go and, rising, walked swiftly from the room, one hand on the hilt of his sword, the other close to his side, his head very high in the air.

Muriel gazed after him a long time. The tears dried on her cheeks. Her little hands hung limp and empty at her sides. The shadows began to gather in the drawing-room, still the child did not move. By-and-bye Katie came and led her to the door of her mother's boudoir. Inside the fire burned in the blue-tiled fireplace and her sister stood before it, tall and slender and white-faced as Ned had been. She was looking at the door, as Muriel entered, and smiled slightly at the little girl.

"I have neglected you, dearest, have I not?" she asked, bending down and putting her arms about the child, for all the world as Ned had done. "But I have been ill and tired all day. You will forgive me, will you not?"

Muriel looked into the blue eyes above her steadily.

"Why is Neddie gone?" she asked.

Her sister loosened her arms and stood up straight.

"Cousin Ned has gone because we all thought it best," she said quietly. "He has been given a year's leave of absence."

"But the wedding?" breathlessly.

"Ned and I are not going to be married," gently. "You are too little to understand, dear; when you get older sister will try and explain to you—people change their minds, Muriel, sometimes when they think they cannot be happy together. It would be very wrong and sad to get married and then be miserable all our lives, wouldn't it, dear?"

"How could you be miserable with Neddie?" gravely.

"I would be miserable if I could not make him happy, and I can't do that, Muriel; so I am not going to marry him."

The little girl was silent for a moment, then she said: "Neddie isn't happy yet, Dorothy. He cried when he kissed me good-bye. People don't cry when they are glad about things. He hugged me very tight, and his tears wetted all my pinafore."

The older girl turned away abruptly, and going to the piano sat down upon the stool. She struck a few chords softly, and then very suddenly there was a loud crash, and Muriel saw her sister's yellow head bowed upon the keys, and her figure was trembling very much from sobbing. The little girl ran to her quickly, climbing into her lap and putting her arms around her tenderly.

"My dearie, my dearie," she said, "has Neddie been naughty to you?"

"No, no," and the older girl pressed her cheek tight against Muriel's. "He was never naughty, never, darling. He was always good and true and brave. Only he was proud, so proud. Muriel, when you grow up you must never be cold and proud. It makes everybody so unhappy."

"No, I shan't," said Muriel with wide, troubled eyes, thinking of what Ned had told her.

After a little Dorothy set her upon her feet and going to the table poured out a tiny cup of milk and hot water and placed it on a plate with a very large piece of sponge cake. This was a great treat to Muriel as a rule, but to-day she took it rather listlessly, and, a tight little feeling coming into her throat when she started to eat the cake, she put the piece on the table quietly and said, if Dorothy didn't mind, she believed she wouldn't have tea this afternoon. Dorothy knelt beside her.

"Muriel, dearest," she said, "you must not trouble about this. I want you to promise me you won't. Ned will come back by-and-bye. A year isn't very long. Will you try and not think about it, dear?" But Muriel, being a very honest little girl, could not promise.

That same night there was a dinner party at the house and Muriel peeped over the banisters while the guests went into the dining-room. She was in her dressing-gown, but, of course, no one could see her. Dorothy, tall and white-faced and smiling, was walking with her hand on the Colonel's arm, Ned's Colonel. Muriel knew him. He came very often to see them with Neddie. Indeed he was very much like Ned, full of fun and good spirits, though his hair was quite gray like father's.

Muriel had a very funny thing happen to her that night. She was thinking of Ned, of his going away and the terrible tigers and snakes down in India that Miss Chapman had told her about, and she couldn't sleep at all. She would close her eyes and they would pop open again just like the cover of the jack-in-the-box. She heard the nursery clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, and then, being very wideawake indeed, and a little troubled, she got out of bed and went to find nurse. But as nurse was sound asleep, she didn't like to wake her, so she made up her mind that she would go to her mother's room and tell her about the funny way her eyes kept popping open.

The door of the boudoir was ajar, and Muriel, hearing voices, stopped before going in. She saw the interior, however. Dorothy was sitting in a stiff-backed satin chair, her hands grasping the arms tightly, her face very white and her eyes dark as the shadows in Muriel's room. Her mother was standing with her back to the door, and Muriel heard her say:

"I have let you judge for yourself, Dorothy. I only hope that you have not made a mistake that will spoil both your lives."

Then Dorothy spoke in a hard voice, strange to Muriel.

"There was nothing else to do, mother. I could not excuse myself to him. His pride is too overbearing."

"My child," Mrs. Pennington said quietly, "you both suffer from it, the terrible pride of the Penningtons. I am afraid poor Ned's heart is broken, and you—"

"And I—" Dorothy laughed mirthlessly, and her hands clinched the chair arms more tightly. "No one shall ever know of my sufferings, mother. What is it the song says, 'I shall hide a broken heart behind a smiling face?'"

A little stunned by what she had heard, Muriel leaned against the curtained doorway, one hand holding tightly a

fold of her nightgown, the other pressed against her cheek.

Presently there was a little rustling sound, and, looking within, she saw Dorothy alone and standing in the middle of the room, her hands clasped tightly together, and held out rigidly before her, while her lips moved and she half sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Ned, Ned, I never can bear it! Come back again!"

Then, for the first time, it dawned upon Muriel that she was listening to what was not intended for her to hear, and her little face grew hot all of a sudden, and she crept away to bed.

The next morning was Saturday, so there were no lessons. As soon as breakfast was over, Muriel went to her father's study. He was writing at his desk. Muriel attracted his attention by gently poking him in the back. He saw her and bent his head to kiss her.

"Father is very busy just now," he told her. "I shall come and talk with you soon."

Muriel leaned her cheek against his desk and looked at him wistfully.

"Father," she asked, "what is the 'pride' of the Penningtons?"

The man smiled slightly; then, knowing his little girl to be very serious in regard to all information, he took her on his knee and told her that pride was sometimes a very good thing and sometimes a very bad thing. It was good when it made people true and kind and brave and happy, and it was bad when it made men and women unloving and cold and careless of the suffering of others. Then he kissed Muriel again, put her down and told her to run away. She had almost reached the door when she remembered another question, so she returned and asked again:

"Father, do people die of broken hearts?"

But this time her father was in the middle of a sentence, and had forgotten who was asking him the question, so he replied quickly:

"Very seldom. It would be better if they did."

Poor little Muriel! She turned very cold and white and walked slowly from the room.

When luncheon time came she couldn't eat, and afterwards she went to the music-room to try to unravel things. Her mother and Dorothy were driving, and Miss Chapman was lying down with a headache, so Muriel stood in the window thinking very deeply. She was only six years old, and she was troubled with a very weighty trouble, for she was afraid that both Ned and Dorothy were going to die, or else live with broken hearts inside of them, which would be terribly painful, and worse than the most dreadful splinters. It was quite evident that this could be avoided if Ned were not going away. Of course, he was leaving on account of the "pride," but surely in this case, Muriel reasoned, the "pride" could not be a good thing when it was causing so much trouble and suffering. She thought a long time, and finally the little frown on her face cleared away. She nodded her head vigorously two or three times and left the room.

Her big white hat with the feathers was on the nursery bed, for her mother and Dorothy were to return at five and take her for a turn in the park before her tea. Muriel tied the hat under her chin, and drew on her gloves quickly.

"Now where might you be goin', Miss Muriel, this 'ot, 'ot day?" asked the footman in the hall.

"It is not hot, Thomas," said Muriel severely, "and you must let me out at once, for I am in a great hurry."

"Don't you go beyont the corner, now mind." Thomas drew back the door slowly. "I suppose Miss Chapman will be watchin' you from the window."

Muriel walked down the steps in quite a stately manner, thinking it best not to enlighten Thomas.

It was late September but very warm, and the child thought she must walk fast. Soon her cheeks were flushed hot and the little brown curls clung damp on her forehead. She was a tiny girl in her broad hat with the drooping feathers, and many people turned to gaze after the slender figure with the

earnest face and the shining, troubled eyes.

A half-hour passed before she reached the officers' quarters, then five minutes to the barracks, and presently she stood, panting and weary, at the broad gate that opened to the square.

There were a thousand soldiers within, the sun hot on their white helmets and scarlet jackets, and the band was playing "Rule Britannia."

"Could you tell me which one of the men, far over there, is my cousin Neddie?" she asked, pushing through a crowd of little boys at the gate and addressing a very tall man, who, his gun over his shoulder, was walking impressively up and down just within the entrance. To Muriel's intense surprise he paid no attention whatever, but continued calmly pacing on his beat. There was another soldier, however, a short, stout man with a fierce red moustache, who had been smoking and leaning against a post. He sprang towards Muriel and caught her up in his arms very unceremoniously.

"What are you doin' here 'thout your mammy?" he asked her. "Ain't you afraid the Kunnell 'll ketch you and put you in the 'black hole?'"

"No," Muriel answered indignantly. "You put me down this instant. I am not a baby, and I'm not afraid of the Colonel; he's a very nice man."

The soldier laughed. "Are you one of Captain Greyson's little girls?" he asked.

"No." Muriel had ceased to struggle, finding it unavailing, and besides, thinking it to be extremely undignified. "I don't belong to the regiment, at least, not persacly. I'm Miss Muriel Pennington, and I want my cousin Neddie."

"I see." The man looked at her gravely. "How did you get here?"

"I walked," slowly and flushing a little. "You see, mother and Dorothy were in the carriage, and maybe," more slowly still and her cheeks getting very red indeed, "they wouldn't have brought me anyway."

"In short," the soldier said seriously, "you runned away."

"I walked," she replied, as a long line of soldiers drew near, a dashing horseman leading them. "There's Colonel Harry now," she observed, excitedly. "Call him quick. Colonel Harry! Colonel Harr—"

But the stout man's hand was over her lips in a minute.

"Don't you do that, you naughty girl," he said, his face as red as his moustache.

Muriel was wildly excited. She screwed her little face from under his palm. "I shall, I shall! Colonel Harry!" she screamed.

"Now, don't that beat all." The soldier put her down abruptly, and deliberately turned his back on her, going to the fence quickly as the Colonel came up and passed close beside them.

"Tompkins," he shouted, "take care of the child until after the review," and he was gone.

Immediately the stout soldier returned and lifted the little girl in his arms again.

"Ain't you ashamed fer bein' a noisy, naughty miss?" he said. "All the little boys at the gate are laffin' at you, and the Kunnell's in a fine rage."

"I don't care if he is angry," and Muriel leaned back stiffly. "You put me down. I'm going in there to find Neddie myself."

"Not muchee you won't. You've got to mind orders."

"You're a very wicked man."

"Oh, come, now, you heard what the Kunnell said."

"It doesn't make any difference," angrily. "He isn't any relation to me."

At this the stout man pursed up his lips and wrinkled his eyes, but didn't say anything. Muriel decided to try new tactics.

"You know," she said slowly, "if you don't put me down, and let me go to Neddie, maybe he'll be gone and I can't tell him."

"Who's Neddie?" The man regarded her earnestly.

"Neddie is Lieutenant Edward Pennington, and he's going to sail for India to-night." Muriel began her sentence

proudly, but ended in rather a tremulous tone.

"My dear little lady," the soldier said quickly, "why didn't you tell me so in the first place? The Lieutenant went down to the boat with his man and his traps this morning. An' sorry we were to see him go. 'E's a rare good sort."

"Thank you," said Muriel. "It's very kind of you to say so. Would you please take me to the boat now? I must see him before he goes."

"I can't do that." The man shook his head gravely. "That's agin orders. I can't leave the grounds."

"Then please show me the way at once that I may go." Muriel laid two little trembling hands on his shoulder. "If he should leave without seeing me, he might die or worse than die." Her eyes grew very dark.

The soldier looked puzzled.

"Is anything the matter with the Lieutenant?" he asked. "He was white about the mouth I remember this morning. He ain't ill, is he?"

"How 'white about the mouth'?" questioned Muriel fearfully.

"Pale," the soldier explained; "pale in the face."

"Well, it's worse than illness," Muriel said in a low, strained voice. "It's the 'pride of the Penningtons' that ails him."

The man looked blank. "The what?" he asked.

"The 'pride of the Penningtons.' You see," the child went on, "they've both got it, he and Dorothy. It's a dreadful thing. Maybe you didn't know they were to be married on Saturday?"

"I—I'd heard something of it," more blankly still.

"Well, you must try and not think about it any more," sadly, "because it isn't going to be. Unless," brightening a little, "he will do as I ask him. Neddie is very good to me, you know."

"An' is that what you come 'ere for?" asked the soldier, rather stupidly, as Muriel thought. "To talk the Lieutenant out of going to India?"

"Yes. Do you suppose he'll stay? You see," coaxingly, "I shall tell him all about it. Poor Dorothy cries terribly and looks so white and strange, and Neddie cried too."

"It's a bad business, ain't it?" the soldier said. "But maybe you'd better wait and tell the Kunnell the rest. I don't understand such things, not bein' one of the gentry."

"It's the trouble of the 'pride,'" Muriel explained gravely. "I didn't understand it either till I asked father. There's good pride and bad pride. Dorothy and Neddie have it the bad way." Then she added honestly, "Father didn't speak of them, but I know."

"You're a rum un," the man smiled. "You wait now and tell the Kunnell about it. He'll make it all right for you."

Muriel sat very quietly in his arms until all the soldiers had filed off the field, then the Colonel came up, his horse galloping very fast. He drew rein beside them and took the little girl from Tompkins, placing her in front of him. Muriel saw him give the soldier a piece of money—she leaned from the saddle and held out her hand to her stout friend.

"Thank you for taking care of me," she said. "Good-bye."

As they went across the square, the Colonel asked her why she had come, and Muriel told him gravely that she wished to see Neddie before he sailed, and she hoped that Colonel Harry would take her at once to the boat.

The latter jumped from his horse when they reached the verandah, and, lifting Muriel down, told the groom to bring his trap immediately. In a very few minutes they were seated again, a footman perched behind, and two prancing black horses to draw them.

When they had gone some little distance in silence, Colonel Harry told Muriel that she must not think of going to the boat, that cousin Ned was very busy and would not be pleased to see her. He would take her home before her mother returned and grew anxious.

"Mother will not be anxious," Muriel said, a dry sob coming up in her throat and choking her. "She isn't coming home until five." Then she swallowed very hard. "Please, Colonel Harry," she went on, trying to speak bravely and convincingly, "I—I must see Ned-

die, you know. If—if I don't, he and Dorothy will surely die."

"Dorothy!" sharply. "What do you mean, Muriel?"

"It's—it's a terrible thing the matter with her. She hides a broken-in-two heart behind a smiling face."

"What are you talking about?" sternly. Then more gently: "My dear little Muriel, have you been dreaming this? Speak quietly."

"I never remember my dreams," rather haughtily. "What I am telling you is quite true. Neddie has the same matter with his heart, all broken like Dorothy's."

The Colonel muttered something about "servants' rubbish" under his breath, and Muriel went on gravely:

"Most likely you don't understand either. But you see the trouble of it all is the 'pride of the Penningtons.' They've both got it. Mother said so. It's far worse than measles or whooping cough. It's worse than dying, even."

"Who's been talking to you?" asked the Colonel in a curiously quiet voice.

"No one persacly." Muriel's face began to grow warm. "I—I heard some of it. I didn't think about it being listening just then. It was after the dinner party and I was peeping in at mother and Dorothy. Dorothy wants him to come back. She said so. Only she won't ask him on account of the 'pride.' It hurts them both so. Neddie cried. Fancy, big tall Neddie. Ah!" catching her breath, "I think they would both get well if he would only come back."

"Did—er—did Dorothy cry?" The Colonel's face burned red, and then turned white even to the lips.

"Dorothy was quite alone in the room," Muriel replied steadily. "And she stretched out her arms like this, and she called softly, 'Neddie, Neddie, come back again.' And the tears were all wetting her face."

The Colonel turned his horses suddenly in the middle of the street and, touching them with the whip, dashed down and round and up a dozen roads, until Muriel looking ahead could see a gleam of water and, closer in, the tall masts and black smokestacks of countless ships. A few more minutes and the Colonel stopped his horses, and he and Muriel left the dogcart with the footman and went down a very busy walk, through great iron gates and dim warehouses to a wide wharf. Here a huge white steamship loomed up before them, and they crossed the gangway and went aboard. The Colonel said something to a man in a blue uniform with a lot of gold buttons on it, and when this man had left, they walked up and down the broad white decks for a long time, it seemed to Muriel. The sun, going down, was colouring the ship all gold, when at last she saw the man in the blue uniform come in sight again, and behind him the tall figure, the grave face and the close-cropped curls of cousin Neddie. He did not have on his military clothes, but wore a long blue coat that reached to his heels and a steamer cap. He did not smile at all, even when he saw Muriel. He and the Colonel saluted stiffly, and then Neddie asked in a strange, high-pitched voice:

"Have you any further orders, sir?"

Colonel Harry smiled slightly, and looked down at Muriel.

"This little lady has something to tell you," he said. "You will oblige me very much if you will take my trap and drive her home. I want to see the captain for a few moments. You—er—will return in ample time for me?"

"My letters are not half finished, sir," began Ned, haughtily.

"Neddie, dear," ventured Muriel timidly. She was quite afraid of him, he was so cold and different from the laughter-loving Neddie she had known.

The Colonel went forward and put his hand on the Lieutenant's shoulder. He said something to him in a low voice, and then turned abruptly away, walking into the saloon.

The young man looked dazed for a moment and, standing still, gazed after him, then he bent down to Muriel and, picking her up in his arms, held her very close to him and left the boat.

Presently they were seated in the tall dogcart and, at cousin Ned's request, the little girl explained all that has been

told. It was twilight before they had half finished their journey, and in all this great while cousin Ned had only spoken two words to Muriel—"Go on." By-and-bye he took the reins in one hand and put the other arm around her tightly; then he bent and kissed her twice, and Muriel felt his lashes wet against her cheek.

It was dark when they reached home. Along the quiet streets the lights were lit in the houses, and upstairs, in Dorothy's sitting-room, someone was standing close against the window peering out into the night.

"Will—will you ask Dorothy if she will see me for a little while?" Ned asked Muriel, as they went up the stairs together. But the door opened very suddenly just then, and, instead of Thomas, a slender white-robed figure stood there, with the light from behind making a halo of the golden locks around her head.

"Muriel, Muriel, is it Ned?" and then her voice wavered and choked, and she came out into the vestibule, her arms outstretched.

Muriel was not quite sure who was holding her after that, but she heard Ned say "Thank God." And when they went into the hall together and she looked from one to the other of the dear faces she loved, she concluded in her wise little way that they were both already beginning to recover from the terrible "pride of the Penningtons."

Winter: A Reverie

BY J. HARRY SMITH

WHEN winter winds shriek down the street,
The dreary street of bricks and snow,
And swaying arcs of warmthless light
Throw shiv'ring shadows to and fro;
While yellow-gleams from curtained sash
But blacker make the low'ring gloom.
I hear no passing, muffled feet,
When winter winds shriek down the street.

From out my hearth a ruddy fire
Throws grateful rays of sun-gold light.
It is the sun of summer's eve,
Through quiv'ring leaves made gently bright.
My arm-chair is the mossy bank
Of brooklet, gay with insect life;
Smoke whiffs as summer cloudlets meet,
Though winter winds shriek in the street.

Adown the glade a merry noise
Of laughing children fills the breeze;
But whence this song of tinkling bells,
A sound not born of wind-swung trees?
My dream is gone, a melody
Of sleigh-bells, horns and cheery shouts
Re-make the night, and rise to greet
The mad, gay wind that fills the street.

THE ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIP VICTORIAN

An Epoch in Canadian Shipping

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

Affording a glimpse of a tremendous change from the sails of early navigators to the turbines of the Allan Line

WHEN the indomitable explorer, Jacques Cartier, first sailed in Canadian waters, about four hundred years ago, he little dreamed that on the other side of the Atlantic, in the ancient seaport of St. Malo, a monument would be erected centuries later to perpetuate his name as the pioneer trader in what was destined to become one of the world's great routes of commerce by sea. His was a great achievement against great odds. Depending entirely on wind and sail, he buffeted the gulf gales, and brought what would now be regarded as little more than a fisherman's sloop into the tide waters of the greatest inland waterway in the world. But the name of Jacques Cartier, notwithstanding his great feat of discovery, is scarcely more significant in the history of the navigation of Canadian waterways and of Canadian shipping than others who have come upon the scene some centuries later and who have been outstanding figures in the various epochs in the evolution of ocean and inland navigation. Be it almost enough to say that to Canada may be claimed the credit for producing the first vessel to cross the Atlantic with no propelling power apart from steam.

While we now regard Cartier's means of navigation as entirely primitive, it was not until within the fourth century after he navigated the St. Lawrence that steam became an actual factor in the propelling of vessels at sea. And it was not until 1852 that Canadian shippers really awoke to their opportunities, when Messrs. Allan, the pioneers in steam navigation between Great Britain and Canada, made a contract with the Canadian Government to provide a mail service between the old country and the new. That was an important day for this country, and with the granting of that first subsidy by the Government for a trans-Atlantic mail service went an impetus to Canadian shipping that is felt even to this day, and which has succeeded in building up between Cana-

dian ports and the great shipping centres of England, Ireland and Scotland, a steamship service that ranks all round with the best in the world.

In considering the growth and changes in shipping between Canada and the old country, even going back to almost the beginning of the nineteenth century, the name "Allan" stands out easily above all others, and indeed it is impossible to deal with the history of Canadian shipping without giving large place to the succeeding generations of those who have borne the name of Allan and who have been connected with the various companies of which that name has been so long identified. Few persons living now can trace this chain back farther than the advent of the most prominent figure of all, that of Sir Hugh Allan. But Sir Hugh was not the first of his historic stock to navigate our waters. The founder of the Allan Line was really Captain Alexander Allan, father of Sir Hugh, a Scotch youth, who early evinced a yearning for the sea. This lad, after serving his apprenticeship, soon rose to the command of a brig called the *Jean*, a vessel that was employed to carry supplies to the Duke of Wellington, who was then campaigning in the Peninsula. Two years later, in 1822, Captain Allan sailed for Canada in search of new cargoes for his vessel, and it is interesting to note that his first voyage from Glasgow to Quebec started a line of steamships that has gone back and forth with increasing numbers and importance during eighty-five years.

In those days wind was the propelling force, and the voyages were consequently long and subject to great peril and hardship. But the business was profitable, and by the end of eight years Captain Allan increased his equipment by four larger vessels than the *Jean*, and inaugurated a regular service of clipper packets. Few persons now have the length of days to recall the experiences of a voyage across the Atlantic in those times or to look upon the great ocean greyhounds of our day, and at the same time enjoy a retrospective view of the small yet picturesque craft that immediately preceded the turning point in the history of marine navigation. But any one, however lacking in imagination, could form at least a moderate idea of what it meant for Captain Allan to surmount in his day, with his fragile, wooden vessels, the same winds, the same icefloes and the same rocky coasts that in this twentieth century, against all the advantages of advanced engineering skill, sometimes make prey of the great leviathans of the deep. Nevertheless, a precise illustration of the difference is available. The Montreal *Gazette* of September 28, 1839, contained the following advertisement: "For Greenock: The well-known coppered ship *Canada*, 329 tons register, Bryce Allan, Commander, now loading and will have immediate dispatch.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER ALLAN, FOUNDER OF THE ALLAN LINE OF STEAMSHIPS

For passage only, apply to Captain Allan, on board, at the Cross, or to Miller, Edmonstone and Allan." Sixty-six years later, after innumerable vicissitudes and continuous evolution, the Allans adopted the latest system of steam propulsion, the turbine engine, and increased their already large fleet by two magnificent steamers, each of 12,000 tons register. From 329 tons in one vessel to 12,000 tons in another is a great advance, and yet that was attained in less time than it takes a man to live out the allotted span. It might be well here to mention that Captain Bryce Allan was a son of Alexander Allan and a brother of Sir Hugh. He acted for twenty years at Liverpool as managing owner of the line, and when he died his two nephews, Robert and James Allan, succeeded him, and have been representatives of the line at Liverpool for the last thirty-six years. Eight years after Captain Alexander Allan's first voyage to Canada, the fleet of the Allan Line consisted, among other vessels, of the *Canada*, the *Favourite*, the *Brilliant*, the *Blonde*, the *Pericles* and the *Gypsie*. Doubtless these names are familiar to persons still living in Canada, because the vessels that carried them were favourite means of transportation across the Atlantic in those days. Twenty years later, after iron had come into use as a material for shipbuilding, the Allan fleet contained the *Strathearn*, the *Minerva*, the *Strathblane*, the *Glenfinart*, the *Gleniffer*, the *Ardmillan* and the *Romsdal*.

SIR HUGH ALLAN, WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS A PROMINENT FIGURE IN CANADIAN SHIPPING CIRCLES

Many readers will be curious to know something about the advent of Hugh Allan, who afterwards became so well known all over Canada. He was one of five sons of Alexander Allan. The other four sons were James, Bryce, Andrew and Alexander. Hugh came to Canada in 1826, and five years later entered into partnership in the shipping business with Miller, Edmonstone and Company, a firm which later became Edmonstone, Allan and Company. Eight years later Hugh's brother Andrew came out and soon entered the partnership with his brother. About twenty years later Mr. Edmonstone retired, and from that time to the present the affairs of the Allan Line on this side of the Atlantic have been conducted under the firm name of H. and A. Allan. After the death of the founder of this line, two of the sons, James and Alexander, conducted the business in Glasgow, while their brother Bryce took charge of the office at Liverpool. That left three brothers in the old country and two in the new. The business, which was by this time well established, began to expand rapidly, but for forty years it continued under the management of the quintette of brothers. Hugh became the most prominent of all, and in 1871, in

view of his services to Canadian commerce, he was recommended for knighthood, and received that distinction from Queen Victoria in 1871. Although this knighthood did not carry with it hereditary rights, Sir Hugh's son, H. Montagu Allan, had the same distinction bestowed upon him a few years ago by King Edward. The Allans at present identified with the service are as follows: Sir H. Montagu Allan, Mr. Hugh A. Allan, Mr. Andrew A. Allan and Mr. Bryce J. Allan.

The first regular steamship service between Great Britain and America is credited to Mr. S. Cunard, of Halifax, who made a contract with the British Government in 1850 to provide a fortnightly service of mail steamers between Liverpool and Halifax, and on to Boston. That was followed, however, two years later, by a contract between the Canadian Government and McKean, McLarty and Lamont, of Liverpool, for a fortnightly mail service between Liverpool and Montreal in summer, and Liverpool and Portland in winter. An attempt was made to carry out the contract, but the result was failure, and therefore the contract was cancelled. Notwithstanding so discouraging a circumstance, H. and A. Allan, just one year later, 1853, agreed with the Canadian Government to provide the same service. To carry out the objects of this agreement necessitated great additions to the fleet, and as steamships had just then begun to replace sailing vessels, the time might be regarded as of considerable significance in connection with the history of the growth of shipping to and from Canada. The first steamer to be built was the *Canadian*. She was ready in 1853, and was followed soon by the *Indian*, the *North American* and the *Anglo-Saxon*.

It should be remembered that at that time the Intercolonial Railway had not been undertaken, and so there was no railway between the Maritime Provinces and the west. Montreal was the summer terminus on this side, but there had to be as well a winter terminus in order to

S.S. VIRGINIAN—MUSIC ROOM

S.S. VIRGINIAN—DINING SALOON

provide an unbroken yearly service. The Grand Trunk Railway was completed to Portland that very year, 1853, and therefore Portland became the winter terminus of the new steamship line. However, the Intercolonial was yet to come as a condition of Confederation. It was completed in 1876, connecting Quebec with Halifax, which thereafter became the winter port of the Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamships. Six years later the fortnightly service was increased to a weekly service, which has been continued ever since.

The increasing opportunities for trade between Canada and Great Britain would not permit the Allans to rest contented with this achievement, so plans were continually being considered to embrace new routes and additions to the fleet. In 1862 a line was established to run between Glasgow and Montreal, and it became so successful that ten years later the service was increased to a permanent weekly service. Later again Canada was placed in direct connection by steamer with London.

It should not be overlooked that during all the years of which mention has already been made, the steamship companies doing business between Canada and Great Britain were at a great disadvantage, because Canada had not come into the limelight as one of the countries of new and great possibilities. Neither had our own people been aroused to the importance and the magnificent possibilities of our export trade. Tourists were not coming this way in great numbers, and indeed, we are scarcely yet coming into our own in that respect. The United States was the country in the world's eye then, and attention was generally attracted that way. The steamship companies doing business between New York and the large European ports enjoyed an overwhelming share of patronage, but nevertheless the Canadian companies more than held their own, and forged ahead with creditable per-

severance. Although in those days, and even down until quite recently, many persons thought it sounded well to be able to say they had sailed to or from New York, it is gratifying to know that as far back as 1878, when Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne came to Canada, they chose the steamship *Sarmatian*, one of the Allan Liners. They were so well pleased with the voyage that they returned by the same vessel.

In those days, and even down to about 1890, the second cabin accommodation, which has become a feature of modern ocean travel, was scarcely an appreciable quantity, the provision for the comfort of passengers, apart from the first cabin quarters, being little better than is now provided in the steerage apartments of the most modern vessels. These conditions, however, have altogether changed, for to travel "second cabin" now, in a vessel such as the *Victorian* or *Virginian*, the new Allan Line turbine steamships, is to enjoy the luxuries of the average well-to-do home, and better than the first cabin accommodation was even just a decade ago. There has been good reason for these changes. Canada, within the last ten years at least, has enjoyed a tremendous impetus, and travellers and tourists of all manner and means are coming this way, and in increasing numbers, by the direct steamship routes. Travellers have come to know that accommodation on the best Canadian steamships is first class, and Canadians themselves have at last come to be not afraid of being regarded as a little provincial if they patronise home industry on the great seas. Trade with Great Britain has also advanced with enormous strides, and therefore the steamship companies have felt warranted in providing a service that would compare with the best anywhere. There are two advantages to Canada—shortness of route and natural beauty of scenery along the St. Lawrence River from the Gulf to Montreal. These two things, shortness of route and beauty of scenery, are really of great importance. Of all the persons who travel, almost

S.S. VICTORIAN—SMOKING ROOM

everyone does it either for business, for pleasure, for health, or a combination of two or all of these reasons. If a person travels for business, he wants to reach his destination as soon as possible, if for pleasure to have as much comfort as possible, and to come into contact with new and attractive things; if for health, to see whatever tends to attract and solace the eye and to encounter the things that refresh and restore. For these reasons, if for no other, the Canadian route is bound to increase in popularity with amazing rapidity.

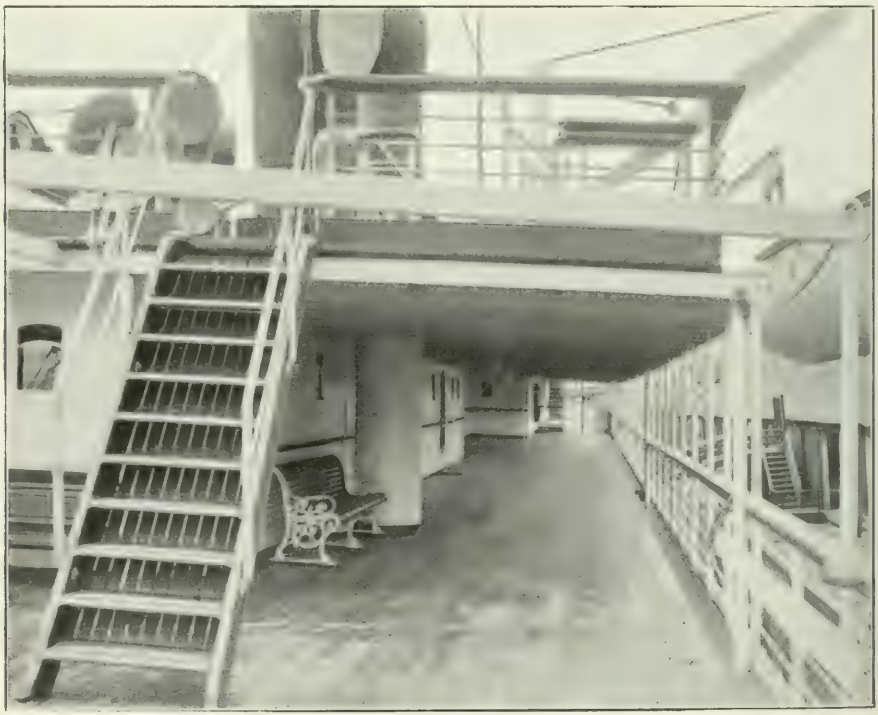
TYPE OF FIRST-CABIN STATEROOM IN ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIPS

Perhaps the greatest question before steamship owners all over the world just now is, What is the maximum of size and speed in keeping with profitable operation? That question seems to apply with particular fitness here in Canada. We hear a great deal of talk about a fast mail service, about short routes, and about summer and winter ports, but it is doubtful whether the general public, and even many of those who do a good deal of the talking, really appreciate the meaning of what they presume to discuss. While this article is not intended to be a technical consideration of the economics of shipbuilding and ship operating, there is at the same time a hope that it may serve to give some idea of what a great and involved problem a serious consideration of the ocean transportation question really is. According to conditions in Canada, two things must contribute to the support of a steamship—passengers and goods. Of course a vessel can be profitably operated between Canada and Great Britain, depending entirely on goods for revenue, but it is impossible as yet to throw the goods out and depend entirely on passengers.

But that seems to be exactly what must happen if the speed that is talked about so much is ever to be accomplished. Every knot that is added to the speed of a vessel after it has attained what is now regarded as a fairly high rate, say of sixteen to twenty-two knots, means the elimination of a tremendous amount of cargo space in order to provide room for the increased size of engines and coal bunkers.

The new large Cunarders, for instance,

are being set out for a speed of twenty-five knots an hour. In order to attain that their makers have had to abandon almost entirely the idea of carrying freight, the space usually given over for that purpose being required for the extra large engines, boiler rooms and coal bunkers. It is estimated that a vessel of the new Cunard type will consume one thousand tons of coal every twenty-four hours, and of course that means a proportionately large number of men to handle the coal and of space to contain it. The design of the vessel must of necessity, also, be extremely elongated both from well amidships forward to the bow and also backward to the stern, in order to cause as little friction as possible passing through the water. To carry out a design of that kind, much of the space that is ordinarily reserved for cargo has had to be abandoned altogether. It is estimated also that it takes just about twice as much motive power to drive a vessel at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour as it takes to drive at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour. To the inexperienced mind that appears to be tremendously out of proportion. If it takes, say, 250 tons of coal a day to run one of the Allan turbine steamers at an average speed of seventeen knots an hour, the difference between the cost of running a vessel of that type and one of the large Cunarders of a speed of twenty-five knots would be readily appreciated, especially when it is considered that the latter will consume four or five times as much coal. But coal is not the only thing. There are as well the men to handle it, the space to put it in, and the men also to run the extra large engines. Each of the Allan turbine steamships employs a crew of 350, while a crew of one of the large Cunarders numbers well up towards 1,200. The Allan turbiner *Victorian* or *Virginian* is well equipped with a crew of 350. So large an army of men as 1,200 working in the lower portions of a vessel at sea is a thing of tremendous significance. and it might well be regarded as a real menace rather



PROMENADE DECK ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIPS

than a help in a time of genuine peril. Men who work in the holds of great vessels are of necessity not of the higher order, and it is not to be expected of such that they display chivalry and heroism in case of disaster. It is enough to imagine what might be the result to an equal number of passengers were a sinking ship to disgorge a thousand of these men on to the upper decks, vieing with one another for a means of safety.

A good idea of the difference in the cost of maintaining one of the large steamships as compared with the smaller vessels may be formed from the fact that vessels of a speed of twenty-five knots can carry practically no cargo at all, while a vessel such as the Allan turbiners, which maintain a speed of seventeen knots, carry 2,000 tons of cargo, and vessels of the type of the *Tunisian* and *Corsican*, with a speed of fifteen knots, carry five thousand tons. It may be seen, therefore, that to increase the speed from fifteen knots to seventeen knots means a diminishing of capacity from 5,000 tons to 2,000 tons, while to increase the speed from seventeen knots to twenty-five knots means the cutting out of cargo altogether. Briefly, that is the great problem that confronts Canadian shipowners to-day. It would no doubt be a very nice thing to see vessels that could maintain a speed of twenty-five knots sailing up and down the St. Lawrence, but if that picture is ever to be realised, it looks as if there will have to be an entire revolution in the system of propulsion at sea. Under existing conditions no steamship company in Canada would scarcely undertake to provide vessels that would maintain a speed of twenty-five knots, unless the Government would subsidise them to the extent of almost bankrupting the public exchequer. The new Allan turbiners are of 12,000 tons register. If they had to maintain a speed of twenty-five knots they would have to be of about 30,000 tons register.

Those who advocate a fast steamship service should stop to consider whether they would be willing to back up a private company with public funds sufficiently to enable the project to be successfully carried out.

As it is, with vessels of a speed of seventeen knots the mails from Great Britain are landed in Canada in about six days' time. The *Virginian* has actually landed them in five days, fourteen hours. It is a question, therefore, if to cut that time down to five days or a little less, the great expenditure necessary would be warranted. It is out of the question just now to presume that the Canadian route could maintain a large and highly expensive exclusive passenger business. It is not even certain that the New York route will maintain it profitably, but if it should maintain it with profit, considering the difference in wealth and population of the United States with Canada, we can at least hope that the day is not far distant when the Canadian route will do likewise. However, with steamships like the Allan turbiners we are pretty well equipped after all. The Allans were the first to put the turbine theory into actual practice in trans-oceanic navigation. They are, therefore, the pioneers in that respect. To them as a Canadian company also can credit be given for other initial steps. They were the first to build a steel ocean steamer, which was the *Buenos Ayrean*, built in 1881. They were the first trans-Atlantic line to use bilge keels on vessels, beginning in 1884 with the *Parisian*.

It should be satisfactory to all who are interested in Canadian shipping to know that the turbine in ocean navigation has not proved to be the failure that so many persons predicted. On the other hand, the owners appear to be greatly pleased with the venture. From the standpoint of the passenger, the Allan turbiners leave little to be desired, and that, after all, is what the public care most about. But from the owner's standpoint there seems to be certain limitations; for instance, the turbine would not be the most economical means of propelling a vessel of less speed than the *Victorian* or *Virginian*, or in other words, than a vessel with a speed of less than seventeen knots. As vessels of the size and type

of the Allan turbiners seem to have reached about the maximum practicable in the ocean steamship business to the St. Lawrence, for some time at least, it is only reasonable to suppose that they will stand as the model of the highest present day attainment for our waters.

For the benefit of those to whom the name "turbine" does not convey any clear idea, it may be explained that the mode of producing rotatory motion in the shafting and its attached propellers is, in principle, the same as that of the old-fashioned windmill, the force in turbine, however, being steam instead of wind, and the angled arms and sails of the windmill being represented in the turbine by metallic vanes set on the surface of a conical casting, which forms, by attachment, the forward end of the propeller shafting; these vanes, working into counterpart flutings on a fixed, surrounding, hollow casting, complete the device. The steam, entering at the forward end of this combined arrangement of blades, can only find passage by forcing the parts attached to the shafts into rapid revolution. Rushing along with the momentum due to its volume and boiler pressure at one end, supplemented by the withdrawal of atmospheric pressure by means of powerful air pumps operating at the other end, the steam imparts a steady, unceasing, rotatory movement to the propellers, utilising to the best advantage the whole boiler power of the ship.

A few words on the "Victorian," which apply also to the Virginian, might not be out of place. Her length is 540 feet; her breadth, 60 feet; her depth, 40 feet 6 inches. She is divided by bulkheads into eleven compartments, and with the sub-divisions of her double bottom she has twenty water-tight spaces. She is built to the highest class of the British Corporation Registry of Shipping, and her hull has been specially strengthened above the requirements of the corporation in order to make her doubly secure against the heavy weather of the North Atlantic. The first-class accommodation, which, as usual, is amidships, is of the most complete and approved order. Perfectly heated and ventilated staterooms, and suites of rooms, a spacious and well-fitted dining-saloon, an elegantly appointed music-room, and a luxuriously equipped smoking-room are some of the features. Not less comfortable proportionately are the second-class quarters, and, as already indicated, third-class passengers are catered to in the most liberal manner. Electric light throughout, a complete printing outfit, and an installation of Marconi's wireless telegraphy are among the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers.

The cargo space available is, notwithstanding the large complement of passengers, comparatively large and the facilities for its rapid handling and discharge are of the most up-to-date and efficient nature. Four large derricks are arranged on each mast, the lifting capacity of each being up to seven tons. These, together with two crane post derricks, make ten in all, for the working of which ten double cylinder steam winchès are supplied. Special attention has been given to the arrangement of the cargo holds, and the ordinary round pillar supports for the decks have been largely discarded in favour of special girders and supports which leave the holds freer for the reception, stowage, and discharge of cargo. Insulated chambers for the carriage of fruit and dairy produce from Canada are provided in conjunction with refrigerating plant.

While it must be admitted that the possibilities of ocean navigation are still uncertain, it is safe to predict that as far as Canada is concerned the pioneer name of Allan will long continue to be associated with the highest attainment in this most intricate science and picturesque art.

An Unexpected Surrender

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

How the light in an old man's life went out before a greater and brighter illumination

THE MEETING

IT was July. The metallic rasping of the myriads of grasshoppers served but to accentuate the listlessness and loneliness which seemed to pervade the world. The leaves of the trees hung motionless, the creek scarcely voiced a murmur as it slid from pool to pool, the shadows lay long on the mirror-like surface of the water, and the wide-eyed, somnolent cattle stood stock-still and ruminant in the shingly, leg-deep shallows that stretched almost stagnantly beneath the willow-trees.

Just below the ford where a straggling concession road made passage of the stream a young man sat at the edge of a shadow-flecked eddy, above which he dangled idly a long fishing rod and line. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow clad in blue overalls; his eyes, too, were blue and his hair, as much of it as was visible, was fair and curly. Thirty yards across the stream in front of him and just at the foot of an overhanging beech there was a spring, beside which a brown, rusty pail leaned. Beyond the spring a ragged hillside cumbered with underbrush, stones and knotted roots, upreared itself steeply. Up the hillside, zigzagging erratically because of the laborious climb, a little pathway led from the spring toward a brown farmhouse which, though hidden by the intervening trees, stood on the plateau above.

It was this path that the loiterer was watching to the neglect of his rod and his line. When the vagrant breeze shook the bushes which obscured the narrow approach, he half rose expectantly, and even after he had dropped back disappointed, the carelessness of his posture was belied by the eagerness of his gaze. Presently the bushes were stirred by other than the wind, and, parting the branches before her, a girl with a bucket stepped through. She was quite a pretty girl, and her pink gingham dress and white sunbonnet lent a pleasing variety of colour to the path. This time the man stood fully erect watching her and waiting.

Perceiving the intruder upon her private domain the girl gave a little start of surprise, then tilting her sunbonnet forward she came down and leaned over the spring.

"Sa-a-y!" The man was very red. Twice he had essayed to call to her, but it seemed to him that his swiftly beating heart had each time risen in his throat and choked him. Then he had realised that his opportunity was passing, and at last he had spoken, but his voice sounded odd and strained. Would she wither him with a scornful glance or would she take up her bucket quickly and vanish along the path?

She did neither. She lifted the pail, now filled to the brim, and placed it on the broad flat stone at the side of the spring; then she faced him calmly and answered him.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her eyes seemed to disconcert him and he cast about hurriedly for words. "C'n —c'n I come over there an' get a drink?"

For one moment the girl was disposed to laugh at him—to tell him that the spring and the pail had been there ere she came, and would be there after she had gone. But the man was young and goodly to look upon and the woman was a daughter of Eve, hence she cast a quick glance backward at the path. There was nothing there save a sparrow balancing itself on a bough, so she trusted herself to look at the tempter again.

"Yes," she replied, glancing first at

the stream and then back at him doubtfully; "come, if you want to."

He understood her look. "There's a foot-log below," he said, "but I'll cross so." He caught an overhanging branch and swung himself lightly. In another moment he was across and almost at her side. A look of admiration crept into her eyes as she stooped to fill the dipper. He started suddenly. "Lemme do that," he ejaculated. He caught at the dipper, and as he did so his hand touched hers. The contact thrilled him. She gave up the utensil reluctantly. Somehow it seemed to her that it would have been good to serve him even in so little a thing.

Then as he began to apologise she looked at him curiously. Last Sabbath he had been seated just opposite to her in the church, and his home lay yonder, not a full two miles from her own. All his life she had known of his comings and goings, and yet never before had he spoken to her. Twenty years ago their forbears had indulged in a "falling out" —a little thing at first, but one which had speedily grown—and since that time no Nixon had spoken to a Hains, nor a Hains to a Nixon. And yet, to-day, after all these years of strife, a Hains had come of his own free will to put foot on the Nixon soil, and to ask from a woman of the Nixons the favour of a drink from her hands. Why had he come? To fish? She glanced at the neglected rod and smiled at the very suggestion.

When he had drunken she retook the dipper, and their fingers touched again.

"You're John Hains, aren't you?" she asked, looking up at him and smiling. Underneath the smile she was questioning as to what her father would say, should he find this visitor here.

Influenced by her smile a sudden accession of courage came to the man. He had been afraid that she might remember that quarrel which their fathers had made, and for all his six feet of stature he was unused to women and sensitive. Moreover, above all others this woman had power to make him feel. Now, however, he was assured, and he laughed aloud.

"Just to think," he said, "of you an' me purtendin' not to know one another. Why, I've been a-knowin' you, Annie, since you were so high"—and he measured gleefully with his hand. "Gee whiz, how pretty you were! I didn't dare speak to you, but—but—" His face was growing red again, and a new light had come into his eyes.

The woman's wit of the girl gave her a sufficient warning, and she moved uneasily. "I—I've got to be goin' now," she remarked apologetically.

"Would you"—the man had grown nonplussed and awkward again—"would you mind, Annie, if I—I came back sometimes—to—to get another drink?"

She looked down at the hem of her apron, then gathered it up in her fingers and creased it into tiny folds. How angry her father would be if he but knew.

"Father—" she stammered, "father, he—" It was she who was embarrassed now. The man nodded confidentially. "I know," he said, "I know. That's why I asked you."

She glanced at him shyly. "I—I don't mind," she replied.

He picked up the bucket. "I wish I could carry it for yeh," he remarked. "I would, only—" He was half-minded to walk with her straight to her father's door and tell that old man that his folly of quarrelling must straightway cease. But she interrupted him.

"It wouldn't do—it would make more trouble. I must go now. Good-bye—J—John."

The man stood watching her contemplatively as she vanished up the path. All his life he had wished to accost her, to make himself agreeable to her, but he could not because his elders and hers—those elders who think themselves so wise, and who wish to be as gods in regulating the affairs of their children—had ordered otherwise. Once—they were at school then and she had forgotten all about it, no doubt—he had thrust a big, red apple into her hand and had run away hastily; and she, being a wise little girl, had immediately eaten the apple lest some one should be questioning. In after years when more of maturity and self-consciousness had come to him he had hidden his preference and had looked upon her furtively. But even as he grew tall and strong, so his desire had grown;

yet Fate and his elders were against him all the while. But to-day manhood had dawned, and he had come here to take Fate by the throat and to speak to the girl. Yesterday he had been a child, heedful of those who commanded him; now he was ready to make his own problems and to solve them.

When the girl had disappeared he turned back to the creek, strode through the weeds and brushwood to the foot-log which lay below. Then crossing this he took his way homeward through the sunlight that fell upon the fields of gold.

II

THE AWAKENING

Slowly following the path the girl came with lingering footsteps to the top of the hill, and to the corner of that clover-field beyond which lay the gray porch of the weather-beaten dwelling. At the rail fence she halted a moment. Already the afternoon was passing and the old house and the apple trees at its back barred with long lines of shadows in their setting of purple and gold—the purple of the clover-bloom and the streaming gold of the sun—while at the gate of the clean little yard her father stood shading his eyes and looking toward the farm hands who were at work in a distant wheatfield.

At the sight of the grizzled old man the girl's conscience smote her suddenly. People of the neighbourhood called Bill Nixon a harsh man and one given to prejudices, but he had never seemed so to her, for she was his child and her mother was long since dead. To her, therefore, he was father and mother in one; in her childhood he had nurtured her, and in her fair young womanhood he was proud of her. All this she knew and now it seemed to her that she had sinned against him in that she had failed to scorn the man from whom he would have withheld her. And yet—

She was not willing to follow up *all* her questionings. What she had done was done—why think further of such a trivial thing? She swung her bucket clear of the fence, and lifting her skirt daintily, she went toward him across the clover. He was growing old; his labours of other days had prospered; now in the evening of life he could rest if he wished to. So he had left his "hands" at their work, and had come for cool water and refreshment into the shade of the apple trees.

His eye twinkled as she approached. "Somebody mislaid the spring?" he asked, solicitously.

"Why?"

"We-e-ell, you was gone quite a while, so I thought mebbe the place had been moved an' that you was a-lookin' fer it."

She walked to the shelf that was on the porch and put the bucket away. Usually she replied to banter in kind, but now she was silent and seemingly wished to escape.

But the old man did not notice this. He was thinking of other things. And when he had quenched his thirst and had slanted a chair-back downward against the porch-facing, he brought a pillow, placed it upon this incline which he had made, and stretched himself upon the floor. There he dozed for a while, and afterward he watched the girl from his half-closed lids, and looked now and again at the robins which were nesting in his trees. Last year there had been but one nest, he remembered, but now, since the young birds of last season had builded, there were two. Then, as he turned his eyes away and gazed down the stretch of nearby road, he could see another house which was brown and old like his own; beyond that men were moving about—men who looked tired and small in the hot and hazy distance—and a raw, new frame of yellow pine was being reared. That was Sam Wilson's place, and the new house belonged to Sam's son. The young folks were marrying off, and here and there new nests were a-building.

Presently he looked at his daughter again, and a queer little jealous spasm tugged sharply at his heart. Some day—it was not a very distant day perhaps—she too would be going. He shrunk from the thought; it frightened him. One by one he told off in his mind the young men of the neighbourhood—all save John Hains, there was no use counting a Hains, he told himself—and being dissatisfied, he shook his head at each. With which among them all could he trust her? Even now, though she was grown to be a woman,

he could still feel the pressure of her childish arms about his neck, the clasp of her baby fingers upon his own. She had been so little, so loving, and he had spoiled her, perhaps; and this man who would take her from him wouldn't know about that—and—how could it be possible that she should care for that one more than she cared for "daddy"—rough, tender-hearted old "daddy," who loved her so?

So his soul was disquieted, and the broad sun slipped down and kissed the western hills and the labourers came home from the fields singing and whistling along the paths. But the girl took no heed of the undertone of sadness and of vague regret in it all, nor was she conscious of the rich blaze of fading sunset colour, nor of the dying light on the hills, nor of the shadows creeping up the village, nor of the night birds calling from the orchard and the woods. True, the night had come, but Annie was thinking of the afternoon, and of the spring, and the man in the dark-blue overalls. It was good, she thought, to live and she went singing about her work.

III

THE BATTLE

Between the man and the girl there had been other meetings—such frequent meetings that the gossiping housewives of the neighbourhood wagged their heads sagely, and, when "two or three were gathered together in one place," they indulged themselves freely in forecasts and adventured forth into prophecy. Did they not know Bill Nixon, and was John Hains a man easily controlled and readily turned aside in his purpose?

But regardless of the comments of others the two continued to see each other sometimes—this on meeting-days—at the church, sometimes by accident as they travelled the country road, and, if Bill Nixon suspected aught, he gave no sign—at least, none that his daughter or the public could read. To some it seemed that the old man had wilfully shut his eyes and did not wish to see. Others averred that such was Nixon's hatred for a Hains that it had not even occurred to him that his daughter would look at John, much less tarry within the sound of the young man's voice or hearken to his stammering speech.

"Bill 'll waken up one o' these days," said one of the apologists.

"Dunno as I blames the young folks though. John Hains, he are a man—built from the groun' up, he is, and muscled like a steer. An' Annie—why, Annie, bless her heart, is as red-lipped as a young rose, an' sir, she's clean-limbed, an' as light in her pastern j'ints as a thoroughbred colt! I don't blame John—he's got a good farm, an' they'll git married one o' these days, an' ole Bill, he'll r'ar then an' pitch, but his gal 'll be married all right enough, so it won't do a bit o' good. Yes, *siree*, Bill's got to wake up some time. I'm dang sorry fer Bill. I shore is."

In such fashion the community kept the matter forward and knew far more of its progress than old Bill did, or, as for that, even Annie herself or John.

And yet, despite this absorbing adventure which was stirring the good folk up, Nature went her own way steadily and was neither to be checked nor diverted. But at last the summer passed and the sunlight grew slant and pale, and the maples tinged the slopes with red, and the golden-rod shone yellow by the waysides and filled the long valleys with flame.

And because the year was dying and the old things were passing away, the young man grew lonely and came once more in the afternoon stillness to the creek-side near the spring. This time he bore no rod, and made no excuses—not even to himself—for his coming. And then about the girl who came, meeting him there. When he looked at her he forgot all his shyness and awkwardness and went to her holding out his arms.

"Won't you come to me, Annie?" he called. "Won't you come now?"

The girl drew back a pace. "John," she remonstrated, "John!"

But he did not heed, scarcely had he even heard. The slanting light had transfigured her, and he could not give her up now. With a swift step he reached her side and caught her hands in his own.

"I love you, Annie," he whispered, passionately; "will you come, dearie—will you come?"

Almost forcibly he drew her to him, and she, resisting no longer, let her dark lashes droop and hid her face against his arm. "John," she whispered, "John." The words were the same as before, but the intonation had told him all.

Then, on the hillside above them a leafy bush quivered, and Bill Nixon, his heart beating fiercely, parted the obscuring foliage to see clearly, if he might, who this man was who had come to steal away his child.

"Hains!" he muttered. "John Hains, just like I knowed it would be. An' yet I couldn't believe—I had to just see it myself."

White-lipped and quivering the old man loosed his hold upon the branches, and they fell back into place. His breath came in gasps, and a spasm, half of passion, half of pain, distorted the muscles of his face. He did not wish to give his daughter up—not to any man—he had fought out that battle with himself. But to a Hains—! The neighbours had hinted to him of this, but even in the face of that evidence he had forced himself to disbelieve.

He parted the leaves and looked down again. Annie was leaning against the man's arm now.

"No," he heard her say, hopelessly. "We can't tell him. He wouldn't understand—" Somehow, there was a tremulous break in her voice, and the listener was strangely moved.

"But you'll go with me?" interrupted the man.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, John—but Daddy—"

The old man turned stumblingly, not waiting to hear more. Over him, quelling his anger and frightening him, a very great change had come. She was about to leave him. What could he do, poor doddering old man that he was, to prevent her?—and she was all that life had left for him. How like her mother's eyes were hers, and just as long ago her mother had looked up to him, so the child was now looking up to John.

In such wise the memory of his own youth came upon him and softened him. Reaching the brow of the hill, he crossed the fence and the fields, and came with lagging footsteps to a little plot shadowed by tall, straight maple trees, and set with smooth white stones. Not often did he turn aside here, but now he was old and troubled, and it seemed to him that he stood alone.

Looking careworn and shrunken he sat down on the grass. He was so clumsy, he thought, so tactless and so awkward, in the face of this crisis. But Mary—Mary who slept so silently there—she would have understood. He raised his head. Out along the roads the waggons were passing, the fields were golden with grain, and rang with the song of the reaper. But under the maples there was quiet, and an infinite solitude.

IV

THE DECISION

The autumn night had come. There was no wind; and up in the vault of the sky there sparkled a myriad of stars crisply and frostily. In her own room in the old brown house the girl moved about in stealthy yet nervous haste, for this was her wedding night. Her fingers trembled over her task, but their intuitive deft intelligence stood her in stead as she folded some garments and packed them into her bag. Hurried she was and afraid, for already it was late, and presently she must slip out and go down the spring path to John, who was waiting for her there.

Presently the tears came into her eyes. The homely and familiar things about her seemed to say good-bye. Her father would never forgive her, she knew, and her mother's picture on the mantel-piece seemed to gaze at her reproachingly. Yes, she was leaving it all—her little belongings, her memories and the sight of her father's face. She listened, almost longingly, for some sign of the old man's presence—a movement, a cough, or a footfall. In a little while he stirred, passed across the kitchen floor, and she heard the back door creak as he stepped out in the yard.

It seemed strange to her that one of his years should venture abroad so late. It

was not his custom, and it might be that in the darkness— Almost she was minded to go and look for him. But she could not tarry, for John—henceforth and forever *her* John—would be delayed and wondering.

She caught up the satchel and stepped out into the light of the stars. A light breeze stirred, and she started nervously. From the shadows of the apple trees great shapeless forms seemed to reach blindly and gropingly. A nameless dread assailed her, and she shut her teeth hard and fled.

For a space she ran on breathlessly. Then she recovered herself, stopped, and looked back. Suddenly she turned and held out her arms appealingly.

"Daddy," she whispered. "Daddy!"

Almost as if in answer there was a footstep in the path, and a voice, low and subdued, broke the silence that encompassed her.

"Daughter!"—the girl almost screamed, the strain had been so great—"Is that you, daughter?"

"Y-y-yes," she stammered. "Yes, father."

He came to her and took her gently in his arms. "He's down there, Annie," he whispered. "Right down by the spring. I went down a minute ago, an' I found him there. An'—an'—I've sent fer the preacher, Annie. I want you to be married at home!"

Furren Pete

BY H. A. CODY

THE old Dungarvon River
Sweeps onward to the sea,
And once again, as oft before,
A sad scene comes to me.
I hear the great trees murmur,
And meet and sway o'erhead;
I see the waters rave and swirl
Down through their rocky bed.
'Tis not of these I'm thinking most,
But of that fatal day,
When with the awful crash of doom
The mighty jam gave way.

For days upon that river
We forced the big drive down.
No stripling held a pevie there,
But drivers of renown.
We were the pick of all the land,
In muscle, will, and thew,
Great giants of the woodland lore,
We formed a hardy crew.
But none could handle axe or log,
Or pevie so complete,
As one, a stranger in the land,
Whom all called "Furren Pete."

So day by day the drive pressed down,
With rocks and rapids past,
Till, sweeping through the Dead Man's Gulch,
The mighty drive stuck fast.
It was a sight to thrill the heart,

A sight but seldom seen,
To watch those massive walls of rock,
With tossing logs between.
And higher, higher grew the jam,
And whiter threw the foam,
As one by one those giant logs
Came sweeping, crashing home.

Between those flinty crowding walls
A boulder barred the way,
O'er which the waters leaped and swirled,
And forced the drive to stay.
And there across that rushing flood,
From boulder to each shore,
The logs were driven like a wedge,
Struck by the sledge of Thor.
That mighty, heaving, twisting mass,
It groaned, and strained, and pressed,
But with the awful grip of death
One key-log held the rest.

"Now, by our name of fair renown,
As woodsmen brave and true,
And by the trust imposed in us,
That big jam must go through."
So spake "Long Jake," our driving boss,
Whose word with us was law;
And there in awful silence deep,
Each driver made his draw:
To know which man must cut that log
A fearful, death-like feat;
And while we waited in suspense,
It fell to Furren Pete.

A strange and silent man was Pete,
At times so rough and wild,
But often we would notice him
As gentle as a child.
He cast one look on earth and sky,
On river, tree, and sun,
Then, with a mighty tiger bound,
Upon that big jam sprung.
It was a sight to numb the heart
To see that lone man stand
Right in the very jaws of death,
His true axe in his hand.

The keen steel fiercely bit the wood,
The whirling chips did play,
When with the roar of pent-up wrath
The surging jam gave way.
I've seen the war-steed's ringing charge,
I've felt the blizzard's breath,
But never did I see before
So wild a race with death.
With death close pressing at his back,

With death beneath his feet,
Right o'er that tumbling mass of logs
Sped lion-hearted Pete.

Down through the narrow rocky gorge,
Enwrapped with foam and spray,
With not a falter or a reel,
That brave man made his way.
He held his own; he baffled Death,
And almost reached the shore,
While our outburst of ringing cheers
Commingled with the roar.
But suddenly that swirling mass
Yawned right beneath his feet,
And with a wild, despairing cry,
Went down courageous Pete.

. . . . . .

Straight to the office each one marched
The day the drive came down,
Intending with his season's pay
That night to "do the town."
With pay in hand we turned to go,
When at the door there stood
A bright-eyed, fair-haired woman,
Who asked for Peter Wood.
To us stern river-drivers
Her words cut like a knife,
When turning to Long Jake she said,
"You know, I am his wife."

She did not swoon, she did not cry,
When Jake the story told,
But, stooping, clasped a little child,
Blue-eyed, with hair of gold;
And on its little up-turned face
Her kisses rained like mad,
As sweetly spoke the little one,
"Say, mamma, where is dad?"
That scene, oh God, it struck us hard!
And not one driver spoke,
But tears coursed down our rugged cheeks,
While strange thoughts in us woke.

Then we rough river-drivers
Swore by the God o'erhead,
To guard that lonely widow,
In memory of the dead.
There was no rough carousing,
No "doing up the town,"
But took the money that we saved
And paid the widow down.
Though many years have passed since then,
Our vow has been complete,
For not one year have we forgot
The "wife of Furren Pete."

The Governor-Generalship

A REJOINDER

By C. F. DEACON

Contending that election would not improve the system, with a general defence of the present practice

IN THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for February, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, K.C., wrote an outspoken criticism of the Governor-General's function in Canada, and a plea for a radical change. He says that among the manifold adjustments, national and imperial, which the development of both Canada and the Empire force upon us, it is obvious that a time will arrive when we shall have outgrown the Governor-Generalship in its present form. Mr. Lighthall appears to think the time for a change has already come. May one venture to suggest that he is somewhat premature?

Mr. Lighthall thinks a High Commissioner sent from the homeland would be a great improvement. But his heart's desire is that the Governor-General should be a Canadian, elected by the people, and clothed with the powers of an American President. This is a large scheme of change, and so far as one can judge from present conditions, neither desirable nor probable. If any such desires had ever had lodgment in Canadian minds, the plans laid down at Confederation would have been other than they were. Mr. Lighthall thinks Alexander Mackenzie would have made a splendid Governor-General. I was under the impression that he failed to hold popular sympathy because he refused to raise the tariff, and "stood over the treasury night and day with a shotgun," to use his own expression. If he could not hold the premiership, how could he have won the Governor-Generalship? Mr. Lighthall assumes that the people have a magic power of electing the best men, whereas most thinkers are greatly discouraged at the failure of popular government to bring to the front really superior men. Such men rarely have the arts that are most useful to win popular applause. To think the American Presidents as a whole form a roll of glory is very ingenuous, but will not bear examination. Most of them were commonplace men, and some were worse. Washington was, of course, the inevitable choice for first President, but Clay was not ideal by any means, nor was Jackson. Hamilton, the ablest man of his time, was never President. Buchanan allowed secession to work its will unchecked. He was no good at all. Mr. Lighthall enthuses over McKinley, as "undaunted and forgiving in death." But in life he was known as "the man with his ear to the ground," so that he might promptly follow public opinion instead of being caught with any opinion of his own. Garfield was a dark horse, unknown to the people generally, and merely elected as a compromise because Grant and Sherman after repeated ballotings found each too powerful to allow either to get the necessary majority. Roosevelt attained the Presidency only by reason of McKinley's assassination. The politicians thought they had tucked him away safely as Vice-President. It is notorious that strong candidates generally fail to maintain their position until the elections. They antagonise too many interests, and thus colourless men slip into the coveted place.

The English public schools develop a high type of character which bears glorious fruit in the public service, and it is doubtful if by any electoral methods known to man such good material could be secured as by the English system of appointing her pro-consuls. Most Canadians will say "Let well alone." Surely we do not want the trail of our ballot-box scandals

besmirching the purity of our highest office. "Blocks of five," "Business is business," "Hug the machine," etc., etc., *ad nauseum*.

Mr. Lighthall is grieved because the Americans think we are "ruled" by England through the Governor-General; that we have no autonomous status of our own. But surely this is not a weighty argument, for the opinion of people so little informed on the matter must be of small consequence. It may be noted that Americans trade with us, emigrate to our West, and become naturalised British subjects, and as tourists love our country heartily, and enjoy particularly the fact that our system is so different from theirs.

Mr. Lighthall deplores that the Governors-General are invariably members of the House of Lords. "They embody a system of publicly recognised privileges and grades of social precedence, implying the importation also of a system of social inferiority, which is contrary to our institutions and bad for our people." "It is evident from many signs," he continues, "that a mimic system, based upon wealth, is actually making headway through the Dominion of which Rideau Hall is the centre, and of which the effect would be to gradually erect all through the land a reign of class distinctions, of privileges and monopolies, ultimately becoming part of our government as well as of our society. In Canada this can only mean a plutocracy; and such a privileged plutocracy, possessing not even the correctives of a strain of ancient chivalry and history, would inevitably bring upon us the evils of revolution. . . . . It needs a corrective at Rideau Hall in place of encouragement and a model." This is one of the most astounding and confused charges against our Governors-General that can ever be made or dreamed of and must do lasting injury to Mr. Lighthall's reputation as a King's Counsel. What are the facts? The Canadians saw that the United States after their civil war embarked on rigid protection and a high tariff, and in spite of this have flourished by reason of their vast resources and untiring devotion to business. The Canadians, therefore, in spite of their small numbers and enormous frontier, said: "We, also, will have a high tariff." Therein lay the origin of our privileged plutocracy, the high cost of living, and the constant labour troubles, all inherent to a system of artificial favouring of special industries. To try to lay the blame for any or all of this on the Governors-General is as wise as to blame them for the Fall of Man, and I am amazed that such stuff should appear in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.* The proper place for such drivel is Dorcas Meetings, where the blameless enthusiasts make warm clothing for tropical heathen.

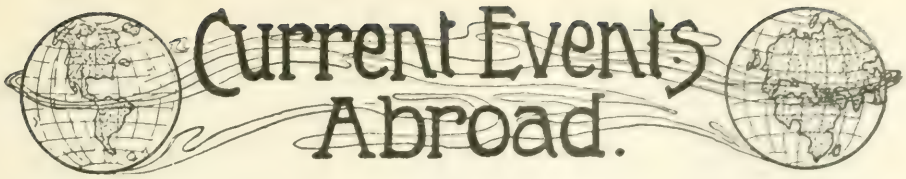
A final charge is made against Rideau Hall of favouring horse-racing and wine drinking. But I have exhausted my indignation, and forbear to protest against this last atrocity. I had thought that the saying "as drunk as a lord" was coined in a far earlier age, and that in modern England temperance was obligatory on gentlemen, but possibly Mr. Lighthall knows better.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Perhaps Mr. Lighthall is in turn amazed that Mr. Deacon's opinions should be published. At any rate, the two writers are now on the same footing.

Love's Chains

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WERE 't not for thy dear eyes' pure light
And smiles that tenderly beset me,
Oh, sunk into my native night,
I could forget thee.



WE have only to think of a wild mob in front of Buckingham Palace cheering King Edward over the result of an election and of the King appearing at a window to make a violent party speech, to realise the difference between constitutionalism in Britain and in Germany. The people of Berlin by congregating in front of the palace emphasised the point that a number of the electors, be it large or small, regard the Emperor as one of their political foes. That is not a healthy condition of affairs. If Von Buelow's appeal to the electorate had failed, what would have followed? The Emperor would be in the position of being condemned by his own people.

With the taste of victory still so fresh on his lips the Emperor is in all probability not much troubled about academic topics of that kind. He is, indeed, entitled to exult. He made an appeal to the patriotic instincts of his subjects, to the Pan-Germanic spirit, and the answer from his point of view has been most satisfactory. His Socialist foes have been overthrown. Herr Bebel himself acknowledged that the election had thrown his party back to where it was fifteen years ago. It is true that the Socialists represent a voting strength much greater than their numbers in the Reichstag. In the election of 1903 they secured seventy-nine seats, or one-fifth of the House, but the votes for their candidates were almost a third of the entire vote cast. Now they appear to be reduced to forty-three seats. All of their thirteen nominees in Saxony were defeated. They collided with national sentiment and have been bruised in the impact.

It is a force that has to be reckoned with everywhere. The public man who ignores it cannot go very far. In France the Roman See is realising how strong it is. There is undoubtedly a good deal of the free-thinking spirit in France, especially in the cities, and there is some indifferentism in the country, but not more, in all probability, than in other countries. There is unquestionably a strong religious impulse among the simple-minded common people. But they see no reason why there should be any enmity between religion and Republican institutions. It is not at all likely that they regard the former as less important than the latter, but they merely show by their votes that they will not allow that there should be any antagonism between the two. The church has in fact collided with national sentiment and it is getting worsted in the encounter. We had a taste of a similar phenomenon in our own country. The people of Quebec recognised in a son of their own race one of those rare and fine characters that appear once in a while for the redemption of politics, and notwithstanding that he was the champion of a cause which earned him the hostility of the hierarchy of his church, he nevertheless gained the almost solid suffrages of his people. Race pride was too strong to be beaten down even by a respected clergy. The facts should be studied by statesmen everywhere, especially in Britain with its Irish question and in Germany with its province of resentful Poles.

However disposed one might be to take the British side in what is known as the "Swettenham incident," the gentleman himself has made it very difficult to do so. The original blunderer, or bounder, was, of course, Admiral Davis, who, while the messenger of neighbourly aid, rendered his friendly offices so oppressive as to drive the Governor to the ill-advised course which he took. It is absurd to defend a course which has had to be apologised for, and unfortunately that is the position in which the defenders of Sir Alexander Swettenham find themselves. The chief newspaper of Jamaica has con-

A SECOND SHOCK

Kingston suffers from a second outbreak in some ways worse than the first. —Minneapolis *Journal*

demned the Governor, although it is evident from its language that it is constrained to do so by the utter indefensibility of his conduct. When we hear a Colonial Governor described as "strong," we generally know what it means. He is usually a personage whose creed is that the people over-seas require guardians, and that by divine ordering there has been provided a governing "clawss" in England who just fill the bill. We have been happy in Canada in escaping to a large extent this affliction.

While the Swettenham incident was at its height, the American Secretary of State, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, as he would be called in other countries, was at Ottawa. It was somewhat untoward that the episode should have cropped up just at that juncture, but it does not appear to have marred the visit of the distinguished public man whose coming here was a departure in the relations between the two great powers of this continent. We must think that the most important part of Mr. Root's address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa was his frank and generous testimony to the progress of Canada, and his recognition of the great part it is bound to play in the fortunes of North America. The substance of the speech has been read by hundreds of thousands of Americans and the whole of it in scores of United States newspaper offices, where public opinion is influenced if not formed. The result must be good. The Governor-General by inviting Mr. Root to visit him must be regarded as a publicity agent on a very large scale.

The Transvaal elections will be over before this reaches the reader, so that prophecies need not be indulged in. There will be a feeling that mistakes are being made. If Britain and Boer are to get together in South Africa it must be by maintaining an attitude of magnanimity on the part of the conqueror. It will be urged that past magnanimity has been misunderstood and interpreted as weakness, and that this misinterpretation was responsible for a bloody and costly war. The world has to deal, however, with things as they are, and not with things as they ought to be. The fact is that if the Boer element preserves a solid front it will almost certainly dominate the colony. The policy of endeavouring to join the aims of the British people of the Transvaal to those of the more enlightened and reconcileable section of the Dutch people is expedient as well as magnanimous. For this purpose it would be well if those prominently connected with the events of the past five or six years would refrain from being conspicuous in the approaching elections. Such is not the case, however. In one of the Pretoria divisions the candidate of the British party is Sir

Percy Fitzpatrick, the well-known author of the "Transvaal from Within." By the timely publication of this book Sir Percy undoubtedly did a great service to Britain. It afforded a moral sanction for the war, which it was highly important that it should have in view of the fact that the good-will of the whole Empire had to be gained, and a belief in its justice and righteousness promoted.

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It is natural, however, that the very thing which commends him to the British party makes him distasteful to the burghers. So much so that Sir Richard Soloman has thrown himself into the field as Sir Percy's antagonist. Sir Richard is the protagonist of those who believe that an attempt should be made to fuse the two races in South Africa. The proposal is not as Utopian as at first glance it may seem to be. There is not such marked differences between Briton and Boer as to make such a consummation impossible. Racially they are branches of the same stem. The ancestors of the Saxons of Kent and Sussex came from the same river-mouths as nourished the ancestors of the Dutch farmers of South Africa. Religion is often an impediment to the perfect fusion of two peoples. Who can doubt that the Irishman's religion has been more potent in keeping him apart from his English neighbour than either his race or his language? This severing distinction has but very little force in South Africa. It is true that the English Protestant can scarcely worship in a church where the service is conducted in a language which he does not understand. That, however, is but a temporary bar. The Boer learns English very easily, and as no great literature is embodied in the Taal he has not the incentive to maintain his language that the French-Canadian, for example, has. Just as Gaelic can scarcely be kept alive in Ireland and Scotland by scholars and archæological enthusiasts, so it will be found that the Taal will retire before the advance of progress and modernity in South Africa. Care will have to be taken, however, that the zeal of the people in its behalf is not aroused by attempts to proscribe it. There is room for the most delicate statesmanship in South Africa, and there is every indication that Lord Selborne, the Governor, was a particularly happy choice. He seems to enjoy the confidence of both sections of the people.

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An inspiring part of Mr. Root's speech to the Canadian Club at Ottawa was his allusion to the ninety years of peace that has subsisted between the United States and Canada. That this passage struck a responsive chord in this country is evidenced by the proposals which have

THE REAL BIRD OF PEACE

Secretary Root en route to Canada, from telegraphic description. Can our "Lady of the Snows" fail to be melted by such devotion? —Minneapolis *Journal.*

followed that the centennial of peace be celebrated in some appropriate way. As the idea had its origin in the mind of an American it would be right and fitting that we on this side should rather follow than lead in proposals for giving it practical effect. One suggestion has come from Detroit that the holding of a world's fair there would be a magnificent method of marking the event. As the nearest great city to Canadian soil, the proposal possesses many merits, although in such a big affair the celebration of the peace centennial would figure but as an incident. A fair called the Peace Centennial Fair would, however, undoubtedly bring to the attention of the peoples of the old world the fact that it was possible for two eager nations to live side by side for a hundred years in competition and yet in unbroken amity.

The world seems to be growing so fast that its inhabitants cannot keep up with its pace. That seems a paradox, but when we witness all over the world the inability of the world's money to measure and handle the world's wealth, the inability of the railways to transport the products and commodities, it must be admitted that it is a paradox which is supported by fact. Problems of the most serious kind have arisen, especially in the temperate or intemperate north, where the means of transportation have been inadequate to keep the people supplied with that indispensable necessity, fuel. It is not as if the railways had been standing still. They all report enormous additions to their rolling stock, but the additions have been quite out-paced by the things requiring to be transported. Whatever the trouble may be, it is obviously the duty of the generals of transportation to get themselves in a position to be equal to what is required of them.

The channel tunnel project is being revived under the bland influences of the entente cordiale. Strenuous objections, however, are still urged against it. It would be madness, say these British critics, to abandon that position of isolation and security which the "silver streak" affords. The speculations on this point and on the possibility of an attack on Britain by Germany are all based on the assumption that the continental powers are capable of proceeding to war without any declaration thereof. This way of thinking has been made possible by the waspish promptitude of Japan's attack on Russia. It must be remembered, however, that Japan had delivered an ultimatum and it was only Russian arrogance which was surprised when an attack followed so promptly. No nation could afford to attack another without a preliminary quarrel or serious difference of opinion, for while it might succeed for the time being it would in time come to be treated to a dose of its own medicine. A nation which suffered from such an outrageous disregard of international morals would bide its time and get its revenge at the unguarded moment which comes to every country in its history. The suppositions as to what France might do with a channel tunnel to aid her or Germany by means of a secret expedition, whose first blow would be a stunning act of war, are founded on such improbable bases as to be incapable of bearing inspection. It would be about as reasonable to ask nations to be prepared for the interposition of earthquakes on the day of battle as to be prepared for the eccentric contingencies which alarm and hysteria conjure up in the jingo brain.

The appointment of Mr. Bryce as ambassador at Washington has the advantage of being as agreeable in Washington as in London. How it will affect Canada and Newfoundland interests it is impossible to foretell. It can at least be said that Mr. Bryce is more familiar with the working of colonial institutions and with our particular idiosyncracies and aspirations than most professional diplomatists are. He will undoubtedly do his utmost to square any proposed settlement with the best opinion of the colony affected. We are all concerned in being on good terms with our neighbours, but the good terms must be mutual, and they cannot exist on our side if the cost of them is to be eternal surrenders.

John A. Ewan

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer."—Deut. xiii., 1.

I HAVE left a basket of dates
In the cool, dark room that is under the vine,
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates,
And a flask of the amber wine,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savoury herbs and spice, and the delicate wheaten
Flour that is best;
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

This morning he cried, "Awake,
And see what the wonderful grace of the Lord hath revealed!"
And we ran for his sake,
But 'twas only the dawn outspread o'er our father's field,
And the house of the potter white in the valley below.
But his hands were upraised to the east and he cried to us, "So
Ye may ponder and read
The strength and the beauty of God outrolled in a fiery screed."

Then the little brown mother smiled,
As one does on the words of a well-loved child;
And "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been watered and fed?
For work is to do, though the skies be never so red,
And already the first sweet hours of the day are spent."
And he sighed and went.

Will he come from the byre,
With his head all misty with dreams and his eyes on fire,
Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?
I will give him raisins instead of dates,
And wreathe young leaves on the little red plates;
I will put on my new head-tyre,
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.
Will he note? Will he mind?
Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be kind?

—*The Century.*

A CANADIAN POET

THE above poem, written by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, is one of the most original productions of a young writer who has written nothing commonplace. For several years Miss Pickthall's work has been appearing in Canadian publications and in some of the best New York magazines. "Genius" is a big word which should be used with reverence. But whatever the mysterious quality may be, it pervades the stanzas of this simple yet mystic poem which has recently attracted so much notice from the Canadian press. Miss Pickthall was born in England, but came to Canada at such an early age that she may be fairly claimed as one of our own writers. She has an unusual sense of colour and fragrance, with an imagination strongly in sympathy with Oriental atmosphere and phrase. Her short stories have become familiar to most Canadian readers, but she is fundamentally a poet, and her fiction is infused with the same delicate appreciation of the subtle and the symbolic that makes her verse a real contribution to our poetic literature. Miss Pickthall is but a young writer and has before her, we trust, a career of literary distinction.

However, should she write nothing more, "The Little Sister of the Prophet" would give her a place in any anthology of Canadian poems.

THE MAGAZINE CHILD

THOSE who are growing tired of such pictures as "Hear My Dollies' Prayer" will appreciate an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by one who has evidently suffered much from the youthful epidemic which is now afflicting certain magazines, The victim of juvenile literature wails thus:

"Surely, a potent cause of the recent popularity of the juvenile is its felicitous lending of itself to illustration. How familiar we have all become with the shapeless-legged little girl in wrinkled stockings and outgrown frock, her lanky hair surmounted by a splashing bow, and with her straight-backed little brother with his Buster Brown suit and his Dutch cut—two trade-marks of the modern boy. The types are attractive and they are often remarkably well drawn, both by the descriptive and the illustrative pen, but the time has come when we have been served with child to repletion. We are heartily sick of the child of the slum and the child of fortune, of the Jewish child and the Bowery child, of the morbid, misunderstood child, and the sentimental, neglected child, of the tomboy and the prig, the natural and the unnatural child. In our state of surfeit we feel tempted to say with Lamb when asked how he liked children, 'I like them fried.'

People who enjoy reading about children derive a kindred pleasure to that afforded by the weather as a perennially popular subject of conversation. Childhood is a universal experience, and we are all sufficient egotists to enjoy reading about our dead selves, to nod our gray heads and say: "Yes, that is true, I was like that; for, though we all have not children of our own, we all have been children ourselves."

WHAT IS A LADY?

FOR some years the word "lady" has not been in good odour. It has been "soiled by all ignoble use" until it has become worse than meaningless—almost as shoddy as the adjectives genteel, stylish and "high-toned." But the word has a noble origin and to many it is matter for regret that it should have been so ill-treated.

In an article appearing in a recent issue of the New York *Times*, there is an amusing account of how a reporter attempted to get a definition of the word. All the New York hotels and restaurants admit that they draw certain lines about women who are not escorted after certain hours of the evening. All are agreed that a "lady" can be served, but no two agree as to what a "lady" is. The Waldorf-Astoria lately published this notice: "Ladies without escort will be served in the restaurant hereafter at any hour." The management of the Waldorf said to the inquiring reporter:

"It has always been a rule of this house to entertain ladies—real ladies."

"But what is a lady? Is it determined by dress, or manner, or accent?" asked the reporter.

"Why, my dear sir—why, a lady, my good fellow, is a—um—lady, hey?"

At Delmonico's the clerk said: "Well, a lady is one you can tell easily. You can tell by the way she sits, by the way she orders, by the way—Oh, man, a lady is a lady, don't you see?"

Other managers were equally emphatic and equally vague. It remained for one known as "Tom Shanleye" to declare: "Well, far be it from any man to discuss such a delicate subject. But when a lady comes in here, it is not for an Irishman to treat her otherwise."

THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR

BARRELS of ink and reams of paper have been used during the last month to describe the cycle of concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall, Toronto. But not a word too much has been said in praise of the organisation over which Mr. A. S. Vogt wields the baton. It way be well to call attention to the fact that women may claim more than a small share in the triumph of that glorious Wednesday night when Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" was rendered by Canada's champion choir, conducted by Mr. Emil Paur, leader of the Pittsburg Orchestra. The supreme difficulty in Beethoven's greatest production is the prolonged passage on "A" natural. extending for thirteen bars, nine of which are a sustained note. Several conductors have deliberately lowered the passage for

the soprano voices. But the sopranos, as trained by Mr. Vogt, showed themselves fully equal to the exhausting demands of the great "Finale" and justified the ambition and labour of the conductor. It was the second occasion of the production of the "Choral Symphony" and, while all who took part in the great event had reason to be proud of the end that crowned the work, the "silvery sopranos" had climbed above the rest. A writer in the Toronto *News* did journalistic justice to the girls who stayed so nobly with "A" natural:

"The Chorus Maid, she dresses in white. Dear, dear, how her heart flutters, though she denies it the moment you speak of such a thing! There she stands, from her toes to her well-dressed hair like a violin string thrilling with music. Obedient eyes on the conductor, straight as a dart, chin up, mouth ready, well-disciplined she stands, knowing how and yet anxious. Oh, suppose she should make a mistake! Then she would die on the spot! Nobody would forgive her! She sings with her might, with her heart, with her soul. Music has charmed her. There she stands, eager to work, eager to be musically good, a devout little priestess laying her gift on the altar; but a woman, too, conscious of a thousand thoughts, remembrances, emotions tugging at her warm woman's heart. The Chorus Maid, she dresses in white, and she is a dear girl from Toronto."

THE OTTAWA COMPETITION

THE competition held in Ottawa for the trophies offered by His Excellency to amateur musicians and actors was of great interest to Canadians of all classes, for even those who pay little attention to concerts or plays are concerned in local aspirations. It is necessary to hold the competition in a winter month, yet that very circumstance makes it extremely difficult for Edmonton, Regina or Victoria to send a company during the busy season. The success of the Winnipeg Dramatic Club which carried off one of the trophies shows the good work being done in the west—or should we say the middle? Additional interest attached to the Winnipeg performance, owing to the fact that the play, "The Release of Allan Danvers," was written by three of the actors. Miss Daisy Crawley, the leading lady, divided honours with Mr. Ernest

MISS DAISY CRAWLEY

Leading lady in the Winnipeg troupe, playing "The Release of Allan Danvers," which won the dramatic trophy in the competition at Ottawa

Beaufort in the spirited presentation of the winning drama. The Hamilton players did good work, Miss Carrie Crerar, as *Kitty Clive*, upholding her reputation as the best amateur actress in Ontario.

The Quebec Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Joseph Vezina, won the musical trophy, a victory which brought hearty congratulations to an able conductor. The competition has exerted a stimulating effect on amateur efforts throughout the country. The trophies will be the object of annual competition.

A DECIDED NUISANCE

DURING the last month there has been a nauseating trial of a millionaire degenerate in the city of New York. What Canadian papers had to do with the matter is not evident, even if "the murderer belongs to an over-wealthy family which among other questionable possessions has acquired by fair purchase in the open market a second-rate English title."

KING EDWARD AND HIS GRANDSON, CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY

But for a fortnight it was almost impossible to pick up a Canadian daily newspaper without finding on the front page a column or two about this unsavoury affair. It was not necessary to read the aforesaid stuff, but the question naturally arose: Why should it be published, so that every school-girl in the land had the gross details of the case thrust upon her notice? Harrowing wood-cuts of the notorious women with their chiffon veils, and maudlin remarks about the "hero," confronted one in every book-store. There is no reason for such publication, except a desire to pander to the lowest elements in the community. If any Canadian daily had possessed the courage to keep every detail out of its columns, such a policy would have ultimately "paid."

We have troubles enough in our own country to fill the papers, without borrowing our neighbour's atrocities. Political quarrels and municipal tempests are all very well, but we do not care for New York horrors. While some of the Toronto papers observed a decent restraint in the matter of the sensational trial, others were decidedly offensive, if one may judge from general comment.

The majority of Canadian women are readers of the newspaper, and they exert no small influence in determining what is to go into its columns. If they insist that loathsome elaboration of reports of crime be sternly kept out, the editors will not be slow to notice wherein they have offended.

MARIE AND THE SUFFRAGETTES

IT would be a dull world without Miss Corelli. Just as things seem to be settling down and the house is all nice and quiet, she begins to scold like a Chinese gong about the Church, or the World, or the bold, bad photographers who insist on taking her picture, and there is no more rest for the wicked. Now she has fallen foul of the suffragists, and these aggressive sisters will, no doubt, hit back. Miss Corelli says that women should not vote. They are unfit to, because, forsooth, they use paint, powder and false hair. All these devices show that woman is not deserving of the franchise, being vain, frivolous, and unequal to the duties of citizenship.

Really we should dislike to trust the fair novelist with a vote. She is about as illogical a specimen of the scribbling tribe as one meets in a fortnight's reading. What have paint, powder, and false hair to do with votes? There are respectable elderly gentlemen who have taken to wearing wigs. Are their powers of political discrimination impaired thereby? A woman has a perfect right to repair the ravages of time, so long as she does so in a discreet manner. A powdered nose is much fairer than one that shines. As for paint, whatever the women of England may do, it may be safely said that, on this continent, rouge is considered vulgar and third-rate. "Switches" are surely no indication of over-weening vanity, rather the heroic endeavour to cope with that arch-enemy, Time. But all this has nothing to do with the franchise, which would be unexercised if it were left to celestial creatures instead of being bestowed on those who are a little "lower than the angels."

Jean Graham

AN ADVANCE IN CIVILISATION

SIR WILFRID LAURIER took occasion recently in Parliament to say: "We never can conceive of war between us (Canada and the United States) or of war between Great Britain and the United States. We mean to settle all our difficulties with that nation by peaceful means, by diplomatic action, by negotiation, but never by war." He was referring to the dispute between Newfoundland and the United States over the Atlantic fisheries, in which Canada is indirectly concerned. It is to be hoped that every Canadian who has or will read that utterance of the Prime Minister's will echo and re-echo the sentiment of it. We must learn to set the thought of war aside, to nurse the memories of it only as interesting relics, as antiquated means of attainment that should be no longer recognised or practised among nations that think they are in the vanguard of civilisation. Sir Wilfrid's words should not apply only to the United States; they should apply with equal certainty to every other country and to all countries. War is in its best light but a terrible evidence of barbarism. What would the people of Canada think, and in particular, what would the peoples of all other countries think, if the King's Ministers at Ottawa were to settle their differences by brute force on the open spaces of Parliament hill? Or, even worse, what would they think were the Ministers to hire other persons to do the fighting for them? And yet that is what even international warfare really amounts to. But men of culture, of refinement, of decency, of the higher orders of civilisation, do not jump to arms in the settlement of their private disputes. That distinction is now confined largely to types of humanity such as wharf rats and lumber jacks. Does not the standard of civilisation that is expected of the individual apply also to the nation? Centuries ago, in what are now regarded as civilised countries, the leaders of the people were men of might and prowess in battle. Sovereigns were also warriors. To-day the leaders are men of brain, in contradistinction from men of bone and sinew. But the leaders do not always confine their arguments to reason and intellectual persuasion. Nevertheless, intellect is overcoming muscle, even if it has not yet wholly overcome. To wholly overcome must be the glory of future statesmen; it should be the glory of statesmen now. The career of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is an outstanding instance of this anti-war tendency. But that is not enough, for if in the judgment of posterity the Canada of the twentieth century is to stand out from the barbaric ages, we, the people, must give silence to jingoism, and lend no ear to military enthusiasm.

A PEEP INTO THE KINGSTON DISASTER

WHATEVER justice or propriety there was in the exchange of courtesies between Governor Swettenham and Admiral Davis, there is good reason to believe that the representative of the British Crown failed to properly appreciate the whole situation. Canadians who went through the disaster say that he did fail. It must be granted, however, that it was a very trying ordeal, but while a man can be excused of writing an undiplomatic letter, he can scarcely be allowed to go without honest criticism when he openly minimises the facts and endeavours to

NEGROES LOOTING AT A FACTORY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT KINGSTON

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

spread misleading information. Governor Swettenham made an official statement that there had been no looting. Messrs. Underwood & Underwood, of New York, say that the photograph reproduced herewith was taken before that statement was issued. No matter when the photograph was taken, no person who examines it can fail to see that looting *was* carried on. After all, it is a small incident of the disaster, but why should the Governor try to cover it up? Looting is not an especial weakness of the negro. It was practised by whites at San Francisco, and undoubtedly would be again by some whites were the same opportunity afforded in any part of the world. Governor Swettenham should have recognised the looting and treated it as such.

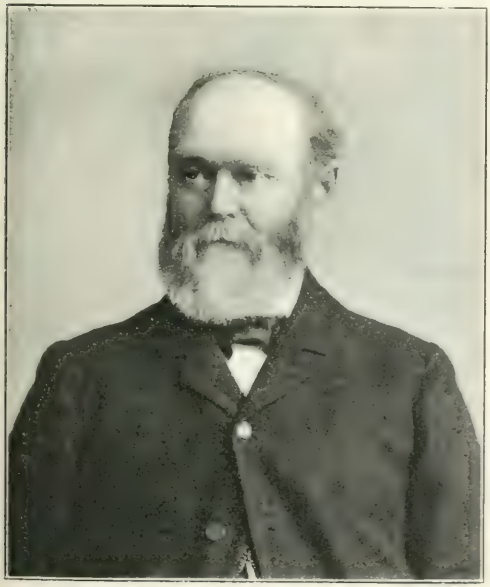
There is a lesson in this for Canadians. We should ever be ready to acknowledge the weaknesses of the Dominion and of the Empire. But one of our greatest weaknesses is our failure to acknowledge them. If we have cold winters, admit the fact. If there should be unrest among the working class, do not deny it. If our legal processes fail to obtain justice, let the truth be known. Above all, if our sympathies be prejudiced or unintelligent and our national tendencies downward, let us raise the fact high and grapple with it.

MORE ANTI-CONFEDERATES

THE correction contributed by Senator W. Ross in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of January regarding a previous statement about the death of Hon. Alfred Jones having removed the last of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates, is in turn a subject for correction in letters by Judge A. W. Savary of Annapolis Royal, N.S., and Dr. H. Cameron of Mabou, N.S. Judge Savary writes:

"Permit me to make a correction of the correction of Hon. Senator Ross in your January number. While claiming rightly that the late Governor Jones was not the last survivor of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates, and limiting the application of the term "Anti-Confederate" to the members of the Provincial Parliament who voted against union with Canada when it was finally carried in that House, he erroneously includes Samuel Macdonnell, Inspector of Customs for Cape Breton, among them, and you produce Mr. Macdonnell's portrait as one of the three surviving Anti-Confederates of that House. The fact is that Mr. Macdonnell voted in favour of Un-

ion on that occasion, and was not an Anti-Confederate at all, and in the excitement that followed was defeated by a majority of about two to one by Dr. Hugh Cameron at the first Dominion elections in 1867. The doctor is still living and active, and is the youngest of the survivors of the Anti-Confederate members of the first Parliament, the other since Governor Jones' death being Hon. W. H. Ray, Senator Ross and myself. Senator Ross says: "We were by no means opposed to the union of the Provinces, but to forcing the measure on the people without an appeal to them." With such views it is difficult to see the consistency of a policy of repeal. Personally I was opposed to the constitutional terms of the Union, believing in a central Parliament with limited and delegated powers, leaving the local Parliament all the authority possible, as in the later case of Australia, and I opposed it on that basis only among the electors, an objection on which many opinions changed entirely in later years. It is the constitutional right of a member to think for and decide for himself what is best for his constituents, and I could not fail to understand that in not appealing to the people on the subject serious difficulties and complications were avoided, as injurious as the exasperation that followed. "We owe the rascals a good licking, and it was just the chance to give it to them," I was told was said by a prominent popular leader to my informant, an old Liberal who supported Confederation. A spirit of this kind would have defeated Confederation as surely as the mode of carrying it in Nova Scotia intensified the opposition to it."



DR. H. CAMERON, A SURVIVING ANTI-CONFEDERATE

JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, A SURVIVING ANTI-CONFEDERATE

Dr. Cameron, writing from Mabou, Nova Scotia, says that Samuel Macdonnell voted for the Union and declared that "a union of some sort we must have." He says also:

> "Before my letter to the *Casket* in 1866 was published, the new party lines in Nova Scotia were termed Unionists and Anti-Unionists. But my controversy with the *Casket* seemed to cause a change in political nomenclature to Confederate and Anti-Confederate, an Americanism which I imported from the United States during the American war. At all events, I never heard the names previously applied to the Unionists and Anti-Unionists of Nova Scotia. However, you may have some evidence on this point to show that "Anti-Confederates" received that name before my letters to the *Casket* were published, from Feb. 10th until April 3rd, 1866."

A PROPOSED NATIONAL HYMN

THE Mendelssohn choir at their last concert of the first series at Toronto sang a translation of "O Canada" (*Le Chant National*), a French-Canadian air composed by Calixte Lavallée, with words by Judge Routhier. They made so profound

"SEEMS IF"

THE SHIPPER—"Now it does seem to me that if our friend, the giant, did not have to carry so much water he could carry more freight." —Minneapolis *Journal*.

an impression on the great audience, and the applause was so prolonged and so enthusiastic, that the choir sang the piece a second time. Sung by so large and so well-equipped a chorus, accompanied by an organisation such as the Pittsburg Orchestra, the anthem was heard at the very height of its glory.

A suggestion has been made that the Government authorise "O Canada" as a National Hymn. It would be a fortunate thing, indeed, if it could be so authorised, for it would bring the two leading races of the Dominion into closer sympathy with each other, and there is no doubt that the French-Canadians would greatly appreciate the compliment. We, the English-speaking Canadians, need have no misgiving about adopting a hymn that first found utterance in a language other than ours. The French-Canadians are, first and foremost, Canadians. They refer to themselves as "Canadiens" and to us as "Les Anglais." Their Canadianism breaks forth in their national airs. It is a delight to sail down the St. Lawrence, with picturesque whitewashed hamlets on either shore, and hear at twilight, from a group on the forward deck, the inspiring strains of "*O Canada, mon pays mes amours*," "*O Canada*," "*En Roulant ma boule*," or "*Allouette*." "*O Canada, mon pays, mes amours*" is perhaps more popular than "O Canada." It is at least more easily sung. Students of Laval University love to sing it whenever an occasion is afforded. But "O Canada" is perhaps a more dignified composition. The translation of the words into English loses some of their forcefulness, and of course the original phraseology is necessarily changed. The translation sung by the Mendelssohn Choir is as follows:

O Canada, our fathers' land of old,
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold;
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross,
Thy children own their birth;
No stains their glorious annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.
Almighty God, on Thee we call—
Defend our rights, forefend this nations' thrall.

Altar and throne demand our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath
All our sons do Thou inspire;
May no craven terror of life or death
E'er damp the patriot's fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"

A LITERARY OPPORTUNITY

WE have again of interest this month several new volumes by Canadian authors. Verse predominates, verse, too, of very good order. There is a growing tendency among those who produce verse in Canada to get their work together and present it in book form. It is not surprising that most of these contributions deal with nature or are of a sombre character, treating rather of the struggles and perplexities of life than of the works of surpassing grandeur and significance that lie on every side and the things of gladness and heroism that are crowding in upon us to make the heart glad and the day bright. Among the great works are the opening up of mines, the subjection of forests, the peopling of the west, and many other things equally suggestive. Then why not give us the picturesque and romantic aspects of these things, instead of always singing about the pangs of the inner conscience, the thraldom of love, the beauties of the sunset, and personifying Rest and Sleep and Life and Death? There is an excellent field in Canada of new and unhackneyed subjects, and it is to be hoped that those who wish to write in this country will simply look around them instead of philosophising abstrusely behind closed doors.

NEW NOTES FROM THE WEST

THE west promises for us a new strain in the music of verse, and already there are evidences of fulfilment. We have "Lyrics from the West," by C. F. G. Conybeare, just recently published by William Briggs, Toronto. Even in this volume, which contains many attractive pages, the majority of the numbers are not "of the soil." The author, however, seems to have appreciated the opportunity, and he has given us several praiseworthy poems. "Indian Sunset" is perhaps the most noteworthy. It might also be called "The Passing of the Redman." "A Song of Wide Spaces" likewise breaks away from the beaten path, but as the pages are turned over one might ask, What connection with the west have poems entitled "Belshazzar's Feast," "Mafeking," "The Cry of the Uitlander," or "Diana?" Attention is called to these selections, not at all as a reflection on their merit, but simply to point out a general tendency. Mr. Conybeare has considerable poetical instinct, and his volume is a good contribution to current literature. To give an idea of his skill, a little poem entitled "Gazing Seaward" might be reproduced:

The shades of night are falling
  Upon the waters blue,
And from the gray rocks calling,
  I hear the shrill sea-mew.
The glittering starlight seems to rest
Upon the waters' breast.
  Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Sleep on! Thy bark is drifting
  O'er moonlit summer seas;
Its silken sails are shifting,
  Fanned by a favouring breeze.
Thy mother holds the helm, to guide
Thy course upon life's tide.
  Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Sleep on! The day is dawning
  When thou perchance shalt be
Tossed in thy manhood's morning
  On Life's tempestuous sea,
And must thyself, through storm and shoal,
Thy destiny control.
  Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Even this poem ends with a suggestion of the inevitable struggle on "Life's Tempestuous Sea." But not all from the west has yet been heard. "Songs

of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service, which will have as well a northern flavour, is announced as one of the forthcoming publications of William Briggs. Judging from some of the advance proofs the book will contain at least bold, virile verse, with a touch of broad humour.

MR. FRASER'S LATEST NOVEL

MR. W. A. FRASER, who is now counted as one of the foremost of Canadian writers, has written a novel of rural Ontario life entitled: "The Lone Furrow" (Toronto: Henry Frowde). The scene is laid in a village not far from Toronto. The villagers seem to be mostly Scotch, and the kirk plays a large part in their daily walk and conversation. The character that follows the "Lone Furrow" is "Jean," wife of Neil Munro, the minister, and the whole story is contained in the sudden disappearance of the minister, surmisings about the cause of his unaccountable action, and his return some months later in a hopeless condition. The tale is told by a gentleman of leisure, called "Doctor," and it begins with an exciting trout fishing incident in connection with which one first hears of the disappearance of the minister. Seemingly no one knows why the good man left or where he went or how. All that is known is that he mysteriously disappeared, giving cause for idle gossip. The doctor's wife takes the minister's wife to live with her in the hope of assisting the bereaved one to bear her trouble, and most of the chapters that follow are intended to show the fortitude with which this unfortunate woman undergoes her severe ordeal. Not only is she subjected to the disgrace of her husband's disappearance, but her brother is a young drunkard about the village, and her father was a drunkard in his time. There is a suspicion that the brother had something to do with the minister's disappearance, and the placing of that suspicion, together with the disclosures of the youth's susceptibilities, is perhaps the cleverest part of the story. Of course, there is constantly the undercurrent of mystery, and that is maintained until the climax is reached in the last chapter. There is also the feeling that in a drunken stupor the young man will unwittingly divulge the secret, but he does not. He sustains a severe injury at a fire in the kirk, and is sent to Montreal to undergo treatment at the Royal Victoria Hospital. While there he chances one night to get a glimpse of the missing minister passing through the ward. He sends a message to the village, and the doctor and a neighbour go to Montreal to investigate. With the assistance of a detective the minister is discovered almost at death's door, a victim of the opium habit. It was opium that drove him from his wife and pastorate in the first place. The wife had known that all along; so had her drunken brother; but they were ashamed to admit it. The terrible experience of a young girl who saw her father go to a drunkard's grave, who later as a woman heard her brother's voice thick with drink, and who finally witnessed her husband, a noble, respected man, a minister of the gospel, ruined by a drug, is the meaning of "The Lone Furrow." While that is the structure of the story, opportunity is taken to play on the peculiarities of the Scotch, and to indulge in side issues which have no bearing on the matter in hand, but which afford pleasant enough reading in themselves. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Fraser's sensibilities are sufficiently attuned to properly appreciate all that in this instance he has undertaken.

VERNON NOTT'S LATEST

"SUMMER DAYS" is the title of a new volume of poems by Vernon Nott (Montreal: Chapman's Bookstore). Mr. Nott's style is known to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and to all who have been fortunate enough to procure his other publications, "The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," "The Journey's End," and "Cleopatra and Antony." His latest book contains forty poems, and therefore the reader is enabled to judge the scope of the author better than by simply perusing a single, even if more pretentious, poem. In

"Summer Days" Mr. Nott gives us a volume of sustained merit, with a literary style that is well conceived and well executed. Many of the poems are of a philosophical nature, and some show concern regarding man's final destiny. There is a slight indication of theosophical leaning. It may be seen in the following, under the title of "Affinity":

Maid of the dreaming eyes and mystic face,
Whence was the mystic spell we mutual wrought?
For you but pass'd, inscrutable in thought,
Your each calm moment and embodied grace,
Athwart my path, and bore, a pregnant space,
Your errant glance by mine enthralled and caught—
When, lo, the warm blood up your cheek was brought,
And flutter'd traitorously your bosom's lace.
I think in other lives, in worlds or lands
Far distant and forgotten, that we twain
Were more than friends; and, meeting thus again,
Escaped a moment Time's encircling bands—
While in our souls what memories were lain
Stirr'd in their sleep to stretch imploring hands.

SOME NATURE LYRICS

A VERY attractive volume entitled "Nature Lyrics" has been issued for Miss Martha Martin, of Montreal, from the Gorham Press of Boston. It contains one hundred selections, including a number of translations from the works of some of the best German versifiers. Most of the numbers are quite short, although there has not been much indulgence in sonnets. However, there are a few sonnets, and while in this form Miss Martin is not at her best, we quote one entitled "Night" in order to afford an interesting comparison with the work of Miss Minnie Evelyn Henderson, who makes a contribution under the same title to this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, page 435. Miss Martin's sonnet follows:

List to the wind among the elm trees croon,
Each little leaf she fondles to her breast,
The branches stretch their arms to be caressed,
While from her shutter peeps the virgin moon.
The stars in heaven their golden bugles tune
To trembling notes that echo down the West,—
And lull the sinking sun at length to rest.
Oh beauteous Summer night of fragrant June
That drawest nigh when Day's long march is o'er.
How welcome is thy sweet serenity!
Effaced beneath thy grave tranquility
Is all earth's heated clamour, rush and roar,—
The heart reveals its secrets unto thee,
And in thine ear may all its anguish pour.

A PINCHBECK ROMANCE

WILLIAM LE QUEUX has written a dozen or more books, of which "The Invasion of 1910" is the most remarkable. His latest novel "The Great Court Scandal" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is decidedly below his average work, and belongs to the class of mildly melodramatic fiction. It seems to be an imitation of an imitation, following the model of Mr. Harold McGrath and Mr. G. B. McCutcheon, who follow—at a distance—the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The heroine of Mr. Le Queux's story is the Princess Claire, of whom we are informed that "the whole assembly, even though hating her, could not but admire her neat waist, her splendid figure and matchless beauty." This gorgeous creature has more than her share of troubles, but emerges triumphant, with her enemies exiled or humbled. The story will doubtless appeal to many readers who find Sir Walter Scott dull.

DON Q. TO THE FRONT AGAIN

ALL who have stayed up at night to read the adventures of Don Q., will be delighted to know that a new volume of this class of entertainment has been written by K. and Hesketh Prichard, under the title "New Chronicles of Don Q." (London: T. Fisher Unwin, Colonial Library). In these "New Chronicles" are related the adventures of the famous Spanish brigand after his return to the mountains and resumption of his leadership. He will again be found of surpassing interest in his humours, his weaknesses, his cruelties, and his mercies. These chronicles tell, among other things, how Don Q. fought for the Valderejos; how he had need of a surgeon;

how he treated a great English cricketer; and how he dealt with a thief who was incidentally a swindler known all over the world and seeking asylum in Spain.

HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH

MR. GRENVILLE P. KLEISER, one of the best known authorities on elocution on the continent, is the author of a valuable book entitled "How to Speak in Public" (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company). Besides dealing with the difficulties that most beginners experience in attempting to speak in public, the book is an elocutionary manual, comprising numerous exercises for developing the speaking voice, deep breathing, pronunciation, vocal expression and gesture. The author was formerly instructor in elocution and public speaking in Yale University, and is now instructor in elocution in the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and in other institutions.

THE CRITICS *vs.* SHAKESPEARE

SO much has been said pro and con respecting the works of one William Shakespeare, that it is with much satisfaction that one learns of a volume dealing in a comprehensive way with this now historical controversy. Adverse criticism of Shakespeare has been rampant ever since the time of Ben Jonson, and it became particularly animated during the seventeenth century. Mr. Francis A. Smith has undertaken to defend the poet in a volume entitled "The Critics versus Shakespeare: A Brief for the Defendant" (New York: The Knickerbocker Press). Mr. Smith deals with many of the most significant criticisms and concludes: "He (Shakespeare) needed and he sought no allies to win his realm; he imitated no fashions of other courts to maintain his own; he took good care that the records of his universal conquests should be kept—written by his own hand, and fortunately preserved by his friends—secure from the interpolations and imitations of his contemporaries and successors." Perhaps, after all, the Irishman was right when he said that the works attributed to Shakespeare were not written by the great bard at all, but by another man of the same name. However, to those who wish to know something definite about this great controversy Mr. Smith's book is commended.

ALMON HENSLEY'S VERSE

A VOLUME of 175 pages devoted to verse on human passions and sympathies is of itself sufficient to command attention, but when the name of Almon Hensley is given as the author, with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, as publishers, the importance of the offering from a literary standpoint is at once apparent. The title of the book is "The Heart of a Woman," and the contents show what an appreciable, responsive and varying quantity the subject really is. But the title is not wholly comprehensive of the contents, because some of the numbers depart from that truly interesting pathway. The first pages are given over to "Lyrics of Love." Then follow in turn "A Woman's Love Letters," "Nature Poems," "Narrative Poems," "Child Poems and Songs," and "Sonnets and Rondeaus," making in all a decidedly attractive collection of poems well worth reading and careful study.

NOTES

—Mr. John A. Cooper, who is one of the most widely-known journalists in the Dominion, undertook a few months ago what might rightly be regarded as a herculean task, the successful founding of a weekly journal in Canada. He was happy in the selection of a name, and so the *Canadian Courier* is by this time a well-known contribution to the news-stands. It would not be fair to the editor to say that the first few numbers were a success, but there has been a steady and decided improvement with every successive issue, and those who know Mr. Cooper believe that his ideal has not yet been reached. Weekly journalism in Canada has long been regarded as a difficult field, but *The Courier* has

been started on the upward way of progress, and if it should maintain the pace there seems to be plenty of room for it.

—"Among the Immortals" is the title of a book that will perhaps not be properly appreciated by those into whose hands it may casually fall, but to those who have an insight into its purpose, it will mean much. The author is Rev. R. Walter Wright, a member of the Hamilton Conference of the Methodist Church. The volume is really a treatment in verse, and in a somewhat consecutive way, of various incidents and teachings of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. To those who might find it difficult to enter into the spirit of most of the selections, we commend the one entitled "Bereaved," which is in itself a worthy contribution.

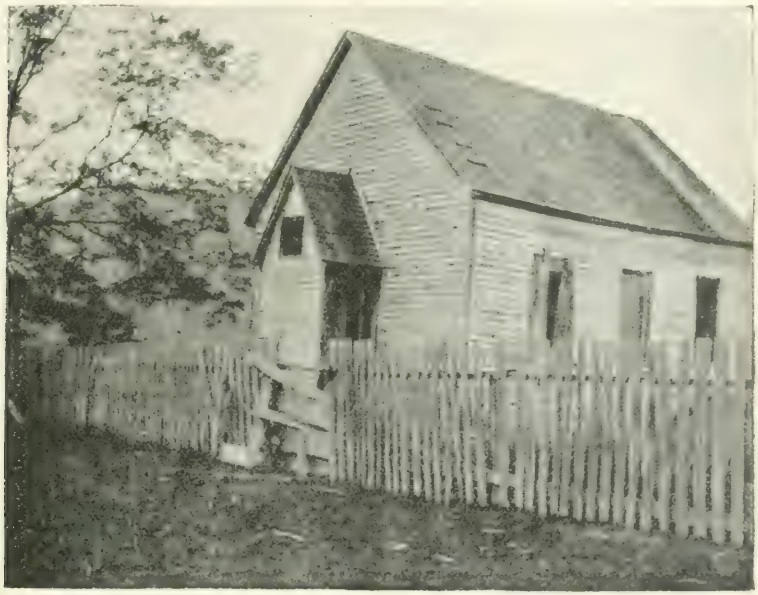
—"The Study of Nature and the Vision of God: With Other Essays in Philosophy," is the title of a volume just to hand from the pen of George John Blewett Ryerson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto, and sometime Rogers Memorial Fellow of Harvard University (Toronto: William Briggs). A more extended notice of it will appear later.

—William Briggs, Toronto, announces the following for publication soon:

"Songs of a Sourdough: The Yukon in Verse," by Robert W. Service.

"At the Sign of the Beaver: Northland Stories and Stanzas," by Samuel M. Baylis, author of "Camp and Lamp."

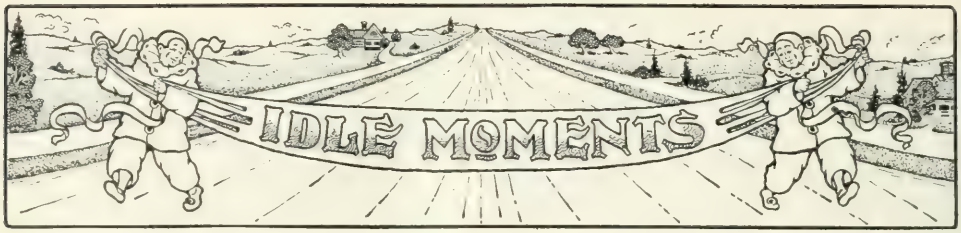
"Fire and Frost: The Meadowdale Tragedy," by R. Dezell.



FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN CHILLIWACK VALLEY, B.C., AS SHOWN IN REV. JOHN CROSBY'S WORK ON INDIAN MISSIONS, TO APPEAR SOON

"Jan," the autobiography of a dog, by Charlotte Penrose, with illustrations by Kate T. Nesbet.

—The Cambridge Corporation, Limited, Montreal, who have the reputation of producing exceptionally fine publications, announce the Royal Canadian edition of "Beautiful Britain," in fifteen volumes. The edition contains eleven hundred coloured illustrations, and is claimed to be the finest publication ever distributed in Canada. The output is limited to one thousand copies, numbered and registered.



HOW GIN SAVED MANITOBA

AN INCIDENT OF THE FENIAN RAID OF 1871

AROUND the tables not long ago were gathered the "Old Timers" of the west at their annual banquet in Winnipeg. Among the number were men who began in the west before the railroads had reached the land of No. 1 Hard. All had seen Winnipeg grow from an insignificant village, and all were in reminiscent mood, relating stories of the ox cart and the prairie schooner, and the hardships through which they passed in those pre-railroad days.

During the evening one of the speakers referred in complimentary terms to the late United States Consul James W. Taylor, "that great friend of Winnipeg," of whom, at his funeral, it was said: "United States consuls may come and United States consuls may go, but there will be but one Consul Taylor." At the mention of the name there arose to his feet at the head of the table Hon. Colin H. Inkster, better known at the present time as Sheriff Inkster.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I see before me but very, very few real "Old Timers" (Sheriff Inkster was born in Kildonan in 1843). I was told that this was to be an 'Old Timers' Dinner.' However, we are glad to see the younger men here, for we need them. Speaking of U.S. Taylor, as we always called him, I am reminded of the last visit he ever made to my father's house and of the story he told me at the time. The grand old man walked down along the river to our house one afternoon, and after chatting for a few minutes with my father, he turned to me and said: 'Did you know that your father's gin saved Manitoba?' I was naturally surprised at the question, and answered in the negative, awaiting the old gentleman's story. Consul Taylor then took another sip from his glass, and related the following:

"'Early in the fall of 1871 there were many rumours of a final attempt on the part of the Fenians to invade Canada, but little notice was taken of the reports, as it was thought that the disaffected Irishmen had been disappointed by their former invasions and were satisfied. It happened, however, that we were mistaken. Late in September a stranger came to Winnipeg to see me on business. It was a trivial affair, and I gave the man what aid I could, but he still lingered around the city and became rather a bore. He was at my house one Sunday afternoon (Consul Taylor lived where the new C.P.R. depôt now stands) and I suggested that we take a walk down the river bank and call upon my old friend, your father. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the walk was delightful. We found your father at home, and as was the custom, he brought out the decanter and glasses. We had one glass of gin, and in the course of the hour two more, and shortly afterwards started for home. On the way the stranger was very talkative; the gin seemed to have loosened him wonderfully. He broached the subject of the Fenians, and from what he said I suspected he might know more than he appeared to, so I led him on. In a few minutes he unfolded to me the whole plot by which the fair Province of Manitoba was to fall a prey to the Fenians and the inhabitants to be driven out or subdued.

"'It was with difficulty that I restrained my feelings and did not arouse any suspicions in the mind of my companion. He left me as we approached the city, and instead of going home as usual I at once went to Governor Archibald and communicated to him the details of the invasion as I had learned it. He imme-

diately wired to the Federal authorities at Ottawa, and the Washington Government was also informed of the contemplated action of their citizens.

"'The rest of the story you know well, how the American troops came over the border and arrested the intruders for breach of the neutrality laws. I receiveda telegram after the raid from Col. Wheaton, who was in charge of the American troops, in which he said: "I have captured Geo. J. O'Neil, Gen. Thos. Curley and Col. J. J. Donley. I think further anxiety regarding a Fenian invasion of Manitoba unnecessary.

"'That was how your father's gin saved Manitoba.'"

George Fisher Chipman

THE SUFFICIENCY OF WEALTH

CHIMMIE: "So yer refuse me 'cause I'm poor? Well, yer'll find dat money don't bring happiness."

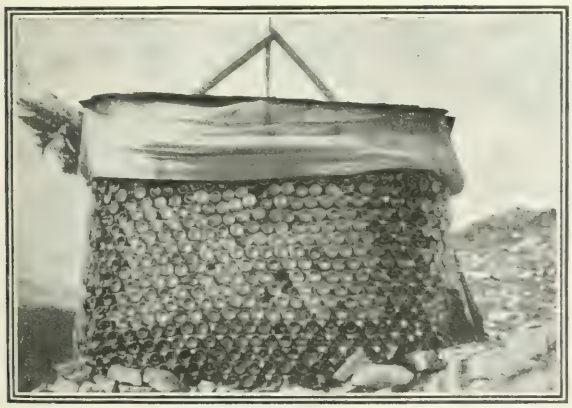
AMANDY: "Well, it don't have ter. See? It kin hire it brung."—*Life.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW

IN the State of Washington a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Joe," said the Superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," replied the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has got the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—*Argonaut.*



A HOUSE MADE OF BOTTLES

A BOTTLE HOUSE

ON the White Pass summit, at the entrance to the famous Klondyke region, is a house built of empty beer and whiskey bottles. The top is surrounded with canvas,

and covered with boards. Mud was placed between the bottles and the whole structure was in this manner made firm. The braced pole on the top is a portion of the staff from which floated the national flag.

WINDMILL IN A TREE

THE lower Lachine road, between Montreal and Lachine, is one of the most interesting spots in the Province of

Quebec. Many quaint and curious things are to be seen there, and perhaps the least interesting is a windmill built upon the top of a tree. The tree answers the purpose of the usual frame work.

A GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN

CONSIDERABLE amusement was once caused by a slip of Emperor Nicholas's pen in accepting the offers of several companies of Siberian militia who volunteered for service at the front. The petition read: "We humbly lay at your Majesty's feet our desire to be permitted to fight and die for the fatherland." The Emperor, in accepting, wrote on the margin of the petition in his own hand, "I thank you sincerely, and hope your wishes may be fully realised."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

BIBLE READING IN MISSOURI

COLONEL JOHN COSGROVE, afterward Congressman from the Boonville district, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a ju y. Defending a client accused of some crime, Colonel Cosgrove in an eloquent climax shouted:

"What does the State's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted:

"May it please your Honour," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazel, who was on the bench, "I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," blandly replied Colonel Cosgrove. "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And this statement went unchallenged. —*Kansas City Star.*

A WILD PELICAN, PHOTOGRAPHED ON A CANADIAN NORTHWEST PRAIRIE

CHRIST AND THE MAGDALEN

Posed by members of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. XXVIII TORONTO, APRIL, 1907 No. 6

Toronto: A Turn in Its History

By

Goldwin Smith.
D.C.L.

A striking picture of contrasts—What was, what is, and what will probably be, with a warning against civic landlordism

THE announcement that manufacturers are going to build a thousand houses for additional hands seems to mark a turning point in the history of Toronto. Is she henceforth to be a residential or a manufacturing city? She can hardly be both, at least in a special degree. Apparently, by this announcement, the die is cast and Toronto is to be a manufacturing city.

It can hardly be said that Toronto has not hitherto in her own line been progressive. When a stranger came to settle in her thirty-four years ago, the population was barely a third of what it is now. Dundas Street, where the newcomer lived, was still rural. Cows pastured on the street. In the neighbourhood there was just society enough to make up a rubber. Rosedale with its fanciful variety of villas was not, nor was St. George Street with its lines of mansions. There was little east of the Don. On Queen's Park rose no massive pile of Parliament Buildings, no bright parterres of flowers met the eye. No new City Hall on Queen Street bespoke the plethora of city finance. The Island now, with its countless villas, is the summer paradise of opulence, and at the same time the scene of those enjoyments the extension of which to the less wealthy class, the whole family sharing them, is one of the pleasant features of the age. In those days, it is believed, there was on the Island, besides the lighthouse, one solitary bungalow, in which the writer spent an evening with its owner. Three mansions in the characteristically English style, built half a century before, stood, antiquities among mushrooms. Moss Park was the abode of the Allans. The "Palace" had been the abode of the redoubtable Bishop Strachan, but had sunk to a boarding-house. The Grange, the mansion of the Boultons, was haunted by the memories of the Family Compact, interesting, though politically sombre. It had seen the day when a bear attacked a carriage-horse in its garden, when an Indian walked into its mistress's bedroom, and a British officer lost himself in the bush hard by. It had been outside the city, which had grown round it, leaving it, however, with an ample lot, since somewhat curtailed by the taxgatherer.

As a residential city, Toronto has lacked country drives. There are pleasant drives through Moore Park and beyond Forest Hill; but the roads are seldom good. One carriage only you are likely to meet there. High Park is very pleasant and well kept; but it is reached through a long line of trolley street and

a very disagreeable bridge. If the City Council had only kept the lake front for an esplanade! But how can you expect foresight of a council which is always going for re-election? It would be well, however, if the Riverdale Zoo could be transferred to High Park and the poor elephant could be released from his torturing chain.

The circle of the fashionable world in those days was, of course, far narrower than it is now. It would scarcely have supplied numbers for one of those social battues which we call afternoon teas, and into which have expanded the original afternoon teas of England, with their eight or ten people meeting informally for tea, talk, and music. The two heads of society were Mr., afterwards Sir David, Macpherson, and Colonel, afterwards Sir Casimir, Gzowski. It is with a pensive feeling that a survivor of those days looks on the vacant sites where once stood Chestnut Park and The Hall.

With its centres of government, administration, and law, its banks, its agencies of commercial distribution, and its University, Toronto was not only attractive, perhaps as much so as any city on the continent, but was thriving, and seemed assured of increasing prosperity in the future. Pleasant was the picture which it presented to the eye of a visitor coming in over the lake and looking at it with its towers and spires, lit up by the evening sun.

Toronto's citizens were proud of her and were forming plans for her embellishment; an association with that object was on foot. She was becoming a centre of art as well as of government and finance. She had a school of painting, in landscape and portraiture at least, the reputation of which was not confined to her. She had a school of sculpture which had shown its capability. She had a very flourishing school of music. A centre of literature could hardly be formed under our local conditions, much cut off as we were from the field and mart of the great intellectual world. But we had our literary life and good writers more than one.

Now comes a change. The visitor approaching over the lake sees, not the bright city roseate with the evening sun, but a vast volume of smoke, betokening a change, perhaps an inevitable change, in the destination of our city. Materially the change is for the better. At all events it has come. Commerce must have its way. It has its way with Niagara, turning a wonder and a glory into a "power."

Smoke, besides its disfigurement, is an evil, if, as we are told, it is destroying by corrosion an English cathedral which has defied the waste of ages. But more vital than a change in the atmosphere is a change in the pursuits and character of the people. Manufactures, by enormously increasing production, have been an immense boon to us all. But the same thing can hardly be said without hesitation of factory life. The factory hands in their unions are a class and an interest very much apart, waging an intermittent war, which at present unhappily shows little sign of abatement, with their employers, and under the leadership of men from the other side of the line. This, like other social problems, we hope will work itself out in time. But in the meantime it gives trouble, and not only to the two interests immediately at war. Chicago, Pittsburg, and other manufacturing cities know this too well.

To a residential city manufactures are a special source of trouble, as they break up the domestic service. The girls are allured to the factory by the independence or what they take for such, the companionship, the fixed hours, the evenings and Sundays to themselves, though their life according to the report of those who have explored it is not attractive or high. They can learn nothing that will ever be of use to them as wives or mothers. The want of comfort in the home is probably often the cause of wife-desertion, not less than infidelity on the part of the man. Owing to the failure of domestic service Apartment Houses are rising to the skies. The Apartment House can hardly be as good as a home, particularly for the children.

There is a rush, no doubt, into the cities from other sources. It is a feature of the age, the result partly, perhaps, of the displacement of hands by agricultural machinery, but chiefly of the general restlessness, stimulated perhaps by popular education. It is an unhappy tendency.

In the city living is dearer, the air is not so good. The moral atmosphere is worse for the children. There is not even so much sociability, though there is more rush and excitement. In the country, neighbours know each other; in the city, the nearest neighbours often do not.

We have, moreover, an influx of immigration, some of it very alien and not of the most desirable kind.

We seem to think that an increase of population, whatever its character, must be an increase of wealth and well-being. The population of Toronto has trebled, and the price of some of the chief necessaries of life has risen thirty or forty per cent., while house-rent has risen still more. This, no doubt, is from various causes, but it is not identical with well-being, at least to those who are touched by it. Fixed incomes and salaries must have been reduced fully thirty per cent.

The newcomers drawn by the factories will be of the poorer class, and will have to be provided by the taxpayers with their share of the city services, and with an education for their children, the great and growing expense of which, under the arbitrary demands of the school board, has caused a note of warning to be sounded by the Mayor; as well it may, when we have the expenditure on the Trunk Sewer, rendered more inevitable than ever by the increase of the population, in view.

There are probably no means of ascertaining how much of the capital invested in the factories will be resident in the city and contributory to its expenditure.

Our highways, now loaded and blocked with heavy traffic, seem not made for that service. Will not the expense of maintaining them be increased?

Slums, about which there is an alarm, are the dregs and almost inevitable accompaniments of overgrown cities. The bad quarter in St. John's Ward, however, of which we have heard so much, was a special case in which it would seem the Health Officer might have intervened. Our best course would surely have been to expropriate that area, the houses upon which were almost worthless, and then build the new Library near, as public institutions ought to be, to the City Hall, with a small park. The neighbourhood would then have improved of itself. Instead of this, we have put the Library out of the way, and to make a site for it, pulled down about the most costly mansion in the city.

Proclaim that you are going to provide housing cheap for all who call themselves working men, and you will have a rush into the city which will aggravate the congestion. The municipality cannot go into the business of building and letting houses without manifest danger of abuse. London has pronounced its verdict on policy of this kind. A wiser plan was that endorsed by the Associated Charities, providing the best models and letting trade take its course. I am assured, though I have no means of accurately verifying the statement, that a good many of the artisans of Toronto own their own homes.

There is no use in repining. Our best policy practically seems to be that of supporting the City Council in its effort to locate factories for the future on Ashbridge's Bay, where, at all events, they could hardly annoy us with their smoke. Why was this policy, obvious as it now seems, not adopted before? Because the forecast necessary for the adoption of any policy is not possible with a government, the members of which hold their office by so brief a tenure and must be always thinking of re-election. The occurrence of the present crisis in our fortunes may be salutary, as it practically impresses on us the necessity of exchanging the present system for an expert, stable, and really responsible government.

A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN-EYE DRAKE

Decoying the Golden-Eye

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Personal experiences with this beautiful specie of wild duck, and incidentally with the gull robber-duck, the goosander

TO well illustrate my subject, let me first of all present the picture of this big, handsome bird. It was taken in a most unnatural position, it always being my aim to photograph the bird in flight or in the water, but of the dozens of good pictures we have got none of them were close enough to show the plumage distinctly. There is a rocky point on the northern shores of Rice Lake, where chub, roach and shiners abound. Here we had often seen a flock of American Golden-Eye ducks busily feeding on the schools of small fish, diving in deep water after them or chasing them almost ashore in the shallows; following them with none of the body submerged save the bill and eyes; half wading, half swimming, throwing up clouds of spray as they dashed hither and thither; then, when the flock was thoroughly satisfied they would wade ashore and sun themselves on the rocks and pebbles. We were determined to picture this bird at six feet. We tried stone "hides" to conceal ourselves in, but the wary birds swam ashore fifty yards away. Finally, we concealed both machines, made long connections and carried them up the steep bank. There we lay, well hidden behind some young cedars and watched the flock diving and swimming along. About forty of the birds, well gorged with fish, sat dozing on the water directly in front of us; a few then swam and scrambled ashore, and finally one took up a position we had often seen a bird occupy on a bed of shore-driven wild rice straw directly in front of the big camera. I can still hear the clear whistling, flapping and splashing that ensued when the curtain ran down with its metallic clang behind the lens, and the entire flock jumped into the air. The few ashore waddled into the water, and all sped away, whistling as merrily as a crowd of schoolboys. Even if this bird does eat a morning fish, the wild rice and wild celery keep him fair for the table.

These were October days, crisp and

clear, with golden-yellow rice beds about us and green cedar-clad islands in their midst, while all the shores around were brilliant with the scarlet hues of the autumn. From the "hides" in the rice beds, from the protruding points of the islands, from the deep bays, came a long, continual booming and cracking of guns. Every innocent-looking bit of cover held danger for the whistling flocks. The birds were massed across the entrances of the deep bays, flying from bay to bay and crossing the points en route, skirting the long rice beds amid lake, drawing a steady fire all along the line. They were after gravel, and this needed digestive material was in the most dangerous spots for the birds. Our decoys bobbed in the light waves off a point on the north shore, and we were using the rich high note "quack" to call the birds. We often inserted a "creek," their spring love-making call; but it only aroused curiosity, the passing birds would turn their heads from side to side wondering what "bally fool" of a whistle-wing was seeking a mate these cold fall days. The low "purrit" of the blue-bill often turned them, and a pebble thrown splashing among the decoys, completed the deception. We also had a line passed through an anchor and up to the screw-eye in the breast of a big white decoy, and its answering dives were marvels of attraction.

SHOT AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. DALE —A CLEVER PERFORMANCE

"Look!" My assistant grasped my arm and whispered shrilly. Unseen, unnoticed, a whistler had swum into the decoys. Diving and feeding, he had entered stealthily, as these birds often do. We pictured him and let him wing away uninjured, as a photographed bird is always safe with us. The wind fell, and the flight increased as the Indians put out into the calm lake to troll, for now cameras were discarded and the open shell boxes took the place of the film supply boxes. On the still clear air we could hear the musical notes of the merry-wing, as they call this handsome black and white, yellow-eyed, yellow-footed bird in some places on the Atlantic coast. The birds flew straight for the point, and as it is well to never call a sure in-comer, we were silent. With a screeching whistle the big drakes would circle to the wind and fan over the decoys in easy range. Once we dropped so fine a specimen that I jumped into the canoe and hastily paddled out to kill the poor wounded bird and examine it. It lay on its back stunned, with its reddish-yellow feet uppermost. I placed my hand on the feet to grasp them; there was a rapid muscular pressure from the bird, and down it dived. As far as we have seen, it has not come up yet. Skillful, clever divers they are. I have followed them when they were wounded for an hour at a time on a perfectly clear lake, sitting in the canoe with gun held to shoulder, ready to fire at the bubbling splash of the head's appearance, and have finally lost the bird. A Mississauga duck hunter once said: "Fire when you see them." He was right. They must come up for breath, even if the clever bird only does allow the tip of the bill to be seen while getting it, and a shot from out of range disturbs him in the act. A couple of wasted shots allows one to paddle close enough to end the misery of the wounded bird. It is a matter of sadness to us every fall to think of the poor web-footed ones that escape in sadly wounded condition and linger on as

GOOSANDERS FLYING OUT OF DECOYS

tempting food for mink or fox, duck-hawk, or even crow, and should they pass through these perils there are the freezing nights of November ahead, when all their waning strength will not keep open the rapidly closing icehole. We have watched them coming up from beneath the decoys, when a double shot has rung out while part of the birds were diving, aided by kicking feet and wings. Actually flying under water they emerge and leap into the air with a last kick against the surface. Now comes the strangeness of the whistling noise. Up, up they mount, sounding the notes from the very instant they leave the water, and we can trace them long after the birds are lost to sight by the clear, shrill sound. Again we see them coming as this handsome drake we pictured, straight for the decoys, wings fanning rapidly without the slightest noise. This drake set his broad wings and fell for the decoys just as the camera clicked. Instantly he saw us, swerved on his course and went away down the lake whistling as clear as ever golden-eye did. My only explanation is that the noise is made by the bugle-like windpipe, possible only when the wings are in motion, but which can be stopped at will while in flight. The bird cannot whistle when on water.

We had dropped a dozen birds, fairly well killed, without a miss. It was easy shooting, and we felt good; yes, and we felt confident. I am inclined to think Fritz felt a little puffed up. "Quack, quack," he signalled me—two birds coming in. We put our guns to the shoulder before they were nearly within range, an old and a good habit, too, as the bird is not then startled out of its regular flight by two men bobbing up suddenly before it. With a long, graceful curve they covered the decoys. "Bang, bang," sang the guns. Along sped the birds. "Bang, bang," with sharp insistency repeated the guns. Unchecked, unharmed, the ducks completed the curve. Unhurried they took up their straight onward flight.

"Ah-tuhyah, bully good shot that," sounded scornfully on our ears, and Hawk, the Indian guide, silently glided around the point.

Why is it that all the fine, clean shots are made unwitnessed, but the miserable flukes invariably occur when the other fellow is about?

We were intensely interested while eating lunch by visiting ducks. Do you know, I think they choose for coming, the moment you have the tin platter on your knee, the cup in one hand and a very soft-boiled egg in the other. Of course, everything goes by the board—butter, soft side down, in the only sandy spot for yards around, and you miss the bird and blame it on the gun, or the cushion, or anything but yourself. I always work it off on my assistant. He is meek; and as we have a rule that only one can get mad in this camp at a time, we wriggle along very nicely. There we sat, two white men, with a redman in the centre for variety, our mouths full, our hands as we were caught in the act of feeding, maintaining uncomfortable positions, like so many scarecrows, all because a couple of whistlers had settled in near the decoys, yet out of range, and were carefully scanning the three odd objects on the shore. We kept up this mutual observation game for two full minutes, then after we had suffered untold pains and cramps, the birds jumped up and flew away, and we resumed our meal gloomily.

When the pipes were going, we spied a large flock of goosanders and their accompanying flock of gulls. The big, richly-coloured drakes, with their red bills and shining red eyes set in a head of velvet green, were diving along in chase of a fleeing school of minnows; down like a

signalled line all the big white birds dived, leaving the lately crowded spot empty. Above the water, rippled by their dive, hung or swung on great wings many white and gray gulls, calling in sharp, insistent notes for those fisher-ducks below to hurry up. Pop-up darts a red and green head with a struggling shiner in the mouth. Like a flash the hovering gull nearest has upset and fallen straight and sure at the fish, snatched the struggling shiner and swallowed it in a trice. A pair of these ducks, seeking to escape the unwelcome gulls, jumped from the water and flew our way, splashing down into the decoys with the wind. These passed rapidly from decoy to decoy, examining these strange birds, and as they were not repulsed, as is their usual fate when they get among the better class of ducks, they settled to oiling and preening themselves, reaching the brilliant red bill back to the oil teat above the tail and deftly oiling it and wiping the oil on to the feathers. Then they dived. I wriggled into the bough-house and seized the camera. They saw me sitting there waiting for their picture and up they jumped in a cloud of spray, giving me a view of bird and upthrown water in excellent shape. Then the whole flock dived, or flew or swam past, and we took a shot and got a pair with the camera. We do not kill these fish-eaters or any birds that are unfit for the table; so if you should visit me and were unkind enough to kill a crow, I would firmly, but politely, request you to eat it. We should not wilfully, needlessly kill anything in this beautiful world.

Now the perfect day was drawing to a close; the Mississauga had more ducks than he needed. Our last shot at a high overhead duck sent it sweeping in a long angle for the lake, dead ere it touched the water, which it sent splashing high above its rebounding body. So we tied our birds in pairs, tied them in the old-time Indian way (just a pair of wing-feathers knotted through the bills); smoothed down the ruffled plumage of each glossy drake, or modestly clad brown and gray duck, kicked out the last remaining ember, and with half a dozen pictures and a dozen ducks, paddled rapidly homeward.

Love's Whisper

BY DONALD A. FRASER

IT came like the breath of an opening rose,
Like the fall of a summer shower,
Sweet'ning and fresh'ning life's weary way
With its subtle and magic power.

All nature assumed a more glorious tint;
And the bird's sweetest notes outrang;
The sun smiled warm, and the breeze blew soft,
While the brooklet more gaily sang.

And what was the charm that had worked the change
With a wonder all charms above?
Oh, listen! I'll tell you the secret true:
'Twas the first gentle whisper of love.

Uncle Tom's Prototype

By WILLIAM HARRISON

Appendix by J. C. Hamilton

Remarkable story of Lemuel Page, a negro who fled from slavery and for many years lived happily in Canada

AMERICAN Negro Slavery happily no longer exists, but the records of its "inhumanity to man" will echo down the ages to the end of time.

A number of years ago the writer, on a visit to a relative in one of our northern townships, went by stage from the township of Osprey to the town of Collingwood. It was on a beautiful summer day. The road was splendid, and the stage, an open conveyance, was well filled with passengers. Among us was a well-dressed, intellectual-looking, white-headed coloured man of pleasing manners, who entertained the company by his sage and oftentimes witty remarks. To relieve the tedium of the journey one of the passengers suggested that he give us his history, to which he assented. On my arrival home I transmitted the narrative from memory to manuscript. Recently with other old papers I was about to consign it to the flames, but on second thought spared it for a little longer lease of life. It may help to fill a leisure moment.

The story will be given in our fellow-passenger's own words.

"I was born in the State of Vermont. I did not know my parents. My earliest recollections are of a family of the name of Page, who took care of me and treated me kindly. My guardian was a rigid Presbyterian and was, I believe, a good man. When I could not go to church, Mr. Page's mother would take me into her room and teach me by word of mouth many things that are in the Bible, such as, who was the first man, who was the oldest man, and who was the wisest man, giving me at the same time much good advice. A gentleman who lived near by also took much notice of me, and often invited me to his home, but the young ladies, his daughters, would not suffer me to come near the house, because I was not as white as they were.

"A man of the name of Gould, of York State, used to come occasionally on a visit to the Page family, and as it was my duty to wait on visitors, I was frequently with him, and little chats often took p ace between us. Gould frequently asked me if I would like to live with him. At first I refused, but by continued kindness and gifts of candies, oranges, etc., I began to listen to him, and finally consented to go. When we arrived at his place I found that it was a hotel. He used me very kindly for several days. Being of a good-natured disposition, I generally contrived to please those on whom I waited, and grew rather fond of the landlord. One day, soon after I began to feel at home in my new quarters, my old master came on a visit to Gould's. He was not long there before I became the subject of their conversation. Gould asked Page if he would turn me over to him. Page said he would do nothing without my consent. I was called in and on considerable coaxing on the part of Gould I was induced to agree to it. The writings were drawn up and signed. In other words, I was sold.

"From that day, to me Gould was an entirely different man. He did not abuse me, but I had to put up with much hardships from my master's family. He set the example of ill-treatment and they followed it. This, however, did not last the whole time that I was at the hotel. A circumstance arose which lessened the rigour with which I was treated to some extent. Gould had several children, some very young and one grown up to manhood. He had also an adopted son called

Lyman Holly, who turned out to be a wild, reckless young fellow. Sometime before I went to live at the hotel Lyman had become connected with a company of smugglers who carried on unlawful operations between the States and Canada a short time before the war of 1812. The authorities of the American government had determined to put a stop to the business. A party of smugglers were discovered and hotly pursued. Among them was Lyman Holly. A toll-gate keeper, seeing a number of men on horseback approaching rapidly and suspecting them to be outlaws in retreat, shut the gate. The smugglers came on with a dash, breaking open the gate. In the melee the gate-keeper was shot and with his dying breath uttered the name of Lyman Holly. The murderer meantime escaped. Detectives were sent in all directions, but the search was unsuccessful.

"The house which was then used by Gould as an hotel was originally built as a residence after the old country fashion, by a gentleman of the last century, whose ideas of architecture were far from modern. The walls and ceilings of the best rooms were covered with panelled oak and finished in antique design. The windows were small and the only way of distinguishing the doors was by the knobs and latches on certain panels. These panels were made movable to make larger or smaller rooms and fitted together so neatly as to be unnoticed by a careless observer.

"Part of my duty, as I was to make myself generally useful, was to wait on the girls in the kitchen, fetch, carry, etc. On one occasion one of the girls sent me for some preserves in a certain cupboard. While I was in the closet, it being dark, I noticed a crack between two of the panels through which a light shone. I had the curiosity to climb up and look through. In the middle of a small room sat a man. On his moving a little the light shone on his face. It was Lyman Holly. Prior to this I had noticed on the roof of the house a skylight, but I could never find out to which of the rooms it conveyed light. The mystery was now unravelled. I determined to say nothing about it, yet I was so excited by the knowledge so accidentally obtained that I scarcely knew what I was doing. One day I incurred the anger of one of the girls who gave me a slap in the mouth. In a passion I said, 'If you don't let me alone I will tell about Lyman Holly.' The girls stared, but thinking it was a childish rage, passed it off with a laugh, and it was forgotten. Some time after a similar burst of passion led to similar results, but its effects were of a more lasting character.

"One or more of Gould's family had been guilty of theft. They had been to the closet previously mentioned, and the jars were lighter in consequence. They were all brought up before the father, myself among the number. By this time guilty or not guilty, if there was any possibility of placing the blame on me, I had to take the responsibility. I was charged with the theft. Gould looked at me and began to prepare the whip. I told him I did not take it. He thought that I was adding falsehood to the crime, and laid hold of me to apply the lash. I felt indignant at being whipped for a crime which, through the teachings of Mr. Page's family, I thoroughly detested, and knew myself to be honest. I also knew that George Gould's eldest son was the criminal, and that I had often remonstrated with him for being guilty in this respect.

"It was not to be wondered at that Gould's family were such as they were. He was horse trader, and perhaps a horse thief, as horses were frequently brought to the stables and their appearance so changed that when they came out they would not be known by their owners. Just as Gould was about to bring down the lash, I could hold no longer and said, 'If you whip me, I will tell where Lyman Holly is.' His arm was staid in a moment. He pretended to be softened by my tears, and began to again question the children. By their contradictory answers he found that I was innocent.

"A day or two afterwards Gould came to me in the garden and asked me what I knew about Lyman Holly. I did not give him any satisfaction. Before he left me he said that if I ever said anything about Lyman Holly that I would never

be seen afterwards. This I dreaded before he threatened, and so did not say much.

"A week after the conversation in the garden I missed Holly from the secret hiding place.

"One day Gould said to me, 'Lemy,' (my name is Lemuel), 'Lemy,' said he, 'how would you like to take the bays and Mr. Jones and me for a trip to Lake Champlain?' Having had much to do with horses, I was rather an expert driver, and the two bays made a splendid team. One of these horses properly belonged to me, as it was left to me by a deceased relative of Gould's on his death-bed, for my care of him during his illness. Gould bought a match for him, and from that day considered both his own. They were sold on this trip, of course, to his advantage.

"When we reached Champlain, I was introduced to my master's oldest son, whose name I had frequently heard mentioned at home. The young man, whom I subsequently learned was a fugitive from justice for the crime of forgery, was in partnership with one Captain Ross, a very wild young fellow, who had robbed his father of a large sum of money, with which he had built the sloop of which he was in command. Captain Ross and young Gould treated me very kindly and seemed to take a great interest in me. When the vessel was loaded they took me to see the sloop. After walking about on deck for a while, Ross took me down into the cabin and amused me by showing me many curiosities. When we went again on deck I found that we were under sail and that the shore was fast disappearing from sight. I began to cry and begged to be set ashore. As bad as the past had been to me, I knew the worst. I dreaded an unknown future among strangers. My grief was so violent that Ross pitied me, and by way of consolation told me that he was not taking me for himself, but for one Col. Bissle in the army, and that I would have a good time. When we landed I was handed over to Col. Bissle. Then I found that I had again been sold as a slave and bought as such. I had often heard of freedom and longed to get there, but all my efforts to free myself were of no avail. I had no one to help me.

"Col. Bissle, my new master, who at this time was residing in Kentucky, came from Louisiana. He was a large slaveholder and speculator in slaves. His treatment of his recent purchases was oftentimes harsh and cruel. Though I tried to do the best of my ability, many failures brought me many whippings and my lacerated back and shoulders caused me many a sleepless night.

"About this time war broke out between Great Britain and the United States—the war of 1812. Col. Bissle and his company were ordered to the front. I noticed that the American army were a long time getting together, and when a number were in camp there were perpetual disputes among the officers.

"Quite a large force were now gathered under Izzard, Scott, Brown and other officers and active steps were taken to invade Canada. The Americans, somehow, were very unfortunate, being frequently defeated in their sorties and minor engagements, owing, I think, to their lack of unanimity. I was in camp when a dispute arose between Izzard and Lamond about the order of battle. Lamond charged Izzard with being too slow. The quarrel grew so hot between the two officers that they drew swords, but their aids separated them. Lamond called the other officers aside and asked if they would break or disobey orders. They said, No! Izzard was the superior officer and they would obey him as long as he was in command. Lamond said he would then. He placed his soldiers in proper quarters and left for Washington. There he presented his complaint and promised if promoted to take up his winter quarters in Toronto. He came back Izzard's successor.

"My duty was to take care of the Colonel's markee or tent, a responsibility not very great when properly attended to. At Buffalo Col. Bissle kept company with one Capt. Camp. They seemed to be very intimate friends and spent their evenings together.

"During this period I had much time to myself, and in talking to others I was often asked where I came from, what relation was I to my master, was I hired or

a slave. I said that I was a slave. They told me that I was in a free State, that my master could not hold me if I did not choose to permit him, but at the same time informed me that there was no use asserting my rights there as they would only send me further back to the slave States to secure me. The knowledge I had obtained I kept to myself, determined to escape across to Canada the first opportunity. Something in my actions, however, made the Colonel suspicious, so to try me he said: 'Lemy, you must get yourself ready to go home.' 'Home!' said I, with the same imprudence which had often brought me into trouble before, 'I have no objections to go home, but it must not be out of York State. Bissle immediately became very angry. That night I was staked at the gambling table and lost. Capt. Camp was now my master, and I was taken from the markee to his house in Buffalo.

"Camp was a man who had many good traits in his character, but treated any neglect of duty with great severity, and I must say that he was as rigorous with his soldiers as he was with me. Colour made no difference with him. I have known him to order soldiers who had been charged with drinking or disorderly conduct up before his own door and unmercifully flogged, he directing the blows. The soldiers used to say that when Capt. Camp got up in the morning cursing and swearing there was no danger, but when he came down from his house whistling and singing, somebody had to take a licking. Most of his cruelty was when he was in a towering passion, when he lost control of himself —then he seemed to glory in severity.

"My fellow-servants were a coloured man named Sam and a boy about my own age—fourteen years—both from the State of Virginia. Sam was a good, kind man; his whole aim seemed to be to please our master, by whom he was well thought of. Bob, on the contrary, was the worst boy I ever met with. He would disobey, lie, run away, be caught again, be severely flogged, and do the same thing again. He really deserved all he got. I could not help pitying him. I had frequently to dress his back, to draw the shirt out of the furrows made by the lash, clean off the blood and bits of flesh whipped up, and grease the shirt to prevent it sticking to his shoulders. I said to him one day: 'Bob, it is certainly a very strange thing that you act as you do when you might have better times by being better,' and wound up with the remark that I could tell him something if I dare. He promised to keep my secret. I told him I knew of a plan by which he could get entirely away, but he was to promise that in case of failure he would never tell where he got his information. He agreed to it. Then I told him about Canada. Once among the Canadians, I said, and you are free. But, says Bob, they will kill me, master said so. I said he said so to frighten us, but in my heart I was as much scared on that point as he, for we were always taught that the Canadians and the Indians were equally bloodthirsty and that they tomahawked and scalped without mercy every black man.

"A night or two after Bob's back was healed he was missing. Parties were sent out in pursuit, but this time their search was fruitless. In the evening Camp came to me and said that poor Bob was drowned. 'Poor fellow,' said I, 'he should not have run away.' 'He was a very wicked boy,' said Camp. 'I hope that will set a better example.' 'Yes, sir,' said I.

"About this time some of the regiments were ordered to take the field. The Americans now, by additions made recently, were many thousands strong, and orders were sent down from headquarters to invade Canada. Gen. Brown, learning that the British army was divided in three parts, two in camp and one to man the batteries, determined to attack the batteries, rout and destroy those in possession. An attack was made; Camp and his regiment were in the party. The Canadians were ready for us with many guns concealed. When the attacking party was close up they fired. This broke our ranks, and a galling fire from the batteries completed the rout. Camp was neither killed nor wounded. His idea of military tactics was self-preservation, consequently he had posted himself in a position where he was out of danger. It mattered not how thick the bullets flew, he kept me going to and fro as hard as I

could ride with despatches to the officers under his command.

In another part of the field my old master, Col. Bissle, a brave man, made an attack with about a thousand men on an attachment consisting of over a thousand soldiers under the Marquis of Tweedale, an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, and gained the victory. During this skirmish Gen. McClure, who rode a beautiful animal, was unhorsed, a cannon ball cutting off both forelegs of the mare. I was ordered to go for the saddle and bridle. As I went, the bullets were flying in all directions. I had unbuckled the saddle and bridle, but while loosing the martingale a rifle ball struck me in the calf of my leg. I dropped the articles and ran, but soon fainted from loss of blood. When I opened my eyes again, I found myself in the hospital with the dead and dying. Fortunately the ball was a spent one, so that its effects were not so serious. After it was cut out I soon regained strength.

"Shortly after I resumed duty, I offended Camp by a trifling neglect. He seized the whip and came at me in a perfect fury. I ran from the tent, passed the guards and made for the woods, my master in hot pursuit. I had reached the picket and was about to pass when the man said, 'Stop! Lemy! Stop! You know I am bound to fire!' I halted. Camp was on me in a minute. My clothes were stripped off, I was tied up by my thumbs to a tree, so that my toes just touched the ground. Camp himself laid on the lash until he wore it up, then he got a waggon whip and laid on until the blood ran down into my boots. I was ready to quit long before he was. As he continued to flog I lost all feeling, each blow seeming like a little stream of warm water poured down my back. This was the hardest beating I ever had, and as the regiment had to remove to another station, I had to ride over rough roads for two weeks, my raw back putting me in continued torment; there was agony in every jolt.

"At this time Gens. Brown and Porter united, and made an attack on Fort Erie. The garrison surrendered after a sturdy resistance. The British were determined to recapture the Fort and made an advance in three columns, one of which succeeded in scaling the wall, when an explosion took place that blew some of both parties into the air. After the repulse of the British, both armies were for a long time in a state of inactivity. Camp lived in his own house in Buffalo.

"Being a boy of all work, I had to attend to a variety of duties, among others that of cook. Camp on one occasion had a party, to which a number of officers and other guests were invited. Hot cakes were the order of the evening, and Camp was very particular in having them hot from the oven (a dutch oven). I made out pretty well until the last batch. They were called for before I was quite ready. The wood was scarce. I broke up a picket and anything else I could get hold of, but in vain. Camp called again. 'Coming in a minute,' said I, but the minute was long. Out came Camp in a terrible rage. I was ordered down on my knees, the shirt was torn from my back and the lash swinging over my head.

"Since my last whipping, which had been commented on rather severely by his brother officers, my master had become somewhat unpopular. General McClure and others told me that if he tried it again I was to run into the street, and if he followed they would catch him and pound him. I did not run. I knew I did not deserve punishment. I noticed before he brought down the lash that he hesitated. Perhaps he thought when he saw the scars on my back of what he had given me before. I told him that the cause of delay was the want of wood. The charge of laziness was so unjust that I felt my passion rising. I felt like doing something desperate if he persisted in flogging me.

"He suddenly let go of me and went upstairs. Quick as thought I was after him. I heard him ask his wife to come down and plead for Lemy, as he did not want to beat me. When he came down I was kneeling in the same spot waiting. His wife then came down and pleaded for me. Camp said, 'Lem, I do not care to beat you, but you have broken up the party.' One after another of the guests had quietly slipped away. I thought they had left in disgust at his cruelty. After

what I had heard about being in a free State, I began to feel more like a free man; but this usage put Satan into my heart, and I was determined that if there was no other way of escape to shoot him.

"One day I was in the armoury (for Camp was quartermaster). I saw a pair of little pistols. I told Sam that I intended to take them and if Camp laid hands on me I would shoot him. Sam said that I had better let them alone and not talk so foolish. I pretended to take no more notice, but secreted the pistols when Sam was looking another way. The pistols in my possession, my anger still burning and being young in years, I harboured the thought until I resolved to do it. You see, gentlemen, that I have lost a tooth in front. The loss of that tooth saved me from being hanged for murder.

"One day my master's back being turned toward me, I raised the pistol to fire. Sam saw it, and in a moment caught the pistol from my hand, and gave me such a blow in the mouth that I went reeling to the floor. Camp turned round and asked the cause of the noise. Sam said that I had tripped over his foot and fell. I was always thankful that Sam saved me from a dreadful crime and from a dreadful death, for they never had much pity over there for a slave, however he may be driven to it, who breaks the law.

"I now made up my mind to run away whatever might be the consequences. Camp's house was situated on the bank of a river. A short distance apart were gunboats which I did not think safe to pass, so I resolved to go up the river and endeavour to get across to Canada. Having decided on the night, I made preparations for the venture. Something, however, that I had done began to raise suspicion. On the very night I had decided on, Camp came into my room about 11 o'clock to see if all was right. I pretended to be asleep. He passed the light close over my eyes. I lay perfectly still until he went down. Camp's bedroom window was where I could watch it. When the light was out I took my only spare shirt and descended into the street. It was very dark, but I was familiar with the road. I groped my way to the river, where I knew there was an old log boat, which I got into and silently paddled my way to a canoe that I had often used to go from one gunboat to another. I started for the opposite shore. It was so dark that I lost my way and was in fear of landing on the wrong side. I put my hand over the side of the canoe and found that I was sailing with the current. I then turned the canoe across and rowed until I struck a rock, nearly upset and shipped considerable water. I thought that I would stay there until daylight, but in fear of the river rising, I baled the water out of the boat and made another start.

"My next landing place was on the Canadian shore. As soon as I landed, I felt that I was a free man; at the same time I was frightened half out of my wits in fear of meeting with bloodthirsty Canadians or other savages. As I glided slowly along I saw a man on horseback. I began to run. He put spurs to his horse, overtook me and asked what I was running for. I pleaded for my life and told him that I did not want to be either tomahawked or scalped. The man gave a great laugh and said he guessed there wasn't much danger. He took me to his home and cared for me until I got something to do.

"Many like myself who had escaped from slavery settled about Chatham; others availed themselves of the liberality of the Canadian Government and took up farms in what then were the backwoods of Canada. Among them was myself. On a farm in the township of Artemesia I have lived, raised my family and prospered."

Amid many friendly nods from those he had entertained by the way, our genial Coloured Fellow-Traveller left us at the town of Collingwood. As the names of nearly all the officers mentioned in this sketch can be traced in American history of the events of the war of 1812, we may suppose that his personal narrative was true.

APPENDIX

Upon reading this interesting tale, we are led to conjecture as to the name and age of the coloured hero.

Many slaves took their master's patronymic, while others adopted that of

some great man, such as Washington or Jefferson, or of a friend who had helped them, or, on marrying, that of the wife's family.

As the boy Lemuel was apparently well treated by his first master, he may, when a freed man, have called himself Lemuel Page.

Perhaps some of his old neighbours in Artemesia may be able to enlighten us as to this.

As to his age and status, he first saw the light in Vermont and was there treated as a slave. By her "Bill of Rights" of 1777, Vermont excluded slavery from her borders, and the census of 1790 shewed but seventeen slaves in this State. Lemuel, no doubt, lived in Vermont after 1777 and could have claimed freedom, but he was probably held in ignorance of his legal status, and removed for a purpose, which will be seen, to New York State.

The Legislature of that State, in 1799, emancipated only the future issue of slaves, males at age of twenty-eight, females at twenty-five years. In 1817, another Act provided that all slaves in this State should be free on July 4, 1827.

The object of removing Lemuel to New York was, apparently, to take advantage of the state of the law there prior to the last-mentioned day.

We may conjecture that he escaped to Canada probably several years before that, as he was a grown man of intelligence and must have heard of the law of 1817, which would have given him freedom without effort in 1827.

I take it that Lemuel escaped to Upper Canada during the first quarter of last century.

Here he found personal security, and prospered as many of his race have done, including Josiah Henson, of Dresden, the original "Uncle Tom" of fiction, whose story is, in some respects, similar to that of the worthy old Lemuel.

We might also add the name of the late respected Virginian, John M. Tinsley, a free-born mulatto, of Scovill origin on his mother's side, who lived and prospered for more than half a century in Toronto, even to the 110th year of his age.

The Woodland Meadow

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

ENTRANCED beneath the silent, moving sky,
The long, green meadows move without a sound;
A breeze soft passes with a butterfly;
A lonely hawk soars low above the ground;
The thin cloud-shadows drift upon their noiseless round.

The shapeless wood crowds close along the mead,
To whisper as the fitful breezes run,
Till day slow sinks, and lazy mists are freed;
The moon creeps out, her long, pale flight begun;
One rampire thrusts up black against the crimson sun.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Showing that alcohol has no place, use, or purpose in the relief of worry, and that it is always dangerous

IV.—WORRY, DRUGS AND DRINK

IT is recorded of certain bees who had an opportunity of making acquaintance with alcohol in the form of fermented honey, that they partook greedily thereof, and thereafter displayed the symptoms of excitement and loss of equilibrium only too often exhibited by creatures whose nervous organisation is even higher than that of the bee. But it is further recorded that no amount of temptation, persuasion, nor yet starvation, would induce those bees again to make adventure with the honeyed poison.

Very different is the case with man. In all times and places he has been susceptible to the charm of drugs that markedly affect the nervous system—drugs of a very definite class. Beyond a doubt the fundamental fact of the human mind upon which the charm of these drugs depends is the fact of self-consciousness, the power of "looking before and after," which we have already seen to be the first condition of worry. All animals less than man live in and for the present. They may make apparent calculation for the future, but this is sub-conscious or instinctive—not rational. We may say that nervine drugs have no particular purpose or use except for the self-conscious being—man, whose attitude towards them markedly contrasts with that of the bees whom I have cited.

It is certain that men have used alcohol whenever and wherever they have been able to make it, and that the alcoholic strength of the liquids they have consumed has been limited merely by their chemical knowledge. There is clear evidence that alcohol was extensively used in Egypt six or eight thousand years ago. In these days it has found certain rivals, some of them of very great importance for us. In addition to the drugs which properly belong to the same class as alcohol, there is at least one powerful drug, of unique properties, which is the active principle of tea and coffee, and is daily consumed in all but incredible quantities in every part of the world where it can be obtained. These various drugs must carefully be considered in the course of our study of Worry.

They must be considered because their charm, as we have seen, is for man—the worrying animal—alone, and because it is their influence upon the mind that constitutes their value and their charm. If to alcohol and to the caffeine of tea and coffee we add the nicotine of tobacco and the morphine of opium we find ourselves faced with a series of substances which are daily employed by the overwhelming majority of human beings, and which, though they are not foods, nor in any way necessary to life, play a very large part indeed in modifying the state of men's minds and tempers and actions—which are, after all, the only interesting things in the whole world. Now if man were no more mentally than even such a wonderful creature as the bee, these drugs, I think it is safe to say, would have no more charm for him than for the bee. But man is a reflecting mind; he can and does conjure up the past and anticipate the future; and in both cases there is the constant risk that his so doing will arouse unpleasant emotions—in a word, that he will worry about the past or the future or both. As long as man is man he will continue to live less in the present than out of the present. Now the drugs which man employs so largely have been wel-

comed by him not on any theoretical nor economic grounds, but simply and solely because he finds that they exercise an influence, which he rightly or wrongly welcomes, upon the emotional tone of his mind. Everyone is familiar with the famous German students' drinking song for a bass voice, the substance of which is the statement that every kind of fear and care and worry vanishes whilst "drinking, drinking, drinking." There you have the facts in a nutshell. There are scores and scores of drugs which exercise marked properties upon the muscles, the nerve ends, the glands, the heart, the lungs, and all the other tissues and organs of the body. There are hosts of drugs which markedly affect, in various ways, the lower levels of the nervous system. But survey mankind from the dawn of civilisation till to-day and from China to Peru—you will not find that any of these drugs has taken a place in his life. The drugs which he wants and has taken good care to obtain are those which affect consciousness—those which modify the emotional tone of his mind, those which banish care and drown sorrow, those which gave him what he values more than any other thing that can be named, the *organic sense of well-being* with which life is worth living, and without which life is worthless.

After what has already been said the reader will not expect me to launch into a general denunciation of all these drugs. Some may say that it is not consonant with human dignity to drink alcohol, smoke tobacco and opium, or sip tea; man should be above the need of modifying his consciousness by these artificial means. This argument may be supported by the general conviction that the use of these drugs has always worked, and still works, a great deal of harm. But, on the other hand, many considerations may be urged and must here be detailed. In the first place, it is certain beyond certainty that neither denunciation, nor warning, nor legislation, nor any other measures whatever will wean mankind as a whole from its addiction to one or other of these drugs. Wherever and whenever they have been obtainable they have been used. They are more obtainable to-day than ever before, and are more widely used than ever before. The reasonable argument would seem to be that they must serve some human purpose. If their effects were noxious in all respects, they would scarcely have been heard of. The fact of their employment, universal as it is, constitutes a proof of the fact that men find—or seem to find—them more or less useful. Perhaps, then, it will be better for us to recognise these facts, and to ask ourselves whether it is possible to distinguish between one of these drugs and another, to discover whether there is any which is wholly useful, or, at any rate, to arrange them in some sort of scale which will indicate the proportions between the good and the evil that they accomplish.

And, first of all, let us ask ourselves exactly what it is that they do. The word commonly applied to these drugs is *stimulants*, and it is unquestionably true that, for many purposes and on many occasions, men welcome substances which increase the rapidity of their vital processes. Such substances are conspicuously contained in many articles of diet; but when we come to consider the leading case of alcohol, we shall find that the common belief requires criticism. Alcohol is commonly spoken and thought of as a stimulant, and we know, of course, that the first result of its action is to cause an increased rapidity of the pulse, an increased activity of many glands, and a very definite degree of mental excitement. In these respects alcohol is strictly comparable with opium, which plays a corresponding part in the life of an enormous section of mankind. It may be said, in general, that a race employs either alcohol or opium, but not both, for both are not needed. Whether the one or the other be used, however, it is not long before the stage of stimulation or excitement gives place to one which is distinguished by precisely opposite characters. The tide of life now flows more slowly, the various physical functions are depressed, the mind becomes less active, and if a sufficiency of either drug has been taken, sleep or un-

consciousness ensues. If the dose be well calculated, this last stage may not be quickly reached, but the subject will remain for a long period in a state which indicates that he has taken a *sedative*, and not a *stimulant*.

Now no man takes a sedative in order that his pulse may beat more slowly, or in order that the number of his respirations per minute may be reduced. He takes a sedative in order that he may attain that particular state of mind which it is the characteristic of a sedative to produce. Undoubtedly alcohol may be taken at times for its supposed stimulant effect upon the powers of work, but it is indisputable that the action of alcohol and of opium, which has led these drugs to play their part in human life, is their power of producing *peace of mind*. That is why I must consider them here. What men want in all times and places is happiness—conscious and self-conscious happiness. Yet, because they are men, able to look before and after, this state which they desire is constantly threatened by the presence of regrets, fears, and cares, depression and apprehension—in a word, by worry. It has long since been discovered that alcohol and opium are antagonistic to worry. Never yet was the unhappy state of mind that would not yield to an adequate dose of one or other of them. I submit, then, that there is a very grave and very stupid fallacy in the common conception of alcohol in the West or opium in the East as stimulants. *They are taken and used not as stimulants, but as sedatives.*

In order to clear up our views on this subject it is necessary to see whether they are in accord with what is actually known concerning the actions of these drugs on the body. Now, it has been demonstrated in the case of both of them that their stimulation of the body is, so to speak, preliminary and accidental, and that a depression or soothing or sedation of the bodily functions, and with them the mental functions, is their essential character. As everyone knows, opium is very largely used in medicine; more especially nowadays in the form of its chief active principle morphia. But no doctor thinks of morphia as a stimulant, or uses it as a stimulant. The doctor is aware of its preliminary stimulant action, and takes measures to alleviate or obliterate that action in order that he may obtain the sedative action which is the true character of the drug and which he desires.

Extremely significant, but yet unknown to the public in general, are the similar facts in regard to alcohol. This is a substance of paradoxes; in general, what it does is just the reverse of what it seems to do. It is still called a stimulant, as it was half a century ago. At that time not only was it called a stimulant, but it was widely used as a stimulant by doctors. It was supposed to increase vital activity in all directions, and was used as an aid to the body in its fight against disease of all kinds. But in these days of scientific medicine our whole conception of alcohol has changed. As we have already seen, the public speaks of it as a stimulant, but, in point of fact, uses it as a sedative—uses it because it is able to calm the worrying mind, to banish care, and to bring peace. Similarly, nowadays, the most scientific physicians both speak of alcohol and use it as a sedative. They find, for instance, that when the body temperature tends to become too high in consequence of the excessive activity of the vital processes, alcohol may be of use, for it lowers the temperature. Similarly, it may produce sleep, both in fever and at other times. True, like many other sedatives, it causes a period of preliminary excitement, but that must be shortened or neutralised as far as possible.

If now we turn to the fundamental chemistry of alcohol and opium, we find that it confirms my doctrines as to the true character of these drugs and as to the true explanation of their universal employment. The fundamental fact of the chemistry of the body is the fact of burning, combustion, or oxidation. The more rapidly we burn, the more rapidly we live. Both alcohol and opium have been proved to interfere with oxidation or combustion in the body. They markedly retard the rate at which the oxygen we take in from the air is combined with

the tissues. In the midst of the confusion which reigns as to the classification of drugs, it seems to me that we have here a fundamental, chemical distinction. The drug the net result of which is to increase the rate at which we burn away is essentially a stimulant; the drug the net result of whose action is to diminish the rate at which we burn away is essentially a sedative. For convenience we may apply the term *pseudo-stimulant* to those sedatives, such as alcohol, opium or morphia, which display a preliminary transient stage of stimulation.

Ere we conclude it will be necessary to pronounce judgment upon these substances, and the recent additions to the same group. But before doing so, we must consider the case of *caffeine* (or theine), which is the active principle of tea and coffee, as also of the kola nut and Paraguay tea or Maté, and of some other substances which are similarly employed in various parts of the world. The importance of the subject may be suggested by the fact that of tea alone there is consumed in Great Britain about four million gallons every day. Consider that an ordinary cup of tea contains about a grain of caffeine, and then calculate how many millions of grains of this potent alkaloid daily enter into the blood of the British people. To this add all the caffeine contained in coffee, and it will be evident that the subject is of some practical interest. Now the contrast between alcohol and caffeine very soon suffices to show how foolishly the word stimulant is commonly employed. Caffeine is a true stimulant and has no other action. It has been proved to increase the amount of combustion in the body in whatever dose it be taken; it tends to raise the temperature. Its truly stimulant action is still more conspicuous if we consider the mind, and mind is the only important matter. The larger the dose of opium or alcohol that be taken, the more certainly and rapidly will you sleep; the larger the dose of this true stimulant that be taken, the more certainly and persistently will you keep awake. About fifteen grains of caffeine will entirely abolish both the desire for and the possibility of sleep, for a whole night and longer, and will make it possible to do hard intellectual work at high speed, and of the best quality possible for the brain in question, during the hours which sleep would otherwise have certainly claimed. These facts will abundantly suffice to show how superficial and stupid is the common application of the same term "stimulant" to drugs so profoundly contracted as alcohol and opium on the one hand, and caffeine on the other. I am tempted to go much further into this question because the distinction which I have demonstrated is not recognised even in text-books that deal with these subjects. And yet it is a fundamental one. What could well be more absurd than to apply one and the same name on the one hand to drugs which in sufficient doses will infallibly arrest consciousness, even in cases of great bodily pain or of violent mental excitement or both; and, on the other hand, to a drug which, in adequate doses, will infallibly prevent that normal recurrence of unconsciousness which we call sleep? Obviously there is no word that can possibly include both sets of drugs, unless it be the word antagonists.

Of nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, it is unfortunately impossible to speak in any such dogmatic fashion. The statements I have made regarding opium, alcohol and caffeine are scientific facts, admitted and recognised by all competent students. There is no dispute about them—a circumstance which makes it the more remarkable, perhaps, that the radical opposition between the sets of facts in the two cases is so commonly ignored. But nicotine appears to act in various fashions upon various persons. For some it appears to be a stimulant, for others a sedative, and the individual differences have not yet been explained. In passing, then, to consider those questions for which all that has been said hitherto is merely preparation, we shall find that it is impossible to lay down the law as might be desired.

These questions, of course, are concerned with the actual as distinguished from the apparent value of the representative drugs which have been considered. Here is this great fact of worry,

fear, regret, apprehension, and grief, which constantly attends upon or threatens the mind of man and against which these and many other drugs are known to operate. Is their use worth while?

Now, if the reader remembers or believes nothing else whatever that I say here on this subject, or that I have said or may say on any other subject anywhere else, I beseech him at least to believe this: *the habitual use of sedatives*—such as alcohol, opium, morphia, sulphonal, trional, veronal, paraldehyde, chloral, and their allies—*is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result.* It is true that these drugs will one and all relieve worry, banish care, and procure peace of mind, but it is as true that the worry, the care, and the dispeace will return, bringing seven devils with them, and that the latter end of the man who uses them for this purpose *is not peace.* They are false friends. For every unit of mental unrest that they remove they will inevitably create many such units. They are false in principle because they make no attack whatever upon the cause of the worry. That cause may be ill-health; these drugs will most assuredly aggravate it. That cause may be overwork; these drugs will most assuredly lessen the power of work. That cause may be the loss of the organic sense of well-being, which is the first and only condition of bodily and mental happiness; these drugs will, for the time, by their sedative action arrest those internal sensations which are found displeasing and make men into pessimists, *but* the after result of their action is invariably to cause these sensations to return more abundantly than ever, demanding a larger and an accelerated second dose of the drug. Worry is curable because it has causes which are removable. In all ages and places, the chief cure adopted by men has been the use of these sedatives, *which are no cure*, because they do not begin to remove the causes of worry. They merely drown or submerge the worry for a time, as ill weeds may be submerged with water. But when the drug or the water has passed away the ill weeds are found to have grown apace.

In Western countries generally, alcohol is at once the commonest cure for worry, and amongst the most potent of the causes of worry. It is not my concern here to speak in detail of the effect of this and similar drugs upon character, upon the ability to work, or even upon physical health, except in so far as these influence the state of the mind. The great fact is that, ignoring all external considerations, and directing our attention solely to the actions of these drugs upon the body and the mind, we find that their sedative action upon worry is such as to be invariably and necessarily followed by bodily and mental changes of which the product is worry multiplied manifold. If my condemnation of the use of these drugs, in ministering to the mind diseased or distressed, be less unqualified or less vigorous than it might be, the cause is to be found not in my estimate of the facts, but in my defective power of expressing that estimate. I accuse these drugs as irreconcilable foes of human happiness; so essentially detestable that their masquerade as friends of man can scarcely make one detest them more.

Let us turn now from the sedatives to the stimulants, the terms being used not in the common unscientific, but in the uncommon scientific sense. Must caffeine, as represented by tea and coffee, fall under a like condemnation? This would be somewhat paradoxical if it were so, because we have already seen that these two groups of drugs are essentially opposed in their physiological properties. The sedatives we have condemned because they do nothing for the life of the body but are opposed to it. The stimulant, caffeine, on the other hand, as we have seen, favours the life of the body, promotes the processes of combustion on which life depends, increases vitality, and that power to work which is the expression of vitality. Everywhere men find that a cup of tea or coffee is refreshing; it produces renewed vigour; it heightens the sense of organic well-being, the consciousness of fitness and capacity. This is utterly distinct from the action of alcohol or opium in deadening the sense of ill-being. Tea antagon-

ises the sense of ill-being not by deadening one's consciousness of it, but by stirring the sources of vitality and by the positive substitution for it of that sense of well-being which is the index of vitality. Here is a true stimulant—something that favours life. How, then, will its use affect worry and the causes of worry? Is the plan of employing it superior to the plan of employing sedatives or is it even worse?

The answer is, of course, that the plan is immeasurably superior. But before I insist upon this assertion, let me make certain qualifications. In the first place, I recognise that the ideal would be neither to need nor to employ any drugs whatsoever; but here our concern is not with the ideal, but the real. Again, I will admit, of course, that every good thing—except, perhaps, the spiritual goods, like love—depends for its goodness upon a fitness of proportion. The sun is the source and condition of all earthly life, yet men have died of sunstroke. Caffeine is a good thing in its essence because, like sunlight itself, it is a true stimulant in that it favours the essential processes of life; but, like sunlight itself, it is capable of abuse, though the remarkable fact is that it is very difficult to obtain symptoms of abuse even when this drug is employed in large quantities. Tea and coffee have had many hard words said of them. The trouble is that people will not distinguish. Tea, for instance, as commonly understood in this country, is more nearly a decoction than an infusion of the tea leaf, and contains besides the theine or caffeine a very large proportion of tannin or tannic acid. Now the action of this substance upon the body is wholly deleterious; it interferes with the activity of every tissue with which it comes in contact; it markedly interferes with the digestion in at least two ways—first, by tanning many of the proteids of the food, so that, like other forms of leather, they can scarcely be digested at all; and secondly, by interfering with the production of the digestive juices by the walls of the stomach. As long as the present vitiated taste for tea persists, large numbers of people will continue to do themselves great injury by drinking it; but it is ludicrously unscientific to assume that the evil consequence of drinking improperly made tea are necessarily to be attributed to the valuable caffeine which it contains. If we consider the gigantic amount of tea and coffee that we daily drink and allow for the injurious effects of the tannin which abounds in improperly-made tea—that is to say, in nine-tenths of all tea—we must acquit caffeine of any very deadly properties. There will remain to its credit the many desirable consequences with which everyone is familiar.

I assert, then, that whereas all sedatives are to be condemned in the relief of worry on the ground that they do not attack the causes of worry, on the ground that, in proportion to their immediate potency, they establish a craving for themselves, and on the further ground that their after effects invariably include the production of more worry than was relieved in the first place, the stimulant caffeine, on account of which we consume so much tea and coffee, may be excused, if not justified and applauded. Taken in reasonable quantities, such as very few people desire to exceed, it differs fundamentally from all the sedatives in that it does not produce a need for a continuous increase of the dose. It relieves worry not by a temporary and actually nutritive and fostering submergence of it, but by attacking its causes. The man who is worried because his work is too much for him finds his work facilitated and its accomplishment accelerated under the influence of caffeine. Assuming that his work ought to be done, what better way of dealing with his worry could be conceived? Again, a great deal of worry is caused by defective vitality. The man of radiant health and almost offensive energy, who is "always at it," has no time to worry. He has too many other things to do. Mental unrest afflicts rather those whose vital processes are slower, and especially those whose vital processes are too slow. Under the influence of a true stimulant, such persons may often be tided over a period of threatening depression simply in virtue of the fact that their vital processes—which have become too tardy—are accelerated, with a con-

sequent access of energy and a more due prominence of the organic sense of well-being.

In so far, then, as the subject of these articles is concerned with the use of drugs, we may say that it is necessary first to search below appearances, and to distinguish between drugs that are really sedatives and those that are really stimulants. The sedatives are to be condemned without reserve. This condemnation applies to tobacco in the case of those persons, relatively few, I think, on whom it acts as a true sedative, retarding vital processes; but it is so difficult to find the truth about tobacco that I regret having to mention it at all. On the other hand, the true nerve stimulant, caffeine—which is in a class by itself—cannot be similarly condemned, but its judicious use may be regarded as justifiable and profitable.

In surveying this article my fear is that any portions of it may have prevented me from throwing into the boldest relief what is by far the most important fact that it contains—the fact that alcohol has no place, use, or purpose, in the relief of worry, and that its so-called use—in this connection, at any rate—is never anything but abuse or misuse, always dangerous, always productive of more evil than it relieves, and only too frequently suicidal.

(*The fifth article of this series will appear in the May Canadian Magazine*)

Folly

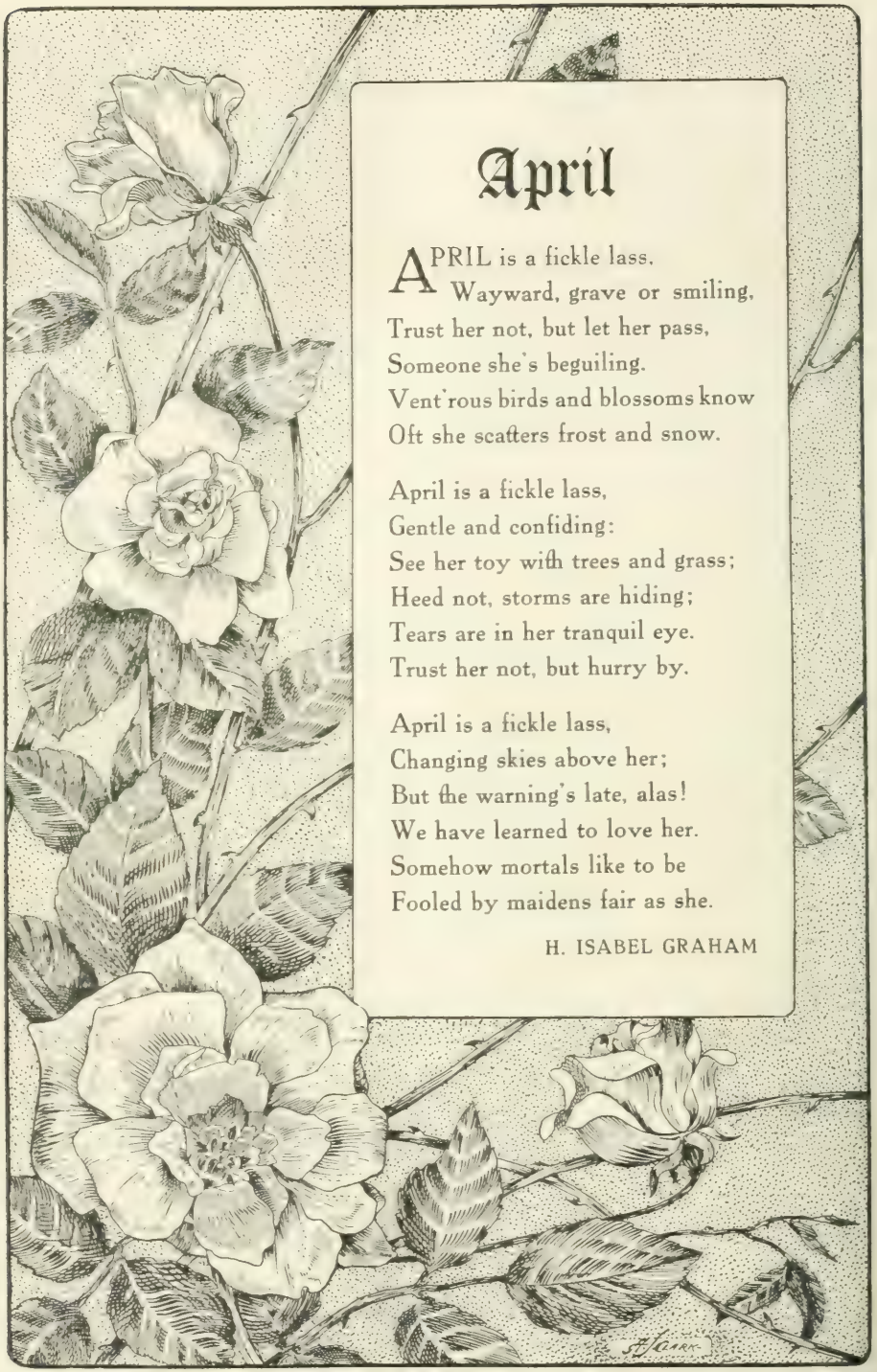
BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

COY, sweet, my mistress Folly,
Enslaving me with glances;
If 't takes a fool to woo thee,
A willing fool shall I be.
Here's a toss: head's up—you win.
Come Folly, lead your dances.

Coy, faithless, art thou Folly?
Still come I forth a-wooing;
Now who would call 't a distress
To have thee for a mistress;
One day a kiss beneath the rose,
The next a lover rueing.

But you live in to-day sweet,
While Rue lives in to-morrow;
So, Folly, toss your roses
Quick, quick, ere this day closes;
But if my rose be fresh at eve
We'll half the next day borrow.

Coy, sweet, my mistress Folly,
If one day with gay laughter
You mocking should uncrown me,
And cruelly disown me,
Fair, fickle Queen, think you 'twould cure,
Perhaps—till the day after.



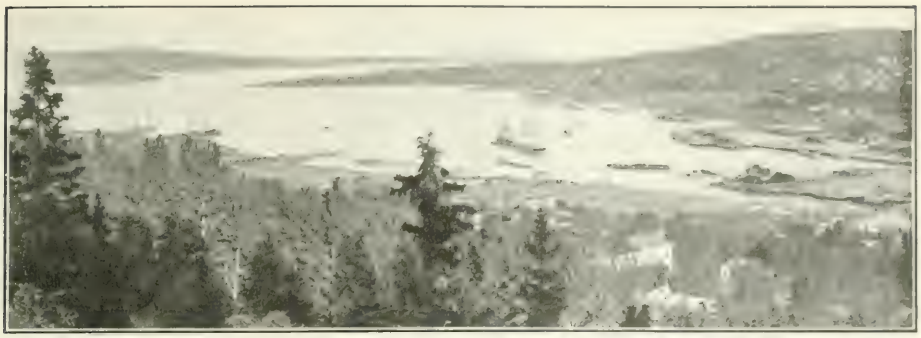
April

APRIL is a fickle lass,
Wayward, grave or smiling,
Trust her not, but let her pass,
Someone she's beguiling.
Vent'rous birds and blossoms know
Oft she scatters frost and snow.

April is a fickle lass,
Gentle and confiding:
See her toy with trees and grass;
Heed not, storms are hiding;
Tears are in her tranquil eye.
Trust her not, but hurry by.

April is a fickle lass,
Changing skies above her;
But the warning's late, alas!
We have learned to love her.
Somehow mortals like to be
Fooled by maidens fair as she.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM



SUNDSVALL, SWEDEN, WHENCE MOST SWEDE GIRL IMMIGRANTS HAIL

Swede Girls for Canadian Homes

By MARY SPAFFORD

A class of imported "Canadians" whose presence is regarded in this instance as mutually beneficial

ANYONE who has witnessed the in-bound ocean liners at Quebec disgorge their steerage passengers, and has observed, mingling in the throng, group after group of immigrant girls whose fair hair, blue-gray eyes and brilliant pink and white complexion proclaim their Swedish origin, might be pardoned for wondering if the "homeland" was to be utterly depleted of its robust young womanhood. A similar speculation lately filled the Swedish government itself with apprehension, and, as a result, the way of the would-be emigrant is not made too easy. There are instances, in fact, where actual measures have been taken by unscrupulous and interested parties to deter the girls from leaving. A case in point is the following, quaintly and graphically narrated by a Swede girl to her Canadian mistress, soon after her arrival:

"One time I remember in Swedish paper, dere vas big word over all de paper, and it say: 'CANADA IS A SLAVE LAND!' Dey tell to us we shall be slaves dere—dat dey do what dey like wid us. And I be so afraid! so afraid! But I t'inking to myself: 'I shall go and see how she shall have it.' And I vas very afraid when I first come here. I don't know what I shall do. But often you say: '*If you please.*' You don't say 'You *must.*' So I beginning to t'ink it cannot be true. And when I have been here pretty long time, I t'inking dere must be some pretty bad peoples in Sweden."

In the majority of cases, the Swede girls who come to Canada hail from the coast city of Sundsvall. They embark from the seaport of Gothenburg, bedecked with the flowers which their friends have brought as a farewell offering. Landing at Hull, they are hurried by train to Liverpool, where there is often a delay of several days for the American liner. Then comes the steerage, the sea-sickness, the black coffee, the initial pangs of homesickness, the grim bluff of Quebec, looming sombre and gray, the medical inspection, and, lastly, the trip by rail to some place where a Canadian mistress is expecting "a Swede."

One sometimes wonders what actuating motive brings these girls so confid-

TYPICAL SWEDISH MAIDS

ingly to a land concerning the customs, language, and general conditions of which they are almost wholly ignorant. According to their own statement, the servant wage in Sweden is pitifully small. Until recently, in country districts, a domestic received in payment for the roughest kind of work two dollars a month. Lately, owing to a raise in wages, such an one can command three or four dollars a month. In the Swedish towns and cities, well-trained domestics are sometimes fortunate enough to obtain situations with "rich people," as they term it, where they obtain what corresponds to ten dollars a month with us. This state of affairs, coupled with the fact that there is generally a large family of younger brothers and sisters, doubtless incites many of the older girls to seek a betterment of fortune in a new land. Others come, ostensibly, to look for relatives who sailed for Canada years before, and have been lost sight of. The facility with which these Swedish girls expect to discover their missing friends, reveals their comfortable belief that Canada lies within the compass of a few square miles. Others still (a minority) come for the mere "lark" of the trip, and the adventures it entails; all of which are enveloped in the halo which ever surrounds the unknown. But as the emigration authorities refuse to take girls under seventeen years of age, the majority of them have experienced some of life's subduing realities.

They are emphatic in their appreciation of Canada. "We be glad here all de time," they say. "Never, never sorry—always glad."

There is naturally a prej udice on the part of Canadian housekeepers against unskilled labour, but the exigencies of the modern servant problem have driven many a one, in sheer desperation, to this extremity, when, contrary to expectation, the venture has not proved so altogether deplorable. The first fortnight following the installation in a family of one of these Swedish girls "just over," constitutes a period of probation for both mistress and maid. At the expiration of that time, if there is satisfaction on each side, the mistress is looked to by the emigration authorities for the amount of the girl's passage money—some thirty-four dollars and odd cents; which sum the girl proceeds to "work out" at the stipulated rate of six dollars a month, it being understood that she shall receive, meantime, such small amounts as shall be required for present necessities, although these sums will be deducted from her subsequent earnings. As soon as the passage money has been paid, a raise in wages is expected, the exact amount of which is

OLIVA

agreed upon by the mistress and maid without the interference of the emigration authorities. Hence forward, the girl is a free agent. If, however, she remains in a place longer than the trial fortnight, she is in duty bound to stay until her passage money has been made up. Under similar circumstances, the mistress, on her side, is expected to keep the girl until that length of time has elapsed. A pathetic absence of worldly goods and chattels characterises the outfit of the Swede girl on her arrival in Canada. She comes with her little shiny black valise, or crude home-made box, which holds literally all that she has in the world. She is pale, bewildered, and tired of the long journey; and the poignant barb in the arrow of her first loneliness is the realisation of the immeasurable distance lying between herself and home, a return to which is bounded by years, at least, for by the time her ticket has been "worked out" her wardrobe needs replenishing. Anyway, the cost of a return trip is greater than the special rate allowed coming over.

LINDA

But the Swede girl is not incapacitated by her homesickness. She unpacks her little store of ornaments, sets up the photographs of father and mother, big brothers and little sisters, each painfully suggestive of dear associations. Then she expects to go to work. And, although no excessive interchange of civilities can be indulged in at the outset, it does not require a flood of eloquence to indicate a broom and its use, likewise a duster, a dish-pan, and a mop-pail; and it is certainly a much less fatiguing process for a housewife than to perform the tasks herself.

As a rule, the girl is ambitious, quick of comprehension, and she learns our language very rapidly.

"She talks like one windmill!" exclaimed an immigration agent, enthusiastically, in referring to the progress made in a month's time, by a particularly bright *Svensk* girl. It might be mentioned, however, by way of suggestion, that the possession of a good Swedish-English dictionary facilitates matters during the primal stage.

"This is 'knife' in English, Katarina. Knife! Knife!" repeated a Canadian mistress, slowly and distinctly, to a young Swede girl "just over," who was eating her first solitary meal after her arrival.

KATARINA

"Yes, and dis is 'fork,' was the instantaneous reply, as the article in question was held up before the amazed instructor.

"On ship coming here to, I stand on de kitchen all de day," the young girl explained afterward, "and mark wid de hand and I say: 'What's you call? What's you call?' I *never* get tired."

THYRA

It is said

to be a disgrace, according to the Swedish code, for a girl to lose her first place (until a reasonable length of time has elapsed), and their attitude certainly indicates a will to work and a desire to please. One of their strong characteristics is neatness; and whatever else the Swede girl may show deficiency in, one accomplishment she has mastered to perfection—the high art of scrubbing. It is sometimes a difficult matter to "head off" one of these young girls "just over" from her evident intention to scrub the house in its entirety, regardless of propriety or moderation. Another attribute which can usually be counted on is strength. However arduous the day's work, it is an unheard-of thing for them to admit being tired; and any solicitous enquiry to that effect only elicits a disdainful "*Nej*" uttered in the very acme of scorn. They are passionately fond of music, and sing like nightingales about their work. Oftentimes they are very creditable performers on the guitar or mandolin.

Generally speaking, the newly-arrived Swedish girl is good-hearted and polite. After the somewhat brusque and independent manners of our own domestics, the quaint little courtesy and respectful handshake with which all maids of this nationality are wont to acknowledge any trifling favour, come gratefully. One little pleasant-faced Swede known to the writer—Oliva by name—possessed an instinctive politeness which would have graced any rank in life. Her appreciative "t'ank you" greeted everything that could in the remotest degree claim gratitude. On one occasion, when there had been an accident to a tumbler, she came to her mistress with a regretful confession and presented her little purse, begging her to take "pennies" to buy a new one. Needless to say, the "pennies" were not taken.

It would be untrue, as well as contrary to the intention of the writer, to imply that these girls are faultless. The normal Swede girl has a quick temper—a white flash, often excited by the most trivial of causes. But one can always flee the avalanche of foreign invective (which, though unintelligible, is doubtless of awful import), and a speedy return finds the kitchen beatific with the angelic presence of its inmate. An open flash of temper, soon over, is, however, often preferable to the shabby species sometimes exhibited among domestics of our own nationality, and which was displayed by a certain village maid whom the writer once employed in a case of emergency. The paucity of her capabilities was only equalled by the exceeding badness of their execution. She confided to a neighbour's maid, over the garden fence, that if "Miss Mary" asked her to wash the dining-room floor on Saturday, she was going to tell her to do it herself. This so impressed the admiring neighbour's maid that the story gained circulation.

The loyalty which most Swede girls display among themselves with reference to their respective "places" is sometimes almost ludicrous, but it is a satisfaction to a housewife to know that her private household concerns are not being discussed with all the other servants in the community every "afternoon out." On the contrary, the average Swede girl seems to consider it a point of honour not to gossip about any happenings of a personal nature which may occur in the establishment with which she is connected. A Swede girl named Hilder, for example, is the type of girl (rarely found now-a-days) who would literally be "faithful unto death" in the interests of her mistress. She has remained in the same family ever since she left the home-land, nearly four years ago. Nor has the subject of her leaving been broached on either side during all that time. On one occasion, her mistress had requested her to stay up until she and her husband returned from a social function which would keep them out until very late; adding that she might lie down on the dining-room sofa if she became sleepy. Hilder's reply was characteristic. She expressed her entire willingness to sit up, notwithstanding the fact that she had to rise early the next morning, and concluded, earnestly: "I would sleep on de floor if Mrs. E—— wanted me to."

Another Canadian housewife had been giving explicit directions to her Swedish domestic whom she was leaving in charge of everything, while she herself went away to the country for a couple of months. Instead of grumbling at the additional work involved, the girl's face fairly shone with interested affection.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Nelson," she said, heartily, at parting. "I hopes you will have *beautiful fun.*"

In the average city or country home where the one "general servant" is a time-honoured institution, the strong, alert Swede girl, able at the outset to shoulder all the rougher parts of the housework, and willing and intelligent enough to subsequently undertake the more complicated branches, is a distinct advantage.

Without doubt, the difficulty in obtaining trained domestics, coupled with the exorbitant wages and privileges demanded, is contributing to increase the patronage of Swede girls "just over." But it is also true that their many good qualities are in themselves an advertisement.

OH, THE TRIALS OF AN EARLY EASTER!

The Woodpecker's Revenge

By HAROLD SANDS

Story of the totem pole as handed down by the Indians of Clayoquot, and the moral it teaches to all men

THIS is the story of the totem pole, told by the Indians of Clayoquot, west coast of Vancouver Island, in their native language, a barbarous tongue, to the Rev. W. J. Stone, and by him translated into English for the recorder, so that it be not lost with the race that is slowly but surely merging with the past. It is a story as old as Eve, yet as new as the last born salmon.

All totems have a history; they are the means by which the Indians hand down their traditions and legends. The totem of the Woodpecker, carved out of whalebone, was exhibited at the World's Fair at St. Louis, but he who took a chair could not read, nor could he who ran. He who would translate a totem must be of the elect. He must dwell in the wilderness, and his ways must be wise.

Lthekle-mit, the Woodpecker, was an Indian chief, a tyhee of the West Coast, and his home was at Esouwista, a bald patch on the Pacific, lying east of Point Cox, at the entrance to Clayoquot Sound. Fair was his wife, and lovely to behold, and by reason of her beauty came the totem pole and its wondrous story.

Upon this alluring creature the Thunderbird cast eyes, even as David allowed his fancy to wander. The Thunderbird made his home at Houchuklitzit, in Barclay Sound, at the entrance to the far-famed Alberni Canal, still noted for its prolific runs of salmon. It was on the well-remembered occasion when the Eagle, accompanied by his old friend Noo-noo-pitzmik, the Owl, went to visit the Woodpecker and his dear tillicum, the Muschimit, that the shadow of desire passed across the friendship of a thousand years.

Then it was that peace passed from the West Coast.

No sooner had the Thunderbird entered the home of the Woodpecker than he fell a victim to the charms of the woman therein, and immediately he began to lay plans for an elopement. (Among the Indians it is not necessary for the woman to be a consenting party to an elopement; to the victor belongs the spoil—the one who gains her gets her). The Thunderbird compared himself to the Woodpecker, and already he saw the latter's wife installed in his own home at Houchuklitzit.

At the conclusion of a feast which the Woodpecker gave in honour of his guests, the Eagle flapped his wings and at once a terrific thunderstorm arose. (It is the belief of the West Coast Indians that thunder is caused by the Eagle flapping his wings). Esouwista was deluged with hail, large stones falling and killing many of Chief Woodpecker's people. During the excitement the Thunderbird carried off the chief's wife.

When the tribe of the Woodpecker had recovered from their fright they were overwhelmed with shame to think they should have allowed the wife of their chief to be carried off in this disgraceful manner. Calling a council, they sought the advice of the great lawyer, the Snipe (Ai-po-ik). The learned one suggested a plan for the recovery of the woman, which commended itself to the whole tribe.

"Our warriors," said he, "will change themselves into salmon-berries as soon as they reach the home of the Thunderbird. The women, including the wife of the Woodpecker, will come to pick the salmon-berries and the warriors will assume their proper shapes and carry the women away."

When near Houchuklitzit the warriors transformed themselves into red and yellow berries, luscious fruit which charmed the women of the Thunderbird's tribe. But before the latter could pick any berries, the Owl, always wise, discovered the ruse. He called out to the women to beware, and they, becoming alarmed, ran home.

Ai-po-ik was consulted again by the disappointed Woodpecker warriors. This time he advised their becoming salmon. They filled the stream which ran by the Thunderbird's ranch. News of the big run of fish was conveyed to the Thunderbird, and the women went down to catch the salmon. The Owl accompanied the Woodpecker's wife to the stream. The Wise One was still suspicious. The salmon noticed the woman coming with the old man (the Owl). The latter filled his canoe with the fish, and among them was a prime salmon, none other than Lthekle-mit, the Woodpecker, himself.

"Guard well that king salmon," said the Thunderbird to the woman when the Owl exhibited his prize.

When nobody else seemed to be listening the salmon spoke to the woman.

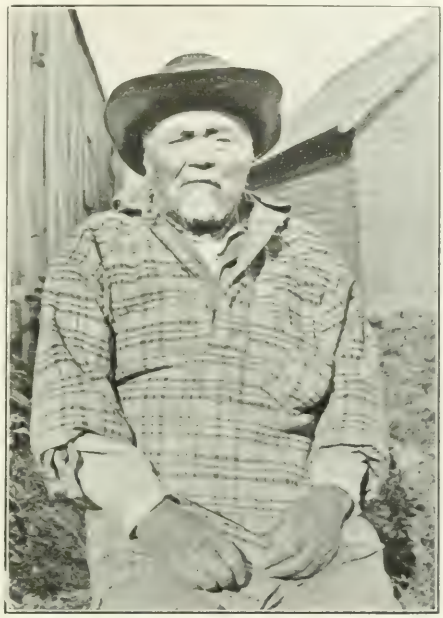
"I am Lthekle-mit, take care of me," it said.

The wife immediately recognised her lord. She rolled up the big salmon in her grass blanket. Again it said:

"Take care of me; take every care of my bone; do not give it to your man."

(The Indians are very particular with regard to the bone of salmon, and, rather than have it destroyed, they will throw it into the river out of respect to the fish. They contend that the salmon is really their friend, and, as is well known on the Coast, an Indian can catch salmon better than a white man can. Indians will not cut a salmon section-wise nor slit it up the belly. To destroy the backbone would be to disgrace the salmon).

The woman carried her real husband, in the guise of a salmon, into the house, put him on a fine mat, cut him, taking care of even the blood and saving the offal. The Thunderbird wanted a piece of the fish, but she pleaded that it was really only a small salmon when the bone was cut out, and she wanted it for herself. Kwateat, the Mink, the smartest animal of all because he could lie, drew the Thunderbird's attention away from the woman. He had been speared as a king salmon, too, and placed on the drying rack. He broke the rack, which made the Thunderbird's people angry. They placed him on the floor, which made his back ache. There he was left all night.



OLD QUISTO, WHO TOLD THE STORY OF THE TOTEM IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE

Special photograph for The Canadian Magazine by S. Stone

For hours during the night the woman lay awake scheming how she could get away with Lthekle-mit. When day broke he solved the problem for her. In obedience to his command, she bore his backbone to the salt water. Many people were on the beach and several offered to carry the bone for her, but she would let none take it from her. She walked into the sea against the protests of all the Thunderbird's tribe.

The watchers saw her go into the water as far as her waist.

OLD "AUNT JEANIE," A CENTENARIAN WHOSE ANCESTORS FOUGHT IN THE BATTLES BETWEEN THE "THUNDERBIRD" AND THE "WOODPECKER"

Photograph by Rev. W. J. Stone

Next they saw her bend down into the sea with the bone.

The people then saw two salmon swimming away.

The Woodpecker had recovered his wife.

As the pair swam away they were joined by all the other salmon. Kwat-eat, the Mink, broke down the house he was in and made for the ocean while all the Thunderbird's people were put in great commotion. The Eagle and his ally, the Owl, greatly chagrined at the turn affairs had taken, immediately brought on a thunderstorm, the Eagle flapping his wings at a furious rate.

But the salmon escaped.

Again the scene is changed to the big beach Esouwista, where Ko-ish-in-mit, the Crow, is cawing loudly over the scene of desolation that the thunderstorm has brought. The Woodpecker returns to find his home destroyed.

A council of war is immediately held. The Snipe suggests that with a whale the Woodpecker could revenge his wrongs and he is sent to Wreck Bay, Ek-toop-mit, to request the loan of one.

Once more the Woodpecker's warriors launch forth to battle, and again their objective point is the home of the Thunderbird.

That very morning a right whale was sighted by one of the Eagle's people, who immediately notified the Owl, who was outside the house on his sitting carpet, a cedar plank. The Owl carried the news to the Thunderbird, and Teet-ska at once flew off to where the whale was, dug his talons into him, but found him stronger to tackle than he had thought. The brothers of the Thunderbird flew to his assistance. Others of the tribe joined them.

When all had their talons in the whale their claws were clinched on the inside. The whale (Tha-kou-in) turned out to be simply a warrior's canoe in the form of a leviathan. Within were the pick of the warriors of the tribe of Lthe-kle-mit, the Woodpecker. The Thunderbird, his brothers, and those braves who had joined in the attack on Tha-kou-in, the Whale, were all drowned.

Thus was the Woodpecker avenged.

This is the story the totem tells and its moral each man may read for himself.

A Springtime Lyric

BY INGLIS MORSE

O BIRD, as wing on wing
Thou cleavest morning light,
In all thy wonted plight
Wilt sing, for ever sing?

Sing to me once again
The glad old song of earth—
Of life and lasting worth
And visions not in vain.

Barry the Bad

By JEAN BLEWETT

Telling how good resolutions battling against inherited weaknesses may in the end prevail

THE red-haired young giant could not call to mind the time he had not borne the name of Barry the Bad, and lived up to it. His father was Mike O'Hallern, called "Mike o' the Bush," to distinguish him from respectable Mike O'Hallern, owner of the finest farm in the settlement. Kitty O'Hallern, his mother, was well and unfavourably known. She was methodical in her habits. All week she busied herself knitting the thick woollen socks worn by the lumbermen in the camps spread out along the great wood bordering the river. Saturday afternoons she walked to Campbell's Corners, sold the result of her labour at the little general store, crossed over to the rough board tavern and began to spend the money without delay. Along about sunset she wended her way homewards, singing Tom Moore's ballads at the top of her sweet but unsteady voice.

Kitty was what her admiring husband called a great figure of a woman, and if the little parson, meeting her on her return trip soon after his arrival in the place, was somewhat discomposed, it is not to be wondered at. He had seen drunken women before, but never one like this creature in short flannel skirt and smock of stout blue jean, with a man's cap on her head and a man's pair of top boots on her feet. If he were still further discomposed when she came to an abrupt halt before him, and ceased her singing long enough to tell what she thought of him, of his doctrine as a means of grace, and to threaten him with what would happen if ever he interfered with her or hers, it is not to be wondered at.

"And this is the mother of Barry, the grim young giant I met last night!" said the parson, and shook his head.

"Don't meddle with the O'Hallerns," was a common saying in the little Durham settlement. They were North of Ireland folk, lawless, vindictive. For years they had been a menace to their neighbours, and made life a burden to such as dared to cross their purposes or give offence. They were commonly hated and feared, despised yet cringed to. For their few supporters they were ready to lay down their lives, for their host of enemies they had craft and cruelty. They stuck at nothing. McAllister, a Highlander, hailing first of all from the sheep farms below Inverness, and last of all from the ambitious Canadian town of Peterborough, found this out when he came to the neighbourhood to take possession of some land he had bought. Dennis O'Hallern, eldest son of the house, held possession, having squatted on it the year previously. He not only refused to vacate, but with lusty words of hate on his lips, and trusty shot-gun in hand, he defied the astonished Scot.

"Good for Dennis!" said Mike o' the Bush.

"A broth of a boy!" said Mike's wife, Kitty.

They were used to intimidating the neighbours; it was a pleasant diversion. But McAllister knew something about feuds and high-handedness himself. He disappeared from the scene with a haste which went far toward convincing the enemy that he was a coward pure and simple. Dennis soon relaxed his vigilance, and went out amongst his cronies to talk over the easy victory. He returned to find the surprise of his life. The Scot was in possession, everything belonging to Dennis was piled up on the highway—everything save the shot-gun. From the barred window McAllister called to him

that if he, or one of his breed, came near the lace whateffer, he would get more of that weapon than was healthy at all, at all.

This was in early spring. Just after harvest McAllister's barn was burned. Next year he stacked his grain. Every stack went up in smoke.

What! Was one red-whiskered, stuttering Scotchman to beard the O'Hallerns in their den?

Only for the daughter of the house there would probably have been murder done. Many times Molly had given the reckless McAllister warning. A friendship, ripening into something warmer, had sprung up between the two. At this crisis the girl faced her family, denounced the cowardly attack on one man, and boldly made known her intention of casting in her lot with the enemy for good and all.

Then spoke Mike o' the Bush with authority: If Molly wanted the man he was hers, no harm should come to him through an O'Hallern. As for the land, it should go to McAllister as Molly's dower.

They let McAllister alone after that, but continued active in other directions. It was a frequent occurrence for some man who had incurred their hatred to find his cattle poisoned, his horses lamed, or his crops destroyed.

In the midst of these things Barry "got converted." To quote his proud mother, Barry heretofore had been the flower o' the flock. He was a tall, lean, broad-shouldered fellow, with hair thick and ruddy, blue eyes, proclaiming him daredevil; and he had as ugly a jaw as one could wish to see. He was twenty-one when converted, and the event shook the neighbourhood to its foundations, and shattered the pride and hope of his family.

It was a day of bitterness for the O'Hallerns. Barry, six-foot Barry, in response to some powerful influence—certainly not in response to the little parson's eloquence, for he had none—stood up in the log school-house used as a church, stood up, white-faced and dim-eyed, walked deliberately to the altar, and knelt with clasped hands held heavenward.

A hush fell on the people. Nobody saw Barry for two days afterwards; then he came amongst them with such a light on his face that the faithful said: "A miracle!"

As for the O'Hallerns, they cast him off with one accord.

"The shame of it!" cried Kitty. "There's Dennis and wee Bob, and the others, following in their father's steps in a way to make a man proud, so they are, and Barry, big-feeling, good-looking Barry, joining himself to the canting Methodys, and going to the divil ginerally! The shame of it, indade!"

The father said, with an oath, that a week's religion would last Barry a lifetime. He knew Barry.

Barry, after the manner of men deeply in earnest, had little to say. There were confessions to make, and he made them; reparations to work out, and he worked them out.

"I turned your cattle into your grain," he said to Squire Heath, without lifting his eyes, "and harmed you every way I could. I haven't liked you. I don't like you now. You sent your girl away to school because she—she didn't hate me—but I ask your pardon."

"Glad you're turning over a new leaf," said the squire, with a long and searching glance. "You'll make a man yet. But hearken," holding up a finger, "my opinion is unchanged. I'd rather see my daughter in her coffin than married to an O'Hallern. The badness is bred in the bone."

"I know it; I know it," and big drops of sweat stood on Barry's forehead. "The badness is part and parcel of me. Think you I'll ever feel sure enough of myself to think of one as good and gentle as your girl? All I want is a chance to make up for the past and to keep straight. It's easy for some to be good, 'tisn't for me. The oath slips out; hate flashes up. I knocked a man down last night (the voice had a tremble in it, but the mouth was resolute). I'm afraid of myself, bitterly afraid at times, but, with the help of God, I'm going on."

"Barry," and the old squire grasped his hand, "you'll win out—you've good stuff in you. But get out of the neighbourhood, shake the dust of this place from

your feet, and start afresh in a new place. The influence here —"

"Yes, I'm going," interrupted Barry, "but I'm coming back (all at once he looked a man, strong, resolute), coming back in God's good time."

The place knew Barry no more for years. He went to another county, hired out to the owner of a saw-mill, became foreman, made and saved considerable money. Then that mighty energy of his was directed into another channel. He found his way to Toronto and began his career as a student.

When a year or so later word came to the O'Hallern settlement that Barry had chosen the ministry for a profession, Mike o' the Bush walked eighteen miles through snow and sleet to have the name of his unnatural son struck from his will. The only word of cheer came from Molly McAllister, who, in a poorly-written scrawl, wished him well, reminded him that he was near and dear to her in spite of all, and begged him not to be ashamed of her when he came to be a gentleman. Barry's cheeks were wet as he read it. As a student he was a wonder. The knowledge of his own ignorance was a goad which urged him to a pace that astonished everyone. He was handicapped, yet he forged ahead. Anger, revenge, love of friend, hatred of foe, these were bred in his bone. Inherited vices battled with good resolves, battled ceaselessly all the long, hard march toward learning, and grace, and self-control. He stubbornly refused to look back; he was a born conqueror—the eyes and the jaws told that.

Sometimes, not often, he thought of Margaret Heath, but though she was at school in the same city, he made no attempt to see her. Why should he? She had no place in his plans; his life was to be one of hardship and steady self-denial. About the time he had this firmly settled in his mind, he met her. Barry could not remember the time when he had not loved to look at her. He was looking at her now. She smiled, and the thrill which had run through his veins in the old days raced through them again. Barry the minister told himself that she was something a little lower than the angels, that she had a beautiful soul. Barry the man knew without the telling that she had a slim, round body, rose-leaf skin and eyes that said a thousand things. Knowing so much, he loved her in a very human fashion. But he continued to put all thought of her away. Out of respect to old Squire Heath, and out of respect to something stern and strong in his own nature, he refused to think of Margaret. He knew the task awaiting him. He was going back where Mike o' the Bush held sway, back where he himself was known as the outcast of old, back where his mother sang Moore's love songs with maudlin sweetness, back to the shame and the struggle. Why? Because God called him back. It was his to stand and preach to those he had sinned with and sinned against.

The strain, the close confinement, and hard study of his last year told on him. He began to know irritability and despondency, and to find himself in the grasp of dark humours. It was while trying to keep down an unreasonable anger against existing conditions that he found himself one of a group in Queen's Park on an April afternoon, when bud and leaf and new greenness were making the world lovely.

Young Henderson, dapper and gentlemanly, was beside Margaret Heath. The two were discussing the chief character in a popular book,

"A dastardly fellow," volunteered Margaret.

"What can you expect? Nobility cannot be acquired; it is an inborn virtue." Henderson's tone was didactic. "Show me a man born into an atmosphere of littleness, revenge and scheming, and you show me a man to whom greatness and truth must ever be strangers."

"Your view is a narrow one." Barry spoke with emphasis. His own story was not unknown. Exaggerated reports of the prowess of Mike o' the Bush and singing Kitty had reached many of his fellow-students.

Young Henderson was not a bad fellow at heart, but this ruddy-haired giant had distanced him in his studies; and, more

presumptuous still, had dared to lift his eyes to Margaret Heath. It was not to be borne.

"Excuse me, O'Hallern, nothing personal meant," his tone was insolent. "Wouldn't have expressed myself so freely had I remembered." His smile was more insolent than his tone. "But the fact remains that heredity is stronger than anything save grace, stronger than that sometimes."

He might well say so. The way Barry's right arm shot out was worthy of Mike o' the Bush in his brawniest days. Henderson measured his length on the ground.

"When you want to insult me," cried Barry, with one of the famous O'Hallern oaths, "do it when we're alone!"

A frightened silence fell on the group. Henderson got up slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes, turned with a deferential air to the girls:

"Pardon me for bringing you into such company," he said. "The fellow has given me what I might jokingly call a striking proof of the truth of my theory —to wit, the man who is born a ruffian, stays one."

Barry was not looking at him, but at Margaret. To his excited fancy she typified contempt for him and his, for his ideals and failures, his endeavours and his abasement.

"I beg your pardon," he said thickly, and left them.

Then it was that the devil met him, and led him away into the soft loneliness of the spring twilight to tempt him. What had prayer and fasting wrought? He was no higher for all his striving, all his climbing. Henderson, with his culture, his pride of birth; Henderson, who had all that Barry lacked, and with these, Margaret's love! The desire to crush him flamed up hot and strong. The sap of Barry's genealogical tree tingled in his veins.

Presently a mist crept between him and the daffodil sky, and through it the stars blinked softly. The shadows deepened, the quiet and the stillness of night spread till all the earth was hushed.

Prone on his face lay Barry, battling with instincts which scoffed at repression, with pride, and doubt, and despair. But he came off conqueror.

The seating capacity of the church, newly erected on Squire Heath's "town-line corner," was taxed to the utmost that Easter Sabbath which saw Barry in its pulpit for the first time. Few of his hearers ever quite forgot the sermon he preached. Barry had not erred in thinking he had received the "call."

Mike o' the Bush sat just inside the door. To show his contempt for the place he found himself in, and for the man who preached, he kept on his peaked cap. Yet he listened with intentness, and when at the close of the service he shuffled away, it might have been noticed that the wicked old eyes under the peaked cap were curiously softened.

Kitty refused to go to the church. "Flaunting his piety in the face o' us!" was her bitter comment.

God gives this good old earth but one Eastertide a year. One is enough, seeing that into it is crowded the sweetness and promise of a twelvemonth. Barry was thinking this as he turned off the highway that Sunday afternoon, and took the short cut through the wood for the spot he had once called home.

The old house, the pine trees straggling down the lane, the broken gate—why, nothing was changed. Would they give him welcome? He meant to lay claim to their affection. He needed it, nay, all at once, he longed for it with a mighty longing. No, he would not knock like a stranger, he would lift the latch in the old way and—

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hallern, try not to shame him! Make it as easy for him as you can. You must love him a little, must be proud of him, surely, surely."

It was Margaret Heath's voice. Barry did not go in, could not, in fact. He leaned against the casement and listened dully to his mother's denunciation.

"Proud of him! Proud of the only hypocrite of my flock! I'm like to be that, Margaret Heath, I am, indade." The scorn in her voice pierced poor Barry's heart. "And the modesty of you to come teaching the mother that bore him how she should carry herself toward him.

You might have saved your breath. 'Tis many a day since Barry has been son of mine."

"He is a grand man, Mrs. O'Hallern, if you only knew —"

Barry waited to hear no more. Gone his elation of soul, gone his emotion of tenderness toward his own. It was a very human Barry, a broken Barry, who took his way down the lane, and leaned his head on the roadside gate. He had known pain and discouragement before, but this wave of homesickness and heartsickness was more than he could bear. What was that about gathering figs from thistles and grapes from thorns? He was an O'Hallern, and the badness was bred in the bone. Someone laid a hand upon his arm and spoke to him, but he did not lift his head.

"Go away, Margaret," he said, sullenly. "You mean to be kind, but you don't understand. Go away."

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me? What! You won't even look at me?"

There never was a warmer, softer voice than Margaret's, but Barry shook his head stubbornly.

"What's the good? You know what I am, that ought to be enough. Don't Margaret." There was almost a sob in his voice.

Into his big right hand, hanging listlessly at his side, Margaret had slipped her clinging fingers. He lifted a haggard face to hers.

"You know that I love you, Margaret, have loved you always, always. Your father said to me that he would rather see you in your coffin than married to me. He was right." Barry squared his shoulders with the old fierce air of independence. "Quite right," he said. "I don't want you here, Margaret; I—I can't bear it just now. Go away, dear."

"But I've something to tell you, Barry."

Kitty, watching from the shelter of the low-growing pines, noted jealously that the girl kept hold of his hand.

"Something important, listen! Father and I had a long talk after church. It ended with my having full permission to" —a pause—"to marry you. He has faith in you, so have I. Shall I go away?"

The radiance of the sunshine, the breath of promise in the winds, the ecstacy of the robin's song, the fragrance, gladness and hope of the spring day, seemed all at once to fill Barry's heart, and light Barry's face. He drew a step nearer.

"You'll be daughter of Mike o' the Bush and of his wife, Kitty?" His voice was wonderful in its soft solemnity.

"Are you strong enough for this, Margaret? They are my kith and kin, near and dear to me, in spite of all. I could not bear you to feel scorn of them, Margaret. It would break my heart."

Kitty, listening greedily, sank back farther among the pines, but her head went up proudly. "'Tis in the O'Hallerns to stand up for their own," she muttered. "Good boy, Barry!"

But what was Squire Heath's girl saying: "Your people shall be mine—Mike o' the Bush and Kitty can't be all bad; there must be something noble in them, else how could they have borne a son like you, Barry?"

"She shall have him," muttered Kitty to herself, unlimited condescension in her tone. "Yes, she shall. Kith and kin—near and dear." Into the eyes faded, yet fierce, stole two hot tears. "Bless the red head of you, Barry, me boy! I must go tell Mike we've to turn over a new leaf; yes, a new leaf, do ye mind."

"You're sure you'll not be sorry?" Barry was saying.

"Would I have gone this far had I not been sure?" Margaret half turned away, but his strong arms caught and imprisoned her. His ruddy head bent low over her dark tresses, and—but what matter? The way of a man with a maid is an old, old story, and the Rev. Barry O'Hallern was very much of a man.

"If a hope concerning you had ever come into my heart, it went away for good and all that day in the park," he said, as they walked hand-in-hand along the country road. "You must have been desperately ashamed of me. I was ashamed of myself."

"Listen, Barry," smiling up at him, "I never knew how much I loved you till you knocked Henderson down."

"Then," with a headlong tumble from grace, "I'm glad I did it."

How Mackenzie Failed

By JOHN CHARLTON

Reminiscences of the famous Dominion General Elections of 1878, with a defence of Mackenzie's administration of the treasury

THE holding of public meetings in various parts of Canada by the leading speakers of each party followed pretty closely upon the prorogation of the House of Commons, May 10th, 1878. Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie were both active. Sir John's tour was made in company with Mr. Plumb and other lieutenants. On a few occasions Sir John and Mr. Mackenzie met and engaged in a discussion of public questions. On one of these occasions Mr. Mackenzie made a scathing arraignment of Sir John and his colleagues for the great political crime perpetrated by them, popularly designated "The Pacific Scandal," and he wound up that branch of his subject with a stinging denunciation of Sir John, as the leader of the Government, for his perfidy and betrayal of sacred public trusts. Pausing before taking up another branch of the questions with which he was dealing, he poured out a tumbler of water and drank about one-half of it. As he put the tumbler down, Sir John, who sat just at his side, put out his hand for the tumbler. The action attracted the attention of the audience, and caused Mr. Mackenzie to look on in some surprise. Lifting the tumbler to his lips Sir John drank the water that Mr. Mackenzie had left, then, setting the empty tumbler back upon the table, he slowly said, with deep solemnity of tone: "We are all miserable sinners." As Sir John expected, the audience seized upon the inference that while he was not perfect Mackenzie was little, if any, better, and the roar of laughter that followed rather disconcerted the Liberal Premier.

The contest, as was anticipated, turned upon the question of a protective vs. a revenue tariff policy. Conservative newspapers and orators made extravagant promises, and indulged in absurd predictions as to the advantages that would speedily follow the adoption of the National Policy, as it was called. The tall chimneys of manufacturing establishments, it was asserted, would speedily arise in all the towns and cities. Canada would become self-dependent and self-sustaining. A home market was to be furnished for all the productions of the soil; the value of farms would rapidly increase; the emigration of Canadians to the United States would practically cease, and the farmer was to be protected from the competition of American farm products by agricultural duties; the price of manufactured articles was to be increased temporarily, and to a slight extent only, for domestic competition would regulate that matter. Promises as to the character of proposed tariff changes could be freely made to suit localities; the hobby of every man would be humoured; the desire of every man could be met. In the Maritime Provinces a readjustment of the tariff without increase of burden could be promised; while in Ontario such a scale of duties as should prove effectually protective could be promised. The manufacturers understood perfectly well that they would be masters of the situation and could dictate the fiscal policy of the Government when the time came to arrange its details, and the majority of those manufacturers who had heretofore been Liberals, deserted Mr. Mackenzie and went over to the enemy. Perhaps they were not to be blamed, for whatever promises the advocates of the new policy might make, the manufacturer knew that all the advantages to flow from it would come to him.

An ineffectual attempt was made to

fasten the charge of extravagance and corrupt expenditure upon the Mackenzie Administration. The stock in trade used for the purpose was the purchase of steel rails in excess of present requirements; the erection of a wooden building at Fort William at a cost of $5,000, known as the "Neebing Hotel," and the construction of a lock on Rainy River known as St. Francis Lock, which it was alleged was an unnecessary expenditure, and one that should have been made by contract, and not, as had been the case, by day labour.

In the early summer I addressed meetings at Orillia, Stayner, Fergus, Orangeville, and other points in Ontario. I was thoroughly convinced of the gravity of the situation, and sought to impress upon Mr. Mackenzie the necessity for thorough and widely extended discussion. My belief was that the dissolution of the House should be deferred as long as possible for the purpose of allowing ample time for such discussion. Mr. Mackenzie and his advisers did not consider my fears well founded, and were quite optimistic as to the party prospect. In reply to a communication of about July 1st, setting forth my fears on this subject, Mr. Mackenzie wrote me on July 5th as follows:

OTTAWA, July 5th, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—I noticed the accounts of the meetings you refer to, and am greatly pleased with your success, and particularly pleased at the result of the Fergus meeting. I had much depended upon that for that section.

I was in Quebec for a day last week, and I think we may rest contented as to that Province. Joly, I think, will without doubt go through the Session, probably with an increase to his strength of three or four. Such were the indications when I was at Quebec, and I have heard nothing to the contrary yet.

As to the Federal elections, neither party in that Province has concluded arrangements in nearly half the counties, and it would be difficult to say which are the worst behind. It is evident, I think, that we will gain Gaspé, Kamouraska, Chicoutimi, Charlevoix, Quebec County, Quebec West, and very likely Bellechasse and Beauce. I do not think we will gain anything in the Montreal district, and I shall be well satisfied if we hold our own there. We may lose one or two of the city seats, but I hope that we will gain something in the townships. Stanstead and Missisquoi seem likely to go to our side. Cylmer is not extra strong in his county, but I hope he will win.

The accounts from the Lower Provinces are on the whole favourable. Our friends in New Brunswick expect with good arrangements to gain one or two seats, and I think myself this extremely likely, but I think it is equally likely that we may lose one and probably two.

If the present indications in Nova Scotia continue, we will be stronger there than now, but I will hear more definitely in a few days after Jones has been over the Province.

The Hastings are all three looking well at present. Kingston seems absolutely certain. South Leeds, South Lanark, and North Renfrew also promise well, and I think Murray will win in Pontiac; Hagar, McNab, Archibald, and our new candidate Laflamme in Dundas, are all confident in their counties. So is our candidate in Cornwall, but I have no positive information otherwise. Cornwall in any case would be very close.

The temperance people in Grenville, I fear, will not in many cases vote for Wiser. Buell will carry Brockville if the new rolls are issued; if the old rolls continue in force it will be very close. North Leeds and Grenville can be won in this way. Jones offers himself now on our side; if our people will vote for him they can carry the County, and it is quite probable that they may carry it with a straight candidate. There is a meeting in Russell to-morrow of our friends —that, of course, is, as usual, uncertain.

Mr. Buckingham has gone West for a fortnight, and I shall not leave home myself for two or three weeks, if I can avoid it. I am very well at present.

Faithfully yours,

A. MACKENZIE.

John Charlton, Esq., M.P.,
Lynedoch, Ont.

This letter reassured me. I was glad to believe that probably I was too much of a pessimist, and that Mr. Mackenzie, who was at the seat of government, and in constant communication with shrewd and well-informed men in all parts of the Dominion, must be able to form an opinion substantially correct as to the political outlook. The result of the election, unfortunately, proved how wide of the mark his forecast was.

I spared the time from my own work to give Henry W. Allen, the Liberal candidate, a few meetings in South Norfolk. My address to the electors was issued August 26th, and an effort was made to put a copy in the hands of every voter in the riding. It was a document of some

length, and pretty freely discussed the leading issues of the contest, treating of the financial policy, the debt increase, and the causes for it, the absurdity of agricultural protection, the hostile spirit shown towards England in the proposed protection policy, and the folly of supposing that a reciprocity of tariffs would secure reciprocity of trade with the United States. The following paragraph of the address, tersely setting forth as it does the most important of the public measures given by the Mackenzie Government to the country, is perhaps worth inserting here:

> As a supporter of the Mackenzie Government in the past, I can point with satisfaction to its public measures. It has given the country an admirable election law which makes stringent provisions against corrupt practices. It has enacted that controverted elections shall be tried by the courts; that elections shall be upon the same day throughout Canada, except in the case of fourteen remote Ridings; that vote shall be by ballot, and that every actual settler in the Northwest shall be entitled to 160 acres of land. It has secured the independence of Parliament by enacting that no member can contract with, or be in the pay of the Crown. It has constituted a Supreme Court of Canada; has established a military school for training efficient officers, and has used its utmost efforts to obtain a reciprocity treaty with the United States. It has carried into effect when in power the reforms which the Reform party asked for when in Opposition, and has introduced many salutary reforms into the various departments of the public service.

Mr. Mackenzie was thunderstruck by the result of the elections and he felt deeply hurt by the popular verdict upon his administration of public affairs. He was conscious of rectitude of purpose and thorough honesty in the discharge of public duties. He had firmly resisted all attempts to make raids upon the treasury, and had made enemies among his own political friends by his firm refusal to listen to proposals to embark in schemes that involved the expenditure of public money, and he had stood firm against all attempts to use Government patronage and influence for the purpose of promoting private aims. He had stood by what he conceived to be a consistent revenue tariff policy in the face of the strongest temptation to advance the rate of taxation because of the existence of deficits, and he had kept the expenditure of the Government within the narrowest possible limits, believing that a return of prosperity would give to the Government ample revenue under the tariff as it then existed for the payment of its expenses.

Without going into the consideration of the financial records of Mr. Mackenzie's Government, I think the facts available in the Blue Books warrant me in asserting that his management of the fiscal affairs of Canada was in the highest degree prudent and commendable. The increase of the public debt, due to deficits arising from the pressure of hard times, and consequent diminution of revenue, and to the carrying out in a prudent, conservative manner of the obligations incurred by his predecessors was altogether unavoidable, and was kept by him within the narrowest possible limits. The small actual increase in the expenditure chargeable to Consolidated Fund during the entire period of his administration, extending from November 8th, 1873, to October 16th, 1878, in the face of a largely increased expenditure for interest rendered unavoidable by increase of the public debt, and also increased expenditure for Mounted Police, Indian Management, and Management of Public Lands rendered necessary by the expansion and settlement of the Northwest, shows most conclusively that rigid economy was practised in all the departments of the Government having to do with the expenditure of public moneys. In this respect Mr. Mackenzie's Government was above criticism. His was the only thoroughly honest, economical, careful administration that has managed the affairs of Canada since Confederation. Statues have been erected to Sir John A. Macdonald in various parts of the Dominion, but Mr. Mackenzie's claims to recognition, up to the time his statue was erected on Parliament Hill in 1901, seem to have been generally overlooked. Perhaps the time will come when the public will more fully realise that no public man has up to this time deserved from the people of this Dominion as high consideration as has that truthful and noble exponent of Reform principles and honest administration.

Motors that Pass in the Night

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

How two motor cars "act up" purposely, and succeed in bringing two estranged lovers to a happy understanding

CHARACTERS

JENNY THORNE, *a Canadian Girl.*

LAURENCE KENT, *an Englishman.*

TWO MOTOR CARS.

SCENE.—*The road between here and there. Time: After sunset on a November evening. The first motor, a dainty little new car, scarlet in colour, comes blazing through the dusk, trudges up a steep hill with some bravado, and stops at the top with a little self-satisfied grunt.*

FIRST MOTOR: Now, I'm just going to have a rest; I don't care what she says. How a woman does take it out of you! I wish I hadn't put Stirling up to making love to her. Then she wouldn't have given him the chuck like that, at a moment's notice. But it was fun at the time, and it's such a temptation, when it's so easy to pop almost any idea you like into the head of a chauffeur, if your electricity's working all right. Pouf! I am tired! Serve her right if I'd stopped half-way up the hill, to teach her not to try and scrape up without changing speed; and I would have done it, too, if she weren't so pretty.

Jenny: Good gracious! what can I have done that's wrong? The engine's stopped. Oh, dear, sometimes Stirling has a lot of trouble starting! Not often, of course, but it would be just my luck if—everything's been going wrong with me lately. Anyway, I'd have had to stop presently and light the lamps, so it may as well be now. People call out such brutal things if you don't light up. Stupid of them! I'm sure nobody needs to *see* us. We make noise enough. (*She gets down, and tries to light the acetylene lamp, a thing she has never happened to do before, though she has seen her chauffeur do it fifty times since she took to motoring to heal a wounded heart.*) Who would have dreamed it could be so difficult? Well, I just can't do it, that's all. People can say what they like—or they can kill me if they like—I don't much care. Only I'm so hungry. I hardly feel equal to being killed very violently. I could have borne being crushed or smeared better if I'd had my tea. (*She tries to start the car, and fails. Tries again, hurts her hand and wrings it.*) I almost wish I'd given Stirling twenty-four hours' notice instead of five minutes. But a chauffeur who makes love to you, and actually expects you to be pleased! I suppose he thinks he's good looking. I never noticed it, if he is; and I despise the sort of man who's always telling you that he's a gentleman, down in the world through no fault of his own. If he really *were* one, you'd know it soon enough without his telling you. I did right, but—but—perhaps I was a little precipitate. And it is getting very dark. I do feel so miserable—and lonely. What would Larry say if he could see me now? Oh, I *know* what he would say: That I'm exactly the kind of creature he disapproves of—the kind that ought to have things happen to her. I—I would never have believed he could say such things of me, if Marian McNaughten hadn't told me—sweet Marian, who hates to hurt people's feelings, and is such a saint. Larry would think—but luckily I don't care what he thinks of me. Not that he's likely to think about me at all. I'm sure I *never* do about him.

First Motor: Silly little thing to believe that hypocritical Miss McNaughten. Why, even the most absent-minded automobile can see with half a valve that the woman's in love with her cousin. Laur-

ence Kent, and is determined to marry him. It was sitting in my tonneau that she told Jenny the things that induced the girl to break off her engagement. It made me tired, and I've been tired ever since. I shall go on being tired, too, till I get back home again. And I don't approve of girls as drivers, no matter how pretty and bright they may be. They're too restless. I wish she'd have an understanding with her "Larry," for he isn't the sort of man to let his *fiancée* drive.

Jenny (*still trying to start the car*): You little brute—you might go!

First Motor: I simply won't till I'm good and ready. You've made me feel very queer in my insides with your bad driving. Goodness, how much easier it seems to be for a girl to start crying than to start even a little, simple, ingenuous, twelve-horse-power pet like me!

Jenny (*not hearing a word First Motor says*): Oh, horror, here comes a car—a huge car—a car as big as a lighthouse! And my car is right in its way. If it doesn't see us, we shall be——. Oh, please, please, do be careful! I wish I were a police trap!

First Motor: I'm *en pause* if it isn't Larry Kent's forty-horse car. I haven't seen him since we parted, just before the row, but I'd know him anywhere a mile off. He's far too fine a gentleman to run into a lady like me, just because I don't happen to be wearing my lights.

Second Motor: By my maker—it's you! (*His master stops him suddenly, and the car takes credit to himself for not skidding.*)

Laurence Kent (*jumping out of his big blue car, and taking off his cap*): Is it possible—*you!* And alone! Are you hurt?

Jenny: Not yet. I mean—I thought—but it doesn't matter. *Good* evening, Mr. Kent.

Laurence: I thought you were in France.

Jenny: So I should be, if I had only myself to please. But, as you possibly know, I have someone else to consult now. Once you disapproved of my travelling about with only a maid, even though she was my nurse when I was small, and is old enough to be my mother. Now there's no longer anything "incorrect" in my conduct, and my being alone this evening is quite an accident.

Laurence: I never said—

Jenny: Oh, never mind! Please let us drop the subject. It's of *no* importance.

Laurence: As you will. But at least I may inquire into the nature of the accident? Something has happened—

Jenny: Not at all. I—I'm just stopping to rest on my way back. The country is very nice at this time of year.

Laurence (*bitterly*): It's popular with honeymoon couples.

Jenny (*looking rather blank*): Naturally.

Second Motor to First Motor: Is she married?

First Motor: Who?

Second Motor: Why, your pretty Canadian girl, of course.

First Motor: Don't call her mine. I'm tired of her. Being a feminine thing myself, I can't stand a woman's whims, always interfering with mine. I much prefer a man to drive me, and am doing all I can lately to disgust her with me. But as for her being married, that's Tommy Rot, you know, as you English say. She hasn't looked at anyone since she threw over your master in a silly letter; and though, just to amuse myself, I magnetised Stirling, her chauffeur—a *very* good-looking boy and almost a gentleman—to make love to her, she wouldn't listen. When he said something about kissing her ear, she told him to get off the car that minute, and threw a month's wages in the mud. Then she drove me away, at a fearful pace, and left him to scoop the money up. I haven't got over that run yet.

Second Motor: You poor little thing! You do have your troubles, but they can't be worse than mine. My master drives me like a demon since his cousin, Miss McNaughten, told him that Miss Thorne's reason for throwing him over without an explanation was because she was in love with her handsome chauffeur, and secretly engaged to him. Lately, when poor old Larry thought of going on a trip again with me for a change, Marian warned him if he did he might

meet a certain honeymooning couple, as she'd heard from Miss Thorne that the wedding would probably take place the first of December.

First Motor: Not a word of truth in it! Marian McNaughten's a jealous, mischief-making cat, as *I* knew from the minute she stuck one of my tyres with a hatpin, to prevent Jenny taking her *fiancée* a spin before he was called back on business. You know that day? They hadn't been engaged a week. It was only a month after our first meeting.

Second Motor: Great Mors! Can I believe you? I always thought Marian such a sweet girl, and old Larry considers her a saint.

First Motor: He'll find out his mistake when she's his wife.

Second Motor: She never will be. You don't know Larry. He was horribly cut up when your Jenny jilted him.

First Motor: She only wrote that letter to follow him to London, because Marian told her Larry was ashamed of her odd Canadian ways, and didn't see how he should break it to his people that he was going to marry a girl who spent her time trotting about the Continent with no chaperone except a maid. Marian pretended to hate saying the things, but, as woman to woman, she felt Jenny ought to know how Larry was feeling now the first glamour had worn off.

Second Motor: Well, I *never!*

First Motor: Oh, I have, often. I *know* women.

Second Motor: Can't we bring them together again?

First Motor: Big silly! Am *I* not doing my best?

Second Motor: Clever creature! Did you stop on purpose when you saw us?

First Motor: (*under her petrol*): What do *you* think?

Second Motor: Little flirt!

Laurence: And may I ask where is your—er—your—

Jenny: Stirling? I—er—dropped him just to have a go myself. I don't mind driving alone in the least. He's given me so many lessons.

Laurence: I dare say.

Jenny: Please don't let me keep you.

Laurence: I can't go on and leave you like this.

Jenny: I'm quite safe. There's the advantage of Canadian independence. No man is a necessity.

Laurence: Not even your—

Jenny: Not even—anyone. *Good-night.*

Laurence: Your lamps ought to be lit.

Jenny: I—er—was just going to—

Laurence: Allow me—

Jenny (*miserably*): No—I—I *can't* take help from you, Mr. Kent, after—after everything. I *mustn't.*

Laurence (*angrily*): *He* would disapprove if he knew, I suppose?

Jenny: I don't know what you mean, but I'm sure it's of *no* importance. I believe I have said good-night?

Laurence: If you have, it has slipped my mind. It may be "stodgy" and "English" of me, but I can't allow a lady whom I—a lady of my acquaintance to motor alone along a country road at night.

Jenny: It isn't night.

Laurence: It's pitch dark, and I shall wait quietly till you've lighted your lamps—since you won't let me do it—and started your car.

Jenny (*confused*): Oh! you're going to wait for—that?

Laurence: Yes; it would be the same if we were strangers.

Jenny: It can't be the same. I wish it could.

Laurence: I, certainly, should be happier if we always had been. But this has nothing to do with what has been. It will be a mere case of—motors that pass in the night.

Jenny: The sooner they pass the better, then.

Laurence: Very well. You've only to start.

Jenny (*looking desperately at her motor*): Yes, I've only to start. Ah, Mr. Kent, no doubt you mean well; but good intentions are paving stones—you know where—and my tyres don't love *pavé.* I ask you, as a gentleman, to leave me. I have my own reasons.

Laurence (*flushed and hot*): At least, I had no intention of persecuting you. I meant merely to follow, at a distance, and see that you were safe. (*Aside*).

Can she be expecting someone—not that bounder of a husband? Marian used to warn me that all Canadian girls are flirts. Well, it's not my affair—any longer. (*Aloud*). But since *I* may not do that—good-night.

Second Motor: There we go! It's all up.

First Motor: Don't you believe it. I'll bet I know *men* better than you do, as well as women.

(*Laurence starts his car again, and drives off. He hears the grunting and bellowing of a herd of cattle being driven toward some market village, and, remembering Jenny's terror of cattle, slows down and turns round once more; then stops to await developments*). Can she have got off? No; her motor's a noisy little brute. I should have heard her voice if she'd started. I believe she must be waiting for someone. She doesn't deserve that I should care what happens—but I do care—because I'm a fool. I'll stop till the cattle have got by. If she should want me—

(*Jenny's motor has just decided to start, but at sight and sound of these terrible creatures Jenny's hand drops from the starting-handle*).

Jenny: Oh, horror! horror! Why did I tell him to go? Larry, Larry, save me!

Laurence (*answering from a distance*): Hullo!

(*He jumps into a dry ditch, and runs along it, thus outstripping the cattle. He lifts Jenny into her car*). You ought to have a car you can start from the seat!

Jenny (*sobbing*): Oh, it was terrible to be left alone with them.

Laurence: Your—husband oughtn't to have left you.

Jenny: My *husband!* Are you dreaming?

Laurence: Weren't you with him? I understood you to say you'd dropped him—

Jenny: I haven't picked him up yet.

Laurence: What do you mean?

Jenny: What do *you* mean? (*She dries her eyes*).

Laurence: Why, that you—surely you—Marian said it was to be the first of the month.

Jenny: What?

Laurence: Your—wedding.

Jenny: Why, I haven't even been engaged—since—

Laurence: Not to—your chauffeur?

Jenny: No. He was engaged to me. To work for me—nothing else. I discharged him to-day because he—said things about love—the wretch!

Laurence: But—you said "we" were there.

Jenny: A sweet old Canadian aunt and I. She joined me the other day, and wanted to see the country, though, of course, I would rather have stayed away from this place, after what Marian said you said.

Laurence: Marian! I never said anything to her about you which you could have disliked.

Jenny: Did you think I would *like* to hear that you thought me forward and fast, and that you were ashamed your people should know—

Laurence: I never said anything of the kind. Was that why you wrote to tell me you never wanted to hear from me and see me again—that it had all been a mistake?

Jenny: Wasn't it enough to make me do it?

Laurence: If you believed—but Marian told me that you threw me over because you'd fallen in love with a gentleman chauffeur whom you'd engaged—

Jenny: Oh, Larry!

Laurence: Darling!

First Motor: How good and clever of me to arrange all this! Lawrence's motor will be pleased when he knows. I suppose he and I will be always together now. Well, I don't know that I could have done better for myself. He's forty horse-power—and my favourite colour.

Laurence: Nothing shall ever part us again.

Jenny: Nothing.

Laurence: I'll get a special license.

Jenny: Yes, do. It would be so nice to surprise Marian.

(*Laurence takes her in his arms, and First Motor congratulates herself that her lights are not lit, as she hates being made conspicuous.*)

The Precedence of Loyalty

By F. BLAKE CROFTON

To show that while love of country is a commendable thing, there is a broader loyalty that should have precedence

IN these days when "Canada for the Canadians" is so popular a cry and so dominant a sentiment, it may be wholesome to reflect that we still owe some obligations to non-Canadian portions of the globe.

If we believe in a Supreme Being, our first loyalty is evidently due to Him. The wishes and commands of our Creator, so far as we know them or fancy that we know them, should outweigh those of his creatures. The old question, whether a person believing in an immoral God should obey the supposed mandates of virtue or of omnipotence, is outside the scope of our inquiry, which will not extend itself to the loyalty due to principles or virtues.

While our kindly feelings should embrace all creatures, and while man plus the lower animals should weigh more with us than man alone, yet to speak of our loyalty to beasts, birds and fishes would be stretching the term. For the idea of loyalty includes a sense of something owed; and, while we plainly owe everything to God and much to mankind and our country and our parents, what we may owe to other creatures, except a few domestic animals, is not so apparent. It may therefore be said that, next to God, mankind at large has the strongest claim upon our loyalty.

The whole is greater than any of its parts; the welfare of the world should be paramount to the welfare of the dearest country or confederation in it. The grandest exemplars of altruism embraced all mankind in their comprehensive sympathies. With the Christ and with the Buddha, with Socrates and Wilberforce, altruism was unbounded by sea or mountain; it did not discriminate against Jew or Gentile, against Greek or barbarian; it embraced human beings of every race and colour. All men are the brethren of the great philanthropists. To relieve misery in the mass is more beneficent, though not necessarily more benevolent, than to relieve single sufferers. To improve the condition of the world is a higher aim than to improve the condition of a single country, just as it is a greater achievement to increase the prosperity of a country than to secure the welfare of a family.

Our country, in the broadest sense of term, deserves the third place in our altruistic regards. It is, as Cicero said, the common parent of us all. It so vastly outnumbers our family and friends that it outweighs their claims to our loyal consideration, though these are greater than the claims of any equal number of our countrymen. Besides, the prosperity of our country must increase the prosperity of many of our friends and relatives, while the insecurity of our country involves the insecurity of our family and of everything it owns. Patriotism has signally marked the rise of great nations. Witness modern Japan and ancient Greece and Rome. In a nation's decline patriotism is more often a profession than a creed.

A man certainly owes a more distinct and definite allegiance to the country of which he is a citizen by birth or adoption than he owes to the land of his fathers. But, while the claims of the former upon his loyalty are the weightier in themselves, how far they practically prevail with him must depend on circumstances, such as his nationality, the length of time since he or his fathers emigrated, the moral standards of the

two countries, their past records and their present characteristics and customs. In any case *some* loyal regard remains due to our ancestral country, unless it has shamefully misused us. The etymological meaning of "patriotism" is a fealty or devotion to the *land of our fathers*.

When the country of one's birth or adoption is, like Canada, a portion of an empire or confederation, the narrower patriotism is apt to overpower or even to efface the broader. And this would be entirely justifiable if the land of our birth or adoption were cruelly taxed or wilfully injured by the empire or if it asked for representation and partnership and were disdainfully refused. The claims of imperial loyalty would be obliterated by injustice, and it would then become our duty as freemen to aspire and strive for separation. Should the influence of our own Empire become maleficent, should it embark on a career of wanton aggression, should it treat its weak dependencies as Belgium treats the Congo State, then, even if Canadian liberties were still intact, Canada would rightly antagonise her misguided brethren of the United Kingdom. In this contingency the broad patriotism formerly felt for our Empire would naturally and properly be eclipsed by the still broader loyalty due to mankind. But while we own allegiance to the Crown and see no sufficient cause to detach ourselves from the British Empire, loyalty to it should have the precedence over loyalty to the Dominion. The whole is more important than its best loved part. Assume that loyalty, like charity, begins at home, and that we properly prefer the welfare of our family to that of any other family, the welfare of our province to that of any other province, the welfare of our Dominion to that of any other portion of the Empire on the globe. Yet the truth of this assumption would not justify us in purchasing the prosperity of near thousands by the sufferings of far millions or in providing luxury for a favoured few at the cost of starvation for a greater or even an equal number of outsiders. If a measure promised some advantage to Canada but an immensely greater amount of harm to the Empire or the world, I hold that a broad conception of loyalty, as well as morals and Christianity, should lead a fair-minded Canadian to work and vote against it. Moreover Canada is affected by any impairment of the Empire's prestige or prosperity, and the security of every part depends upon the security of the whole.

In judging the sometimes divergent claims of the broader and narrower patriotism, it may be well to recall the example of the great Nova Scotian patriot, Joseph Howe. While the provinces were denied responsible government, he fought fearlessly and struck hard blows for their rights. He antagonised two Governors and was for a time boycotted at Government House. He was misrepresented in despatches as a mischievous and offensive agitator. Yet in the heat of the strife he never lost his good-will to the mother country or his desire for the strengthening of the Empire. With this successful champion of provincial autonomy the welfare of the Empire was paramount. "The question of questions for us all," he declared, "far transcending in importance any other within range of domestic or foreign politics is ....how the whole Empire can be so organised and strengthened as to command peace or be impregnable in war." Yet he was always ready to resume the defence of his native land, if it should be unfairly treated. "Sir," he said, in his memorable speech on the organisation of the Empire, "I would not cling to England one single hour after I was convinced that the friendship of (British) North America was undervalued, and that the status to which we may reasonably aspire had been refused."

Loyalty in its narrowest phases—devotion to the clan or flock or family—is common to most animals. This narrow altruism is usually the most intense, and its phenomena—a friend personating his friend upon the scaffold, a husband pleading guilty to a wife's crime, a she-bear dying for her young—are often admirable and pathetic. But to focus one's affection is a natural instinct and needs no cultivation. It is a ques-

tion whether it requires stimulation as often as restraint.

There is another loyalty which is too commonly given high precedence and deserves none. I mean the so-called loyalty to party. Association with a party should be viewed as an alliance to further certain policies or principles. When we alter our opinions or our party alters its opinions, we are at liberty to terminate the alliance, and no allegiance remains due to our former allies. A change of party argues that a man is open to conviction, and that he places principle and patriotism above political ties. The presumption is that his motives are praiseworthy, unless this presumption be rebutted by evidence that the turncoat has been actuated by more unworthy considerations. Of the man whose fealty to his party effaces his fealty to his country or his empire, it may be said:

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

A virtue may be pushed so far as to clash with other virtues, and loyalty even to one's country or empire may become too fervent. The growing loyalty to Canada promises well. But it will not prove an unmixed blessing if it narrows our thoughts and sympathies or becomes so exclusive as to supersede all other loyalties; if it does not prompt us to *work* for the prosperity of the country and to stamp out dishonesty and corruption; if it does not lead us to legislate wisely and to enforce the laws impartially; if it confines itself to hymning the praises and denying the faults of the Dominion or to belittling the services and exaggerating the wrongs done us by the mother country, as is the fashion with some politicians and journalists.

Blind loyalty to any realm, however vast, is to be deprecated, if the predominance of that realm would menace freedom and civilisation. When patriotism clashes with philanthropy, philanthropy should prevail. Even patriotism to the most beneficient empire in the history of the world calls for restraint when it luxuriates into jingoism and becomes a menace to peace. A time might come when the patricians and parvenus of Great Britain had generally forgotten the obligations of wealth and position, as so many of them have already done; when self-indulgence and snobbery and vulgar ostentation were still more prevalent than they are; when, as in the decline of the Spanish and Roman Empires, sensualism had begotten cruelty, and humanity had ceased to be a factor of the imperial policy; when the infusion of new blood (by colonial representation) and all imaginable correctives had failed to arrest the moral decay, and when that decay was spreading from the centre to the extremities of the Empire. In such a case our imperial loyalty would be obliterated by our duty to the human race and ourselves, and, it being impracticable to place Britain in quarantine, we should at least separate ourselves from it.

It is not to widen the bounds or enhance the grandeur of our Empire that more practical loyalty to it should be encouraged, but because its consolidation would secure from aggression almost a quarter of the human race, and its downfall would be a calamity to the other three-quarters. Of human agencies the British Empire has achieved most for the happiness of mankind. It began and still continues the war upon slavery. It has been the most benign and successful coloniser recorded in history. It spreads the spirit of liberty and toleration. The Mother of Nations is also the mother of parliaments, and remains the great exemplar of constitutional government. The Three Kingdoms and, with a few illiberal exceptions, the rest of the Empire, have hitherto kept their gates open to the poor and oppressed of all nations.

The continuance of Britain's rule in India and her African territories promises to gift the world with a universal language. It is true that the growing numbers and importance of the English-speaking peoples might eventually cause some simplified form of our language to be accepted as a general medium of communication. But this boon to mankind

would be retarded if Britain were driven from her Asiatic and African possessions. At present English is generally taught in the schools of India, the proceedings and speeches in the Indian National Congress are in English, and a number of periodicals are published in English and circulated among natives speaking many dialects. English is already the medium of communication between educated natives of different districts, and promises soon to be the medium between uneducated natives also. Were the British expelled, Hindustani would doubtless become the language universally taught in the schools as well as the official language of the Indian Parliament, if there were one. Newspapers intended to circulate over the whole peninsula would likewise be printed in Hindustani; and the English language and peace would fade from among the three hundred million inhabitants of Hindustan.

It is for such reasons that it is desirable that imperial patriotism should be stimulated, and that we Canadians should try not to regard Canada so exclusively as a separate unit, but as part of a majestic whole. Loyalty to our Empire is not, as in the case of minor nations, a generous sentiment only; it is a desideratum for mankind. And if imperial patriotism be desirable, it should be displayed, not merely in waving flags and declaiming poems and singing "God Save the King," but also in resisting movements threatening to weaken the Empire (such as the exclusion of our Hindu fellow-subjects and our Japanese allies), and in supporting measures tending to knit the scattered realms that own allegiance to the Crown.

As loudly as loyalty calls for the consolidation of the Empire—to wander slightly from my subject—still louder is the call of self-respect. Canada, already more populous than England and Wales were in the great reign of Elizabeth, is wholly unrepresented in the Imperial Parliament, and contributes inadequately to the imperial expenses. One can understand separatists, but it is hard to understand Canadians who, with the resources and prosperity that we brag of, are content with our state of unreciprocating dependency. I cannot put the case any better now than I tried to put it some years ago in the London *Morning Post:*

"I wish my country to be a coördinate and not a subordinate member of our empire. I wish us, lest we lose our membership, to pay our annual dues. For the small yearly price of a dollar or two each, I wish us to secure our self-respect as well as our freedom and existence as a nation. I would like to see Canadians displaying their eloquence in an imperial assembly. I would like to see the minds of our people expand by voting on imperial and cosmopolitan issues. I would like us to be free to denounce blunders or abuses in the Army, Navy or Foreign Office without any risk of being invited by some flippant journalist to "put up or shut up." I want us to be able to board a British man-of-war with the feeling of the Scotsman who announced himself as 'yin o' the owners.' I want to stop the possibility of any British 'bounder' looking down on us as dependents or hangers-on. I want to avert the partial atrophy that awaits a nation which declines to exercise all the functions of nationhood."

THE BETRAYAL

Posed by Members of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria

ST. PETER

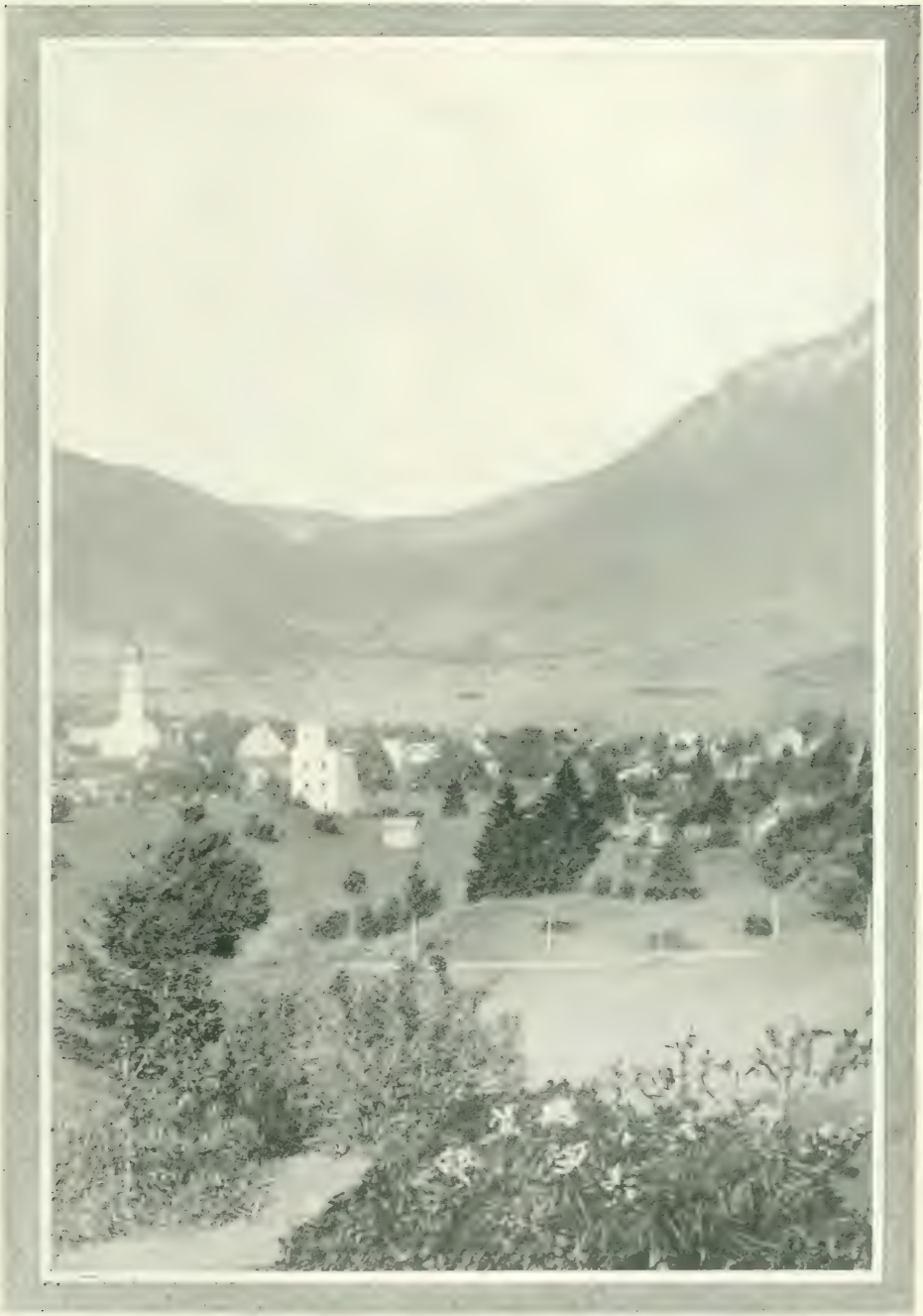
Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria

MARY

Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria

ST. JOHN

Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company, Oberammergau, Bavaria



THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU, BAVARIA

Home of the Passion Play

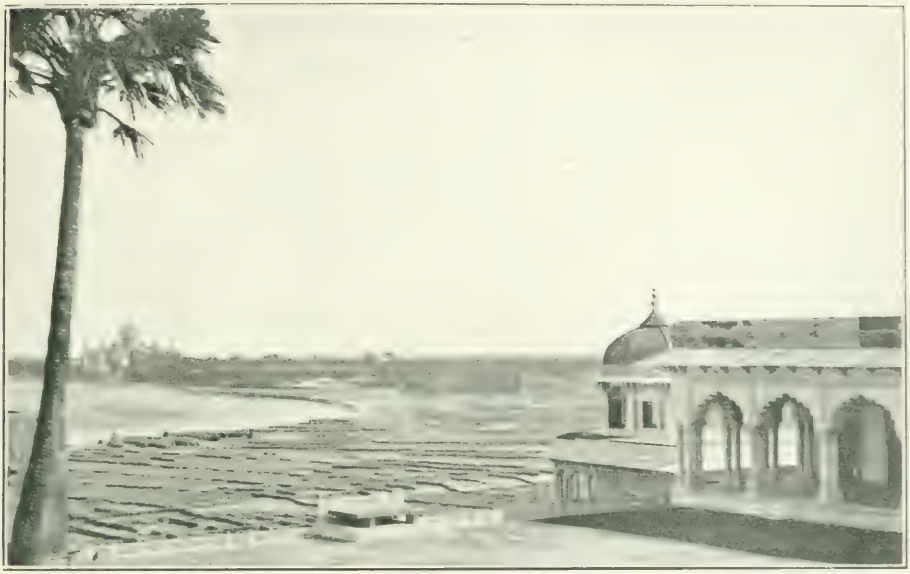
Where Two Roads Meet

BY ANNIE L. JACK

STAY, earth bound pilgrim, lay your burden down;
Linger yet awhile before you seek the town;
'Tis a blessed resting-place at the Saviour's feet,
Symbolled by the cross—where two roads meet.

Are your footsteps lagging on the narrow way,
Where stern duty calls your storm-tossed soul to-day?
Here forget your trouble, life is passing fleet;
Solace often comes—where two roads meet.

Broad the path of pleasure, weary grow the throng—
Keep your courage, brother; fear not and be strong—
Christ has risen indeed, O comfort sure and sweet!
There's rest beside His Cross—where two roads meet.



LOOKING FROM THE PLATFORM IN THE FOREGROUND SHAH JEHAN CHOSE THE SITE OF THE TAJ MAHAL, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

A Shrine of Love

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

The wonderful Taj Mahal, a woman's inspiration, erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of Mumtaz Mahal, his wife

IN 1607 A.D., Shah Jehan, when 15 years old, was betrothed to Mumtaz Mahal, a daughter of Nur Jahan's brother. Five years later the marriage was celebrated, and after nineteen years of wedded life, in which she bore fourteen children to her royal husband, Mumtaz Mahal died of the pain of childbirth on June 7th, 1631.

Overpowered by grief for a week, it is said Shah Jehan refused to leave his room, and if kingship were not a sacred charge he would have turned fakir for the rest of his life. For months he gave up all pleasures, all uses of coloured dress, of scents and jewels, which every oriental loves, and at every visit to the harem he returned with tears in his eyes, saying, "Nobody's face can delight me now."

In a rare Persian manuscript in the Victoria Memorial Hall at Agra, one reads the following description of the death scene of Mumtaz Mahal: "Just before the birth of the last child a sound of crying was heard in the womb of Mumtaz Mahal. Immediately the doctor despaired of her life, and summoned the Emperor to her side, when in plaintive accents she said: 'It is well known that when the babe cries in the womb, the mother can never survive its birth. Now that it is my lot to leave this mortal sphere for the eternal home, O King, pardon every fault that I have commit-

ted. Promise to keep my two last requests: Raise not issue of any other woman, lest her children and mine should come to blows for the succession; and build over me such a mausoleum that the like of it may not be seen anywhere else in the world.'"

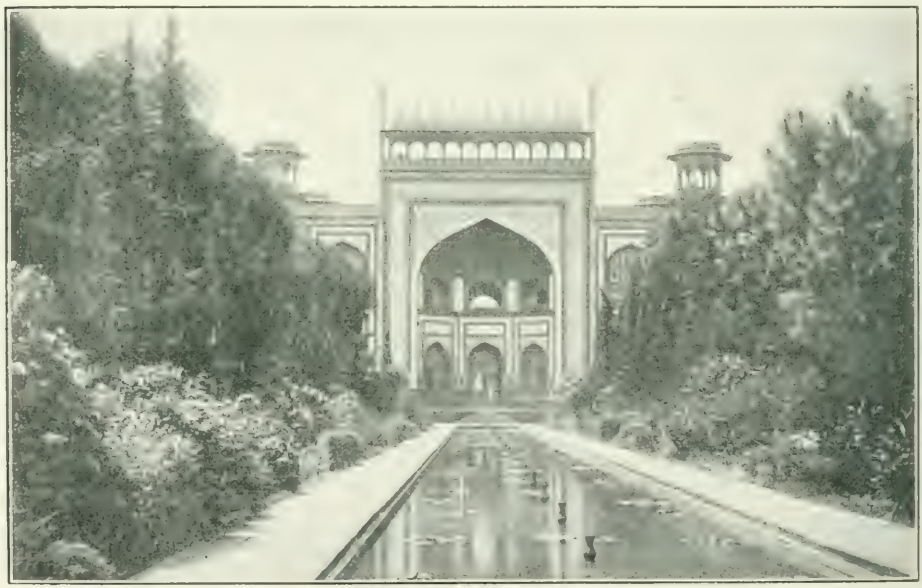
The Taj Mahal marks the culmination of the sculptural art of the Moghuls. Some say it was the work of a Venetian architect, others ascribe it to a Frenchman. Be that as it may, Shah Jehan in the plenitude of his power and passion, standing on the stone terrace by the water edge, must have had one great thought in his mind—the last word of his beloved Sultana, as he watched each day the workmen raising to her memory the peerless monument that has a soul just as if it had been created, not made.

It is Mumtaz Mahal herself, radiant in her youthful beauty at early morn, in the glowing mid-day sun at that magic moment when the sun has set, or in the light of the silvery morn. It is, to use the words of an Indian writer, "A noble tribute to the grace of an Indian woman—the Venus de Milo of the East."

The figure of some veiled eastern princess in the garden by the shining viper and the four minarets are the sentinels keeping guard over the beauty and tenderness which so often finds shelter behind the purdah screen of the Indian womanhood. So from the top of the Baland Darwaza one sees to-day low down on the horizon the white dome like a great pearl in all its beauty and its strangeness.

A shrine of love, the inspiration of a woman—the great white tomb at Agra is built of the purest marble. The brighter the glare of the sun the more beautiful it seems, for the shadows falling on the alcoves are of that deep blue colour which make it seem so feminine, so attractive, like the portrait of a woman, and one whom light can only make more lovely. *Silent, distant and demure* by moonlight, it has a strange fascination which grows upon one more and more as the moon rises, and the shadows fall and hide the alcoves round the tomb. But you have only seen it from a distance.

As one passes through the doorway out of the Indian sun, the scene changes and the beautiful trellis work like a lace curtain studded with precious stones adds further to the sentiment—the mystery of this great tomb.



ENTRANCE TO THE TAJ MAHAL—A SHRINE OF LOVE

Here topaz and turquoise, lapis lazuli, jasper and jade are woven with onyx and amethysts in the pure white marble screen under the dome.

One seems to talk in a whisper just as one does in any sacred building—for if a single note is sounded the strangeness of the echo may be heard—for not till the note has died away does the deep-toned repetition come from the dome above.

But the Taj was not Shah Jehan's only work, for it was he who constructed the wonderful and famous peacock throne composed of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires which cost nearly six million pounds. Who can tell? To-day some of the jewels may grace the crowns of European kings, or some tiara, or rest in the hidden vaults in Persia.

No one knows where the peacock throne went to. It disappeared in that mysterious oriental way just as it came, and just as it stood on the throne in the King's palace at Delhi, where there is written: "If there is a paradise on earth, It is this, It is this, It is this."

To give an idea of the wealth of the King, Shah Jehan reigned for over thirty years, and with all his undertakings left twenty-four millions sterling and a vast accumulation of wrought gold and silver.

The Contrast

BY E. M. YEOMAN

COMES spring again to the cold-plundered earth,
With subtle odours, and with sweet fresh flowers,
And brilliant paints, and chorus songs of mirth,
To light her mansion, and delight her bowers?

And where the sunbeams play in forest-hush,
Steals forth the dearworth mayflow'r bashfully,
Fashioned of milk and faint vermilion's blush,
With chosen scent, in pure simplicity.

Comp'nies of fragile, purple violets dance
In all the green haunts of the stately wold;
Rich verdure overspreads the mead's expanse,
Stained with wild flowers' pink, and white, and gold.

Golden and blue, the simple heav'ns descend,
Shrill riotous with winged things' harmonies.
Yea! all the earth with beauty doth resplend,
And I alone commune with miseries.

Spring's straying odours sicken all my sense
To a narcotic chaos of despair;
And little flow'rs breathe forth no influence;
And songs seem frantic with ecstatic care;

For, oh! my heart is weeping-ripe in me,
Chilled to a withered thing by sorrow's frost;
And lo! it droops with heavy memory
Of a high love it sought, and found, and lost.

The Awakening of Spring

By S. T. WOOD

An appreciation of the things in nature that appear with rejuvenating spring, making the whole world kin

ALL nature responds to the spirit of a glad awakening. The dull drowsiness of a season of repose is thrown off and the life that is old, yet ever new, pulsates again in the strength and vigour of renewed youth. The unfathomable mystery of a folded leaf pushes up through the softened and nourishing soil, eager to engage in the endless struggle for existence, and to transmit down the ages the life it has inherited from the beginningless past. There must be joy in the unfolding of a flower, else it could not spread abroad such a contagious spirit of exhilaration. The hepaticas are eager to be first on the slopes that quiver in the strengthening rays of the sun, while the snow still lingers in the shaded hollows. The three-lobed leaves that lived contentedly under the snow through the long sleep of winter are nourishing into life the tenderly folded and downy flowers. These awaken in all their brightness and look up to the vaulted sky, reflecting its deepest blue or shading into dainty tints of pink and white. The coiled stems and folded flowers were all prepared in early fall and waited long for the magic touch that quickened them into life. The more retiring flowers of the trailing arbutus can be found hiding and wasting their delicate perfume under the carpet of dry leaves spread by the trees in autumn. Those white, waxy, tubular flowers concealed in the clusters of hardy green leaves and covered with the shrivelled and fallen debris of the past year were also prepared in early autumn, but only the genial magic of spring can coax the waiting buds to expand. Down in the swampy places, where the ice lingers, the graceful, fleshy, shell-like flower of the skunk cabbage is resting on the yielding mud, while the leaves that will soon give the place a tropical aspect appear as sharp and tightly folded points of green, formed to penetrate the imprisoning soil. This flower is always greeted as the first of the spring, but its best friends know it in the fall and see it settle to sleep under the first covering of snow. There it reposes awaiting the summons to the great revival. Where the strengthening sun plays directly on the southern slopes, the hills seem to tremble under the touch of its reviving rays. That evanescent quivering warmth is among the most inviting of all the signs of returning life. On nearer approach the trembling refractions disappear, but the ground has many more permanent signs of life. The rounded tops of mandrakes are pushing their dull way up through the yielding soil, and a sharper spike of paler and more closely folded leaves shows where Jack-in-the-pulpit will stand with becoming dignity. The glossy, dappled leaves of the dog's tooth violet are appearing in straggling beds, but it is too early to look for the yellow flowers that will soon bend over to whisper a benediction on mother earth. The trilliums are forcing their way through the soil and the eye runs quickly from one green point to another in hope of finding an opening flower.

A clear, distant call brings sudden forgetfulness of the quiet life of the ground and an eager quest for the bright messenger, heralding his return from the far south. "First! First!" the bluebird's call has been interpreted by one of his most devoted admirers, who has caught the tone and spirit of his greeting. The bright spot of blue stands out clear and distinct on the still naked branches of a box alder, and as he flies to some lower shrubbery after an impatient pause, the

soft red of his breast shows in happy contrast. Another and another follow at unsociable distances, for they are the advance guard of male birds that have come to seek habitations. In a few days they will be seeking partners among the later arrivals, and will be selecting safe retreats, bored by the industrious woodpeckers, for their well-guarded domestic establishments. A shadow sweeps along the uneven ground and up against the blue sky four crows pass with steady strokes, their strained pinions showing in fine, clear, black outline. They turn to a growth of restful pines, calling out in varied tones, and suddenly growing uncertain and excited. Alighting momentarily and circling back and forth, they noisily declare themselves with vigorous independence. What a romance would be revealed by an interpretation of those varied cries, rattling gutturals and many changes and pasturings! There is love, rivalry, jealousy, anger, fear, uncertainty, all the passions and sentiments that go to make up the trials and triumphs of life. Away they go with their noisy disputations, and once more the delicate chords respond to a lighter touch. The call of the song sparrow, bright, clear, varied and cheerful, is poured out to the blue sky from a perch at the top of a beech whose lengthening, thorn-like buds already give promise of the summer's foliage. Again and again he raises his voice, alone but not lonely, for the joy of singing is its own satisfying response. He seems strangely satisfied with himself—a contrast to the impatient bluebirds and disputing crows.

In all the bursting, quivering and changing manifestations of spring there is none more attractively assuring than the birds returning with the season or responding to its inspiring influence. Every arrival is welcomed with happy eagerness. The robin we all know, for the city's vapours have no terrors for him. He may loiter about all winter, showing himself occasionally and calling out in the passing gleams of sunshine to awaken delusive hopes of spring. The noisy, vigorous, showy and mischievous jays remain through the winter, gathering food from many sources and sometimes appealing to the kindness of suburban residents. The woodpeckers never desert us, and the shrikes and saw-whit owls find their diminutive prey throughout the harshest of seasons. The hasty and fluttering snowbirds gather on the weedy, open spaces in irregular flocks, searching for scattered seeds along the black ridges of naked earth. But when the timid bluebird displays his rich colours in the strengthening sunlight and the song sparrow's familiar call rises from a conspicuous perch, it is an assurance that the spirit of spring is really in the air. It would be unfair to deny full recognition to the message of the robin, because an occasional hardy straggler remains through the winter. The new arrivals are quite sociable in the morning after the long companionship of their night journey, and they move along over the open spaces picking up the slugs and grubs that have lain through the winter awaiting a summons to take up their part in the grand transformation. The killdeer is first among the waders, and is calling loudly and showing his striking contrast of white and orange along the shores of the still swollen creeks and rivers. Wild and distant, he is intolerant of every attempt at familiarity, but the flash of his wings and the greeting of his shrill call blend naturally in the great opening chorus.

Nature is everywhere renewing her youth. She has been dreaming, and the white mantle is just drawn aside. The pussies on the willow trees are pushing their little grey noses from under their black-brown hoods. The long catkins of the alders are showing signs of life, and elongating into yellow pendants. A broken sassafras twig fills the air with one of the most delightful of forest odours. It is hard to resist the boyish impulse to cut a maple tree and taste the sap, or to crush the buds of the black birch to enjoy its rich perfume. The moss is melting holes for itself through the lingering patches of black and littered ice. The wintergreen is all about, covering occasional patches with rich green leaves, and sometimes timidly displaying a brilliant, tempting scarlet berry. It has defied the frost, the snow and the ice of winter, and now comes forth with sturdy vigour, as if but newly awakened into life. The linger-

ing ice is shrinking away from the awakening shore along the swampy margins of the streams and there the water cress is clearly displaying its tender green, as an assurance of the continuity of life through the long sleep of winter. On the shore some sassafras trees are completely girdled at the ground and doomed to die. The muskrats are active in building their coarse, weedy houses in the water, or tunnelling the banks, but they have not been guilty of this work of destruction. The tiny wounds show the sharp teeth of the arvicola, the diminutive relative of the beaver, who works actively under the snow all winter, rising occasionally to the surface to breathe or to flounder helplessly along for a few feet, leaving a track looking pitifully weak in the broad white expanse. But the marks of his depredations revealed in the spring make a formidable contrast to the feeble disclosures of his presence in winter.

The spring invites with every manifestation of eager life. High in the air a gray goshawk is slowly circling, almost transparent against the clear sky, while down among the pines another member of the hawk family is in trouble with the crows, who are chasing him mercilessly from tree to tree. Out of the thicket comes a lively tattoo, as the downy woodpecker calls his friends by drumming on a resonant limb. In every sound, in every aspect of the landscape, in the yellow and brown tint of the still naked tracery in the distance, or the close thrust of the folded trillium through the soil, there is the inviting spirit of life's renewal. Every swelling bud breathes out the joy of existence. Every vital cell that quickens with the coursing sap feels the delight of new life. And every vein pulsating with the crimson stream responds to the magic touch that makes the whole world kin.

Ethics of the Farm

DUGALD MACPHERSON used to say that it is a good plan never to tell anyone where you buy your seed grain. And he was about right. He figured this way: Suppose, for instance, that I get from John Smith a sowing of what is calculated to be A1 wheat. I tell my neighbours all about it—what I paid for it, where I got it, and how many pounds it goes to the bushel. Of course we are only supposing that; I really would not tell them anything about it. Smith's wheat happens to turn out bad this year, and becomes known all over the section for its smut. Mine suffers as a natural consequence, even though by a beneficent act of Providence it should be as clean as a scalded porker. That means that my wheat will not sell for seed any sooner than Smith's, which is not at all. On its reputation alone it will go in the hands of the buyers or millers several grades lower than it otherwise would. Thus I lose by my own indiscretion. But if I say nothing to my neighbours about my seed grain, Smith's wheat and its reputation will have no reflection on mine. Even should there be some smut here and there in my crop, the chance is, provided the weather is dry, that we can fan it out and that the inspectors will never detect it. But fanning until Doomsday would not square you with the neighbours, should it be known where you got the seed.

So it can be seen that there are business secrets to guard on the farm as well as in the city. Of course, there are ways to let the cat out of the bag at the right time; but that is just where the real secret comes in.

Farmer John

Madame de Montier's Cream Puffs

By MARY S. WILLIAMS

An unsophisticated girl takes rank by unexpectedly turning the application of an All-Fool's Day joke

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a typical first day of April. Montreal lay washed in wild and watery sunshine, as Van Wundt "sloped" a lecture, and strode back to his boarding-house in a distinctly aggressive frame of mind. Had he been at home he would certainly have teased his little sister. As it was, he appropriated the most uncomfortable chair which the boarding-house parlour afforded, and made himself generally and conspicuously disagreeable to the other inmates.

A common impulse toward sociability and a common aversion to Montreal streets on an April day had drawn the lodgers of Madame de Montier's boarding-house by mutual consent to the one stuffy little parlour which the establishment afforded. The girl from Jamaica was deftly fastening mesh after mesh of airy stitches to the edge of an "umbrella shawl" which was nearing completion. Van Wundt knew that she wished him to admire it, so he carefully refrained from even a casual glance in its direction. Miss Dawe, the high school teacher, was evidently inclined for conversation after her monotonous day's grind, but Van Wundt cheerfully wet-blanketed all her attempts at affability. Presently, Graham, the medical student, strolled in, while "Wabbles," the Theolog., could be heard trying to adjust a disagreement between his latch-key and the street door.

Graham deposited his long limbs on the sofa beside the Jamaica girl, and adroitly admired her work. Van Wundt was well aware that he could have manufactured quite as effective a compliment himself. He also realised that he had purposely and obstinately refrained from informing the girl from Jamaica that her umbrella shawl was the "real thing." But notwithstanding these facts he experienced a sense of deep personal injury when he saw the smile which he had come to consider his especial property bestowed on Graham. With no very clear idea in his mind beyond a general desire to attract attention, he stalked toward the sofa; and at this juncture the street door-bell emitted the preparatory wheeze which always prefaced its discordant peal. Van Wundt hastily forestalled the ringing of the bell, and immediately found himself possessed of a formless, bulky parcel, suspiciously light in its avoirdupois.

"I suppose," he observed, as he deposited the parcel on the parlour table, "that for once in the course of our natural existence, our thoughts run in the same conjectural channel."

"How I'd *love* to know what's in it!" cried the Jamaica girl, impulsively.

"Cut it a lick with your knife, Van Wundt," commanded Graham. "If I am to be April-fooled," retorted Van Wundt, with dignity, "I don't intend everyone to know it." Nevertheless, he indulged his curiosity to the extent of a prolonged squint through a microscopic aperture which he had probed for the purpose.

"Cream puffs, by Jove!" he announced, and turned suddenly to face the expectant group of boarders pressing close about him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he declaimed, marking his periods with gestures which might be intended to convey everything in general, and nothing in particular. "Ladies and gentlemen: It has just occurred to me what a 'spiff' thing it would be to secrete these puffs, which Madame has evidently ordered up for dinner; then, after there has been a jolly fuss, and

Madame has routed the pastry shops, to work off the conjuring act and produce them to a triumphant accompaniment of self-laudation; that is, to appear with cream puffs, as if by magic."

The idea did not sound as prepossessing in actual narration as it had appeared to Van Wundt in the moment of inspiration, but either because the boarders had nothing better to do, or were relieved to see him approach a happier frame of mind, they indorsed the scheme with zest and interest. The cream puffs were then hidden in an old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa—a whited sepulchre of hypocrisy, but whose hollow form concealed nothing worse than clean sheets and pillow-cases.

"Do you think it's wicked, Wabbles?" Van Wundt demanded of that colourless individual.

"Oh, I'll let the rest of you shoulder the consequences," he drawled, and departed.

"Wabbles," Van Wundt observed with mild conviction, "is an utter ass and fool."

"I like Mr. Walters," the Jamaica girl stoutly averred, in conscientious defence of the absent.

"Wabbles," Van Wundt repeated, unabashed, "is a narrow-minded bigot. He won't shave his moustache, and he studiously avoids a rush."

"Mr. Walters is a good churchman," Miss Dawe observed, somewhat stiffly.

Miss Dawe was as genuine in her high churchism as "Wabbles" was hypocritic in his, and Van Wundt respected the difference.

"I've no kick against him for being high church, Miss Dawe," he lucidly explained; "it's simply because he's—*Wabbles*, and it now occurs to me that it would be a very funny thing to take those cream puffs out of the sofa, and hide them in some other place unbeknown to Wabbles. At the proper moment we'll delegate him to produce them, and he'll be—nonplussed.

"I'm game!" said Graham, shortly.

"Do you think he'd mind?" asked the Jamaica girl, with compunction.

"Certainly not," Van Wundt assured her. "He never knows when he's sat upon."

They carefully transferred the puffs from the chintz-covered sofa to a certain dark closet under the stairs, where Madame allowed snowshoes and other cumbersome valuables to be stored. This done, Graham deals Van Wundt a resounding thwack on the back. "I'm off to plug, old man," he said, "and that's where you ought to be."

"True it is, worse luck," muttered Van Wundt, plucking distractedly at his wispish locks. But as he did not immediately follow the path of duty pointed out by Graham, and as Miss Dawe recollected some forgotten task requiring immediate attention, the Jamaica girl and he were left alone in the little woolly parlour.

The advent of the Jamaica girl to Madame de Montier's boarding-house dated from the previous September. She was a "Freshie" at the Royal Victoria College, and had become an inmate of Madame's establishment for the purpose of supplementing her somewhat superficial knowledge of French. Her English ancestors had bequeathed her the rare instincts of a gentlewoman, combined with a pitifully atrophied sense of humour; and she had made her début into Canadian college life in a condition of such verdant guilelessness that Graham and Van Wundt had deemed it a humane act to "educate" her; an operation which they proceeded to carry out in a manner highly diverting to themselves. The horrors of Canadian winters constituted a particularly fruitful field of enlightenment, and additional zest had flavoured these narrations, in view of the winter's near approach. The Jamaica girl listened with polite credulity to impossible tales, told with unwinking mendacity. One day when Van Wundt (merely for the sake of imparting information which might prove interesting to a foreigner) mentioned that in midwinter the streets of Canadian cities become so icy that the horses are shod with skates to guard them against frequent falls, and that so protected they hold their forefeet stiffly in position, and swiftly propel themselves from behind with a gentle, undulating movement. It was then that the Jamaica girl's trusting nature was rudely shaken. For a time she persistently disbelieved everything, but under his zealous minis-

trations. Van Wundt was gratified to observe her dormant sense of humour begin to put forth diffident sprouts and buds.

It was growing dusk in the little woolly parlour, and through the windows a few umbrellas could be seen to bob back and forth in the murky closing of the April day. Van Wundt crossed the room and sat down beside the Jamaica girl. A fold of the umbrella shawl strayed over his knee, like a fluff of white sea-foam. He leaned impulsively toward her, and spoke in an undertone. "Don't you think it would be *dear* for just us two to know?" he ended, persuasively.

She met his eyes, then turned aside her own, and sank back on the sofa with soft laughter.

"This is an expansive April-fool joke," Van Wundt persisted, eagerly. "It has links and links, like a chain letter," he supplemented, vaguely. He was thinking, at the moment, how enchanting her dusky hair would look in the filmy setting of the umbrella shawl.

"It would be simply great, you know," he went on, reverting to the project he had in view.

The Jamaica girl looked up at him with the soft, compelling insistence for attention which her dark eyes nearly always expressed.

"It would be the—absolute—limit! *wouldn't* it?" she said, naïvely, as one repeating a lesson.

There is in Madame de Montier's boarding-house a curious little cupboard, wedged into the wall at the head of the flight of stairs which leads to the basement territories of kitchen and dining-room. This cupboard, being unused and of innocent appearance, seemed to Van Wundt peculiarly adapted for secretive purposes.

"Of course, you will play the same trick upon me, Mr. Van Wundt," remarked the Jamaica girl, tentatively, as they shut the cupboard door upon the ill-used puffs. He bent on her a glance intended to convey unutterable reproach, mingled with tender reassurance. What it did reveal, he, possibly, never knew, but she hastily murmured something about *Delta Sigma* minutes to be copied, and beat a precipitate retreat.

Dinner at the boarding-house that night was a hilarious affair. An indefinable sense of expectancy hung in the air, and the lodgers unanimously granted themselves a respite from French conversation. In the comprehensive April-fool prank which Van Wundt had so painstakingly organised, each one present felt himself or herself to be peculiarly a shareholder. In due course of time the soup was partaken of, and carried out. Justice was also done to the meat course, which likewise retraced its journey kitchenward. Then Madame, punctuating her words with graphic gestures, began to offer profuse apologies. "De leetle treat" which she had planned for dinner had not materialised. She was "inconsolable." She should have known better than to trust the *méchant boulanger* shops to send cream puffs the day of ordering in time for dinner!

Graham and Van Wundt emitted dismal groans, expressive of chagrin and disappointment, and signalled frantically to Wabbles. Wabbles, keyed to the highest pitch of vivacity of which his phlegmatic nature was capable, rose from his seat, and delivered himself of utterances which reflected credit upon the ambiguous trend of his clerical mind. He ended by stating that he had a mysterious but firm conviction that he would be able to produce the lamented cream puffs, if Madame would have the goodness to excuse him from the table for a moment.

There was a certain tension upon the boarders as they listened to the scraping sounds which issued from the parlour where Wabbles was wrestling with the tenacious sofa-lid. When he emerged from the upper region, he wore a fashion of countenance which satisfied even Van Wundt's abnormal craving. In vulgar phraseology, Wabbles was "mad"—the slow, white resentment which bides its time, and pays with interest.

"Wabbles is unreliable," said Van Wundt, consolingly, to cover any awkwardness arising from the failure of the expedition. But already Graham had arisen, and was declaring that Madame would believe him demented, but that *he* experienced a sensation precisely similar

to the one Wabbles had felt. He explained how ardently those present longed for the cream puffs (a delicacy to which they were all particularly susceptible), but how, above every other consideration, he wished to obviate any distress of mind occasioned to Madame herself by their non-appearance.

A sound of scuffling directly overhead followed Graham's exit. It continued for some time. Then the listening company below heard him impatiently strike a match.

Graham bore the reputation of being one of the best-natured chaps in college. But allowing this, it is an acknowledged fact that the masculine nature resents posing as a dupe, especially before the fair sex; and Graham's fierce descent of the basement stairs brought home to Van Wundt the realisation that vengeance was accumulating. Graham's retaliation, he knew, would be swift, sure, perfectly above board, but—effectual.

"Perhaps," Madame hinted, "somebody more has *de sensation*."

"*Ah oui, Madame!*" Van Wundt cried, exultingly. "*C'est a moi.* But I feel the need of some fair one to encourage me on my lonely quest. If such an one (he broke off, and looked at the Jamaica girl inquiringly) would accompany me, there would be no fear of dire disappointments."

It was dark at the head of the stairs where the little cupboard stood, and Van Wundt fumbled awkwardly for the knob, while thrills went through him as he occasionally encountered the Jamaica girl's hand trying to aid his search. Presently the door swung back and he reached into the aperture. "By jove!" he ejaculated, in consternation. "Well, *by* jove!" he reiterated, helplessly. He could not see his companion's face, but he felt, instinctively, her quick alarm and wonder.

"What is it?" she whispered, close to his arm.

"They're gone," Van Wundt said, bluntly, and for once in his life he felt as if he had nothing in particular to say.

It was a rather depressed company that strove to appreciate Madame's makeshift dessert. The joke was not proving as altogether satisfactory as had been anticipated; for each one had secretly contemplated with pleasure the ultimate restoration of the puffs, and it was humiliating to be forced to be resigned to sago pudding.

Suddenly Madame appeared to have received an electric shock. "*De inspiration!*" she gasped. "It is to me! *Excusez-moi, mes enfants,*" and she flew kitchenward.

A few minutes after, when everyone was luxuriously engaged in munching cream puffs, Van Wundt cast a furtive glance around the table. In the pacified countenances of Wabbles and Graham he read his acquittal. They attributed the discovery to accident. This solution of the problem did not, however, satisfy Van Wundt himself. Miss Dawe was plainly floundering beyond her depth in the bewildering phases which the episode had assumed. But with a sudden keenness born of a fresh inspiration, he turned his scrutiny upon the Jamaica girl. A demure satisfaction rested on her face, and —ever watchful—Van Wundt surprised a covert glance of amusement and understanding pass betwixt her and Madame de Montier.

Half an hour later, under cover of Graham's strenuous rendering of "Mr. Dooley," Van Wundt squared his shoulders, and approached the Jamaica girl. She was standing in the bow window of the little parlour, looking out into the night. The crimson of the long woolly curtains lapped against her white gown like an encroaching sea of flame. She turned, as Van Wundt stood beside her.

"I guess you're—even now, Eleanor," he said, magnanimously.

Scottish-Canadian Poetry

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL

The first of two articles dealing with the personality and work of Scottish poets in Canada

SCOTLAND is known, the world over, as the Land of Song. It has been estimated that "the Land of Brown Heath and Shaggy Wood" has given birth to two hundred thousand poets. This seems like an exaggeration, but that the statement has been made is quite true. Is it a matter for wonder, then, that this vast army of poets has continued to overflow into other lands, and that the members are scattered abroad over the whole earth? Canada has welcomed many of those wanderers to her shores; and in their new surroundings they have not ceased to cultivate the muses. The Scot has a happy faculty of getting reconciled to new environments; and time has proved that he can sing—if not as blithely, certainly as ably and as sweetly, under the shade of the Canadian maple as when he trod his native heath. Scottish-Canadian poets, which include native-born Scots, and their descendants, have written in recent years, say during the past half century, some very fine poems and songs. The theme of their lays has in numerous instances been found in Canada—in the forest, on the farm, and in the busy city; yet it has to be admitted that some of the tenderest and most heart-stirring among their productions have been inspired by scenes and faces of other days in the dear home-land. It could not well be otherwise. Those of us who have spent our early days in Scotland, however strong the ties we form in this new land, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," be it said, cannot forget the mother-land, and the expatriated Scot's pent-up feelings have found an outlet in describing, in glowing language, the scenes of his happy boyhood and the faces of those who were dear to him in the "days o' Lang Syne." "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and

> "Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

The number of poets who have cheered and charmed their countrymen and countrywomen, and their descendants, on this side of the Atlantic can be reckoned by hundreds. And it can be truthfully stated that many of the poems and songs written by "the Scot abroad" will compare very favourably with the products of the Scot at home.

Up to the year 1905 no anthology of purely Scottish-Canadian poetry had been compiled, although numerous books of poetry had been published by authors, among whom may be mentioned Alexander McLachlan, Evan MacColl, Robert Reid, Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, John Imrie, Alexander H. Wingfield, Andrew Wanless, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, Donald McCaig, John Macfarlane and others. Among those who have distinguished themselves as poets, but who have not published their writings in book form, the following call for special mention: John Simpson, Dr. John Murdoch Harper, Rev. Andrew Macnab, John Mortimer, Mrs. Mary A. Maitland, Mrs. Jessie Wanless Brack, Mrs. Margaret Beatrice Burgess, Dr. Daniel Clark, Miss H. Isabel Graham, Thomas Laidlaw, Mrs. Isabelle Ecclestone MacKay, Agnes Tytler, William Telford, Edwin G. Nelson, William Murdock, Alexander Muir, Rev. G. Bruce, D.D.; Robert Boyd, Malcolm MacCormack, W. M. MacKeracher, John Steele, Allan Ross, Mrs. Georgiana Fraser Newhall, and George Pirie. This does not, by any means, exhaust the list, but it includes the more

EVAN MACCOLL

prominent amongst those of the past two generations.

The Scottish muse does not pose as a classical beauty, but is rather a "simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom and healthy, full of true affections and kindly charities; a barefooted maiden that scorns all false pretence, and speaks her honest mind. If sometimes indiscreet in her language, her heart is pure; she never jests at virtue, though she sometimes has a fling at hypocrisy. Her laughter is as refreshing as her tears, and her humour is as genuine as her tenderness." And with these characteristics has the Scottish muse been transplanted in Canadian soil, where it has taken deep root, and bravely flourished.

The task of collecting and publishing a truly Scottish-Canadian book of poems and songs was left to the Caledonian Society of Toronto, and the idea originated with Dr. Daniel Clark, who was president of the Society in 1898. The work of collection fell to the writer of this article, who was then, and for five years subsequently, secretary of the Society. The reasons given for undertaking the work are set forth in the preface to the book which was the outcome of the movement, published in 1900.* It was felt that "besides what had already been published there was much meritorious poetry scattered throughout the country, which had never passed through a printer's hands, and a desire was expressed that all the richer specimens be collected and printed in book form, and thus preserved to posterity." Thus ran the preface, and it clearly sets forth what the Caledonian Society had in view when the enterprise was entered upon. From a financial standpoint, the book was not a success; but the critics all spoke of it in kind and exceedingly complimentary terms. Had the sales of the first volume been sufficiently encouraging, a second volume, and probably a third, would have followed. There was no lack of material.

Evan MacColl, called familiarly the "Bard of Lochfyne," because born on Lochfyne-side, Argyllshire, will be best known to posterity as a Gaelic poet, although many of his English productions are very popular, and justly so. MacColl, like Burns, drew inspiration for his muse from familiar objects in everyday life, and whatever he touched he turned into gold. The great bens which encircled his birth-place, and the shady glens lying between; the mountain torrent as it foamed and fretted on its headlong career to the ocean; the lark carolling i' the lift, and "the red heather hills of the Highlands" were all illumined by his genius. Like Burns, too, MacColl sang the praises of "Woman, charming woman, O," and many of his most charming songs are inspired by the maidens whom he came in contact with in his early life. Here is a specimen in part:

BONNIE ISABEL

Give fortune's favoured sons to roam
However far they please from home,
And find their eventide delights
'Mong Rhenish groves or Alpine heights;
But give to me, by Shira's flow—
With none to see and none to know—
Love's tryst to keep, love's tale to tell,
And kiss my bonnie Isabel!

*Selections from Scottish Canadian Poets, being a collection of the best poetry written by Scotsmen and their descendants in the Dominion of Canada, with an introduction by Dr. Daniel Clark. Printed by Imrie, Graham & Harrap; 320 pp., price $1.00.

Many more songs follow on the same theme: "The lass of Leven-side," "Jeanie Stuart," "The lass wi' the bricht gowden hair," "The lass of Glenfyne," "Sweet Annie of Glenara," etc. Those earlier productions all prove how susceptible was the poet's heart to the tender passion. One of MacColl's favourite poems, "The child of promise," has been translated from the author's Gaelic by the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Methven, Scotland. Here are two stanzas of the translation:

She died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow,
By fleeting shadows chased;
She died—like heaven's rainbow,
By gushing showers effaced.

MacColl came to Canada in 1850, and died in Toronto on July 24th, 1898, in the ninetieth year of his age. His remains were interred in Cataraqui Cemetery, Kingston. The poet's muse was not dormant during his long residence in Canada. On the contrary many of his finest poems, songs and sonnets were written in the land of his adoption, although it has to be admitted that the bard had often recourse to his "mind's eye" in the choice of a theme for his creations. His heart remained ever true and loyal to his native land, and to those he left behind in bonnie Scotland; and it is no cause for wonder, therefore, that long after he had settled in Canada he continued to write on scenes and subjects of other days, before the exigencies of human needs or aspirations called him into exile. Among these later poems may be mentioned two on Burns, sonnets descriptive of the scenery of Argyllshire, "My own dear romantic countrie," and a fine collection of songs, most of which have been set to popular airs. The marriage of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne is also sung in a patriotic strain, and a satirical poem, "Macaulay versus Scotland," holds up the historian to ridicule.

In writing on Canadian subjects MacColl exhibits the same beauty of style, and variety in expression, the same poetic fire, the same descriptive powers, that characterise his earlier productions in the midst of native environment. His verses on "The Chaudière," a well-known scene on the River Ottawa, are a fair sample of his descriptive work. One verse will suffice for the purpose of illustration:

Where the Ottawa pours its magnificent tide
Through forests primeval, dark-waving and wide,
There's a scene which for grandeur has scarcely a peer,—
'Tis the wild roaring rush of the mighty Chaudière.

The poet's susceptibility to female charms appears to have broken out afresh on Canadian soil, as is shown by his tribute to

CANADIAN GIRLS

Canadian girls—the truth to tell—
Sly arts coquettish practise well;
Yet must we own them not the less
Unrivalled in their loveliness.

In an article of the dimensions of this one it is impossible to do justice to the powerful and versatile genius of MacColl. His works will prove a lasting monument. Hugh Miller dubbed him the "Moore of Highland Song," and no one qualified to form a true estimate of his Gaelic productions will dare dispute his title to wear the honour.

Alexander McLachlan occupies a first place among Scottish poets who have made Canada their home. Measured by what may be called the Burns standard, he is almost the equal of his great prototype; certainly he comes nearer to the Ayrshire bard than any other. Rev. Dr. Dewart in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," said of McLachlan: "It is no empty laudation to call him the Burns of Canada," and nearly a quarter of a century later he expressed himself as being still of the same opinion. MacLachlan's poems stamp the man as a born genius, possessing a lofty mind and a pure heart. His poems are alike inspiring and inspiriting, and a perusal of them cannot fail to do one good. Like many other poets before and after him, McLachlan had no great lineage to boast of. His parents were not possessed of worldly wealth and the education

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN

their offspring received was of a somewhat rudimentary character. The poet's budding genius early manifested itself; and it is not unlikely that his inability to express his thoughts in suitable language was the incentive that led him to seek to supplement the somewhat scanty education he received when a boy. That he did improve himself is evidenced by the literary style which is everywhere shown in his writings. While possessed of a rich fund of humour, as his "Lang-Heided Laddie" shows, and while he sang of the objects of nature around him in simple, soulful numbers, true to life as he was accustomed to it, some of his finest productions are intended to lift us above sublunary things, and transport us into the unseen. His poem entitled "God" is a masterpiece of its kind, and had he written nothing else it would have brought him into prominence. Here are two stanzas:

God of the great old solemn woods,
God of the desert solitudes,
And trackless sea;
God of the crowded city vast,
God of the present and the past,
Can man know thee?

From out Thy wrath the earthquakes leap
And shake the world's foundations deep,
Till Nature groans;
In agony the mountains call,
And ocean bellows throughout all
Her frightened zones.

Another poem in the same class reveals a desire in the heart of the author for a knowledge of the unseen. It is entitled "Mystery," and is indicative of profound thought on the mysterious in nature. It is fine poetry, but it is more, as may be seen in even one stanza:

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery.
Mountain and valley, woodland and stream;
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but a phase of the soul's troubled dream.

Rural scenery comes in for a large share of the poet's attention, and he has a fine conception of the beauties of nature, as he shows in such poems as "Indian Summer," "Far in the Forest Glade," "The Maple Tree," "Spring," etc. Things animate and inanimate alike arrest his eye, and the murmur of the brook, the warbling of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, and the buds and blossoms that gem the greensward and bedeck the surrounding trees all come in

JOHN IMRIE

for a share of his love, and are painted in the language of a true poet. One is tempted to give examples of this style of the poet's descriptive powers, but the space I have left must be given to but two stanzas of one of McLachlan's finest and most popular poems:

OLD HANNAH

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew -
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old gray stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On that old gray stone
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Alexander McLachlan was born in the village of Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the year 1820, and he died on March 20th, 1896. He engaged in farming in Canada. His farm was in the Township of Amaranth, and among his intimate friends he was called the poet of Amaranth. Farming did not prosper well with McLachlan, and as a consequence he had not over-much of this world's goods. His many friends raised a sufficient sum to provide a steady income for him during the closing years of his simple life, which was ended peacefully at the home of his daughter in Orangeville, where his remains rest under a monument erected to his memory by his many admirers.

In taking up the poems of John Imrie, the writer experiences a peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as for about thirty years he was intimately associated with the poet and "lo'ed him like a vera brither." Imrie's was a kindly nature. His humanity was wide, tender and full of sympathy for everything in nature. He was eminently a poet of the people, and he was loved and respected by his fellow-creatures. His poems, apart from their merit, revealed the man in his varied moods perfectly. Although, perhaps, his muse did not soar quite so high as McLachlan's, yet he filled his own niche in the Temple of Fame, and he filled it well. It may truthfully be said that Imrie's poems are more familiarly known around the firesides of the Dominion than those of any of his compeers. Five editions of his poems have been issued. These facts furnish indisputable evidence of the popularity of the poet's works. Imrie's mission, as he declared it in the preface to the second edition of his poems, was "to please and encourage the toiling masses," and in this he was successful in a marked degree. His zeal never flagged, his pen was ever busy, and notwithstanding the fact that he had a large business claiming much of his time and attention, he gave to the world an extensive and varied collection of poems. He was an enthusiastic Scot, while still a loyal Canadian, and he divided his attention fairly between the land he left and the land of his adoption. His verses entitled "Scotty" exemplify at once his modesty and his estimate of the Scottish character. One here will serve to give the key-note:

Yes! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
For sic' a name can mean nae ill,
O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill,—
I'm quite content wi' "Scotty."

* * * *

His verses entitled "Our Native Land —Fair Canada," have a healthy, hopeful, and patriotic ring about them. Witness the first:

God save our native land,
Free may she ever stand,
Fair Canada;
Long may we ever be
Sons of the brave and free,
Faithful to God and thee,
Fair Canada.

* * * *

Imrie was particularly happy in the home circle, and many of his popular pieces may be described as fireside lyrics. He was deeply religious, and many of his compositions are of a sacred character. His sonnets, also, of which he wrote quite a number, are mostly on sacred subjects.

John Imrie was a native of Glasgow.

DR. JOHN MURDOCH HARPER

He made his home in Toronto when he first came to Canada in 1871, and in Toronto he died on the 6th November, 1902.

Dr. John Murdoch Harper, a well-known educationist in Canada, Inspector of Superior Schools for the Province of Quebec, in addition to many other fine qualities of head and heart, has distinguished himself as a poet.

Like Alexander McLachlan, Dr. Harper first saw the light in Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland. His education was imparted first in the parish school, and afterwards in Glasgow E.C. Training College, which he entered as a Queen's student of the first rank. After he had resided in Canada for some years, he became a graduate of Queen's University, and later Illinois University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His writings were not confined to poetry. His "History of the Lower Provinces" is a well-known text-book. In fiction, too, his name has a place, and he has written a number of sketches and essays which have attracted attention.

Dr. Harper's poetic works breathe out a nobility of sentiment and a robustness typical of the man. At the same time he writes with a sweetness and tenderness which stamp him as a true poet. His lines "To a Sprig of Heather" are charmingly suggestive of other days:

My bonnie spray o' pink and green,
That breathes the bloom o' Scotia's braes,
Your tiny blossoms blink their e'en,
To gi'e me glimpses o' ither days—
The days when youth o'er-ran the hills,
A-daffin' wi' the life that's free,
'Mid muirland music, and the rills
That sing their psalm o' liberty.

The temptation to quote the other verses of the poem is strong, but one stanza must suffice.

Another dainty little poem attracts attention. It is entitled "Woo'd and Wed," and is a pretty conception, of which any poet might feel proud. The first verse reads:

The east wind blustered in her ear,
The daisy, shuddering, drooped her head;
Such wooing pinched her heart with fear,
She closed her eye and said:
"No lover true would think to harm
A wee bit thing like modest me;
I'll crouch me down and keep me warm
Till summer set me free."

Dr. Harper's masterpiece is perhaps a group of poems strung together under the general title of "Lays of Auld Lang Syne." A finer collection of Scottish poetry one would not wish to read.

A poem of a serious nature, and one that has a charm all its own, though clothed in mournful words, is "The Old Graveyard." There is room only for two verses, and with them this sketch must close:

The summer's day is sinking fast,
The gloaming weaves its pall;
As shadows weird the willows cast,
Beyond the broken wall;
And the tombstones gray like sentinels rise,
To guard the dust that 'neath them lies.

* * * * *

Then silken silence murmurs rest,
And the peace that reigns supreme
Seems but awaiting God's behest,
To wake it from its dream;
While yet it soothes the hearts that weep
Lament for those that lie asleep.

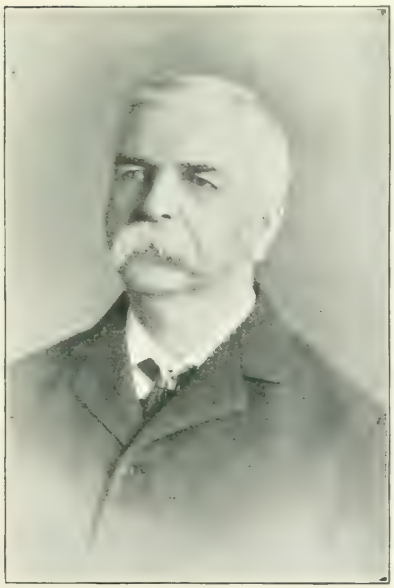
The name of Andrew Wanless is well known throughout Canada as a poet and a man. Mr. Wanless began his Canadian career in Toronto. He was a brother of Mr. John Wanless, of Toronto, and

a native of Longformacus, Berwickshire, Scotland, where his father was parish schoolmaster for more than fifty years. His poetry was almost invariably of a happy, and very often of a decidedly humorous character. To those who knew him as intimately as did the writer, this was to be expected. A happier or a more cheery disposition was seldom met with, and his poems were an embodiment of the man. His popularity made him welcome, apart from his poetic attainments, and much of his time was spent in visiting the leading cities and towns of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Wanless had an intense love and veneration for his native land. He was decidedly domestic in his tastes also, tender in sentiment, and fanciful in the extreme. As already stated he seldom wrote in gloomy or sorrowful numbers. When he did his muse responded in the desired strain as is shown in the verses entitled "My Bonnie Bairn." Here are three stanzas:

In my auld hame we had a flower,
A bonnie bairnie sweet and fair;
There's no' a flower in yonder bower
That wi' my bairnie could compare.

* * * * *



DR. DANIEL CLARK, WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO FOSTER SCOTTISH POETRY IN CANADA

ANDREW WANLESS

I'll ne'er forget the tender smile
That flitted o'er his wee bit face
When death came on his silent wing,
And clasped him in his cold embrace.

* * * * *

At midnight's lone and mirky hour,
When wild the angry tempests rave;
My thoughts—they winna bide away—
Frae my ain bairnie's wee bit grave.

Mr. Wanless was a prolific writer, and many of his best pieces will live through coming ages among his countrymen.

Robert Reid, of Montreal, who, in his younger days, loved to be known as "Bob Wanlock"—so named after the place of his birth, Wanlock, Dumfriesshire, Scotland—is a poet who ranks among the best among those sons of Scotland who have found a home in this country. Brought up beside the moors, his poems are laden with the perfume of the heather and the sweet briar. As a boy he seems to have revelled in the beauties of nature as disclosed on his native hills. His descriptions of the scenes in which his youthful lot was cast are admirable. There is a warmth of tone and a depth of feeling present in all his writings about Scottish scenery that have a strong fascination, especially for the Scot abroad. His heart and

ROBERT REID

head are both those of a true poet; in fact, no Scottish-American poet of the present generation has been more highly complimented than Robert Reid.

A poem of peculiar beauty, and one that has attracted a great deal of attention, is entitled "The Whaup." Here are the first and two last verses:

Fu' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock
  Frae the rim o' the clud at morn;
The merle pipes weel in his mid-day biel',
  In the heart o' the bendin' thorn;
The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
  Rings clear in the gloamin' shaw;
But the whaup's wild cry, in the gurly sky
  O' the moorlan', dings them a'.

What thochts o' the lang gray moorlan'
  Start up when I hear that cry!
The times we lay on the heathery brae
  At the well, lang syne gane dry;
And aye as we spak' o' the ferlies
  That happened afore-time there,
The whaup's lane cry on the win' cam' by
  Like a wild thing tint in the air.

And though I ha'e seen mair ferlies
  Than grew in the fancy then,
And the gowden gleam o' the boyish dream
  Has slipped frae my soberer brain;
Yet—even yet—if I wander
  Alane by the moorlan' hill,
That queer wild cry frae the gurly sky
  Can tirl my heart strings still.

While eminently distinguished for his command of the Doric, Mr. Reid is no less successful in his purely English compositions, among which might be mentioned "Here and Hereafter," "The Poet and his Theme," "The Two Gates," "Looking Back," "Retrospect," "Only a Dream," and many others which no minor poet could create.

Mr. Reid has published two volumes of poems—"Moorland Rhymes" and "Poems, Songs and Sonnets," both of which have commanded an extensive sale, and have made their author famous at home and abroad.

To do justice to Scottish-Canadian poetry in a single article is an impossibility, as the field is a very large one. There are many writers of merit yet to be recognised, and that an effort may be made to include at least the best of them, a second article is in course of preparation, and will appear later in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Professionalism in College Athletics

By CYRUS MACMILLAN
Ex-Secretary Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic League; ex-Captain McGill University Track Team

An insider's clean-breasted criticism of Canadian college sport compared with conditions in the United States

ATHLETIC sports in Canada to-day are largely in a condition of chaos. The old line of demarkation between professional and amateur threatens to disappear. There is a growing tendency to look upon athletics as a business rather than a recreation, and the spirit of play seems to be slowly but surely passing out of sport. We prefer to-day to watch paid men struggling in a contest, rather than to get into the game ourselves. This demand on the part of spectators for what is termed "exciting" sport, coupled with the ignoble desire to win at any cost on the part of teams and individuals, has gradually wrought a disastrous change in Canadian athletics. There are to-day widespread and sweeping accusations against various athletic clubs; there are suggestions of athletic graft, and stories of hired help, engaged for the sole purpose of winning trophies and not for the benefit of sport. There are disclosures which are not creditable to amateur organisations; there is suspicion that some of our most prominent clubs are honeycombed by professionalism, and that some of our most prominent athletes are salaried players rather than pure amateurs of the old school. The result is that those in authority are considering the wiping out of the line which formerly divided those who are in athletics for the love of money from those who are in them for the love of sport. The contention is that the old rules encourage hypocrisy and cheating, and that by allowing the athletic sheep and the athletic goats henceforth to romp together in the same field without fear of criticism, without dread of a disclosure—which can then mean nothing—there will be greater purity and greater honesty in our national games; in short it is argued that by this so-called levelling process sport will in future flourish in Canada to a greater degree than it has in the past, and that in the athletic world there will then be a minimum of friction. But the lover of sport for sport's sake cannot take kindly to this attitude; he believes that a professional and an amateur must of necessity play an uneven game; he insists that it will eventually wipe out completely amateur sport, and that the man who plays for fun or for recreation will no longer enter a contest. The end of this so-called "reform" movement is therefore yet in doubt.

This present day movement is one that applies almost exclusively to city clubs; it has yet little to do directly with college athletics. It is well that the two should be kept distinct, and that the latter at least be kept clean, and strictly amateur. The authorities in Canadian athletics are evidently content—and rightly so—to leave the government of college athletics largely to the colleges themselves. The Canadian Amateur Athletic Association in Ontario and Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces Association in the Eastern Provinces, have the general supervision of all Canadian athletics; with the drawing up of eligibility rules, other than the general laws to which all colleges must adhere, they have absolutely nothing to do. But in college athletics to-day, there is need for a reformation, and for stricter supervision—a need just as great as that which exists in clubs outside of college halls. The oversight of athletics by college faculties to-day amounts practically to nothing. The recent burlesque in the Intercollegiate Football League is a

somewhat pathetic proof that the oversight—if any does exist—comes after the games are played and not before the teams go upon the field. It shows further that college teams cannot always depend on the judgment or the honour of opponents in a question of players' eligibility, and it proves that strict faculty supervision is the only safeguard against dishonesty. It emphasises the need of the faculty certificate method in deciding a man's eligibility before a contest. This method is termed sarcastically "Faculty Chaperonage," but it is a "chaperonage" that prevents wrongdoing, and is therefore to be commended rather than despised.

The eligibility system followed in the majority of American colleges seems much superior to ours, despite our self-complacent notions about the purity of our own sport. The rules governing the various contests between Harvard and Yale—or indeed among all the leading universities—are a good example which we might well follow, if we are to keep our college sports up to a pure standard. For the good of sport a distinction is ordinarily made between the professional and the amateur. The former is in sport for the purpose of making a living or assisting towards that end—at least for a money reward; the latter is in sport for the mere love of it—for exercise or recreation. This distinction holds good to a certain extent even where there is no question of money remuneration. For there are in colleges forms of professionalism other than those connected with hire. The student who is a regular attend nt in classes, who works well, whose examination results are always creditable, who always passes from year to year without too many "plucks" or supplemental examinations, who graduates in the required time, and who at the same time takes part in athletics for exercise, recreation, or perhaps the glory of his class or college, such a man is undoubtedly a student amateur in the purest sense of the term. On the other hand, the man of means, or perhaps the man of leisure, who is in college apparently for sport, who is not regular in his attendance, who rarely takes an examination, or if he does, fails oftener than he succeeds, who spends from five to seven years to complete a four years' course, and who, during all this time represents his college on different athletic teams—such a student is clearly in one sense of the term a professional even if he does not receive a wage. For sport is the main business of his life; sport is evidently the object for which he is in college; study with him is secondary. His aim is to be, first, an athlete—then a student even in a very doubtful sense of the term. If the latter is a handicap to the former, the latter is sacrificed.

With his classmate, the working student, on the other hand, study is the chief end; sport is secondary. The business of the one student is only the recreation, the diversion of the other. When these two types of men are pitted against each other in a contest, or when teams, composed, one of the first type, and one of the second, play against each other, the result is clearly an uneven game; the odds are in favour of the professional, and the outcome is a travesty on the purity of college sport. Hence, the American colleges have taken the lead in dealing with such conditions; they have made a determined effort—followed by a fair success—to weed out absolutely the loafing student athlete.

In the leading American colleges, the man who takes part in athletics must be a student in the strictest sense of the term. Training for an athletic team means first a training in one's studies; good scholarship comes first, then good ability on track or field. In the class-room, a student is almost daily compelled by the method employed to give evidence of his attitude towards his work, and of his home preparation—his attention or his neglect. A high-class standard is applied with searching effect to all departments of athletics. Further, reports of the students' work are frequently submitted to the faculty secretary's office, and a student who fails to make a creditable grade or who is "plucked" in a stated number of examinations is placed by the faculty on what is termed "probation." Until he has worked himself off "probation" by making better grades, and thus redeeming his reputation as a student, he is not allowed to represent his class or college on any athletic team; he is not permitted to take

part in any branch of student activity, and frequently some of the most promising athletes are dropped from squads or teams because of deficient scholarship or a lack of progress in class work. Before a contest, the manager of a team submits the names of his players to the secretary of the faculty, and it is not uncommon to have a man removed from a team by the secretary at the last moment because of this stringent system. There have been recently even cases in which, when a team had left its college on Friday, before weekly reports or results of examinations had come in, to play on an opposing college's grounds, the faculty secretary telegraphed the manager just before the game not to let certain men play, because the reports of their work, which had since come in, indicated failure in their studies. The first caution a candidate for a team receives is to keep up in his class work and to keep off probation. Again, a student who has to repeat his year's work because of insufficient progress is not eligible for an athletic team, it matters not how excellent that repeated year's work may be. Only *bona fide*, regular, matriculated students are eligible, and all "special" students are barred. Thus the loafing student athlete—the man who is in college for sport rather than for study—has no chance to win a place on the leading American college teams.

The rules governing length of time during which a student is eligible are equally strict. Three years is the maximum period of a student's connection with college sport, and a student who has for three years represented on athletic teams any recognised college or colleges is no longer allowed to compete for the larger American universities. This means, for example, that if the sum total of the time during which a student has represented colleges—Canadian or American—in athletics amounts to two years, he is eligible only one year at another university should he enter one of its departments, and then his eligibility ceases. Further, all freshmen are barred from competition, and a man must have been in attendance one full year before he can become a candidate for any athletic team. The advantages of such a system are obvious. The one year's residence clause largely prevents proselyting or the attempt of one university to entice an athlete from a rival college, or to influence a promising preparatory school boy to enter one of its departments. It causes greater fairness and greater equality in the candidature of men for positions on teams; it compels the student to view athletics as the secondary, rather than as the main, business of his college course; it shuts out the student who seeks in college merely athletic glory; it justifies the end for which all college athletics should exist, the developing of the strong, vigorous body for the alert, active mind. It stimulates the athletic aspirant to do his very best work in class; for the dropping from an athletic team because of inferior scholarship of a man who is necessary to the success of that team means disloyalty and dishonour, and the position of the man who is too lazy to do conscientious study for the athletic glory of his college is indeed not an enviable one.

Such rules as these we unfortunately lack in our Canadian colleges. There is a code of laws governing hockey and football and track sports in the intercollegiate league, but it is more or less elastic and is at times adjustable to suit circumstances. There is, after all, little faculty supervision; a student's qualification from the standpoint of scholarship is rarely called into question; if he has enrolled, has paid his fees, and attends classes, his standing is silently accepted. Instead of the strict oversight or investigation before the contest, the protest comes after the games are over. While some faculties make an attempt at supervision, it is nevertheless true that in all the Canadian colleges the eligibility rules are ridiculously lax. The fact that a student does not pass his examinations or does discreditable work in his daily classes or is irregular in his attendance is not an obstacle in his athletic career. Students who have to repeat their year or who fail in one department, say, arts, and then enter another, say, science or medicine—all these are allowed to go on competing on athletic teams as if they had made an excellent showing the year before, and had been students in the real sense.

There were examples of this type on college track and football teams during the present year. Again, a student who has made a reputation as an athlete at one university may enter another to complete his course, and at the latter college still be eligible for an athletic team during his first year of residence. A student, too, while attending college is allowed to play on a city team without any question by the faculty as to its propriety. Hockey clubs in the university towns to-day furnish many examples of this latter method.

There has been in the past practically no limit to the length of time a student is eligible for an athletic team. A great Queen's University hockey player of former days states that he played on his college team ten years. A Queen's football player who has recently been very prominent in Canadian championship football, played on his college team nearly as long. It is not stated how many examinations these men passed, or whether their scholarship, during their period of competition, was always up to the standard. These are perhaps extreme instances, but similar cases are common to-day. At Toronto University there have been vague charges last season and during the present year, against men who it was said had played longer than the four years in which they should have completed their courses. There are other accusations against the standing of prominent athletes at the same university—one, a noted pole-vaulter—whose scholastic attainments are said to be scarcely on a par with their athletic prowess. At McGill University, in the past, conditions have been equally bad, and several instances could be given of violations of the spirit of college sport. Only a few years ago a noted football player—at least at that time—played one or two games for McGill at the beginning of the season; then, after a few weeks' residence in Montreal, for some reason not stated, he wandered to Kingston, and at the end of the season he was playing with Queen's where he had enrolled as a student. To the ordinary person, this man was a student because of his connection with the university; to those who understood, he was little more than an itinerant football player. In this case both colleges were to blame, for each lacked a rule that a man who had competed for one college, must be in residence one full year at a second college, should he move, before he could become a candidate for a team. A somewhat similar case not many years ago, was that of a noted football "wing" playing on the champion Ottawa College team while attending medical classes at McGill. Four or five years ago, McGill had an exceptionally brilliant full back on its football team; he attended for a few weeks, then he suddenly disappeared; no one in athletic authority seemed to know where he came from or where he went—whether he ever matriculated or attended a class. Last season there were men playing on city football and hockey teams while attending college; some of them went with these clubs because they failed to win a place on the college senior team, and refused to play in intermediate ranks. This season again there are students playing on city hockey clubs, yet the college athletic authorities do not question its propriety. On last year's teams, too, in the Canadian colleges there were men—at least one or two noted examples—who had been in college longer than the time ordinarily required for graduation, but whose lack of progress did not debar them from athletics; on this year's teams, again, there are men whose records last year would scarcely pass as those of the ordinarily successful student. Instances could be multiplied at these three leading colleges of athletes who in the strictest sense are not students—men who judged by their class attendance and examination results are in college mainly for sport and who are therefore in a sense professionals—men who fail in their term's work, and who take six or seven years to get a degree, if they get it even then, but who during all these years, notwithstanding their scholastic deficiencies, are allowed to represent their college on athletic teams.

Down in the Maritime Provinces, with its number of small colleges, conditions are even worse than in the larger Canadian institutions. The Eastern colleges in comparing their athletic system with that

of the Upper Canadian colleges, assume a "holier than thou" attitude, but their methods are nevertheless even more open to criticism than those of the larger institutions. Here there is an Intercollegiate League, composed of the University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison in New Brunswick, and Acadia College in Nova Scotia. But there is no well-defined system of eligibility rules, and in order to win a place on a track or a football or a hockey team, the only standard apart from athletic ability seems to be the payment of one's fees and attendance on three classes—or at least suppositional attendance; one need not be a regular undergraduate, taking a full course; and even matriculation is a more or less doubtful test. There is apparently no limit to the length of time a student can represent his college, if he is still in attendance. Nor does failure in one's term examinations mean an athletic ban; several instances could be given of men who have been dropped because of failure to a lower class, and who have consequently not taken their degree in the ordinary required time, but who nevertheless are still prominent in college sport. Again, in connection with Acadia and Mount Allison, there are academies or preparatory schools. Sometimes an arrangement is made by a shrewd captain to have an academy boy, if he is a good athlete, attend classes in the college. How he can be a college undergraduate in the strict sense and still a preparatory school boy is not explained; but it sometimes happens that a student plays throughout the season on both the academy and the college teams. It would be interesting to know from the athletic authorities just to which institution such a boy belongs, if in the real spirit of college sport he belongs to either.

At Dalhousie University, the greatest of the Maritime colleges, it is no secret that non-students and graduates of long standing are welcomed to athletic teams; and that *bona fide* students who do their best in practice and are ready to do their best in matches, if given the opportunity, are relegated to the side lines or the promenade to make room for the more expert player, who, however, from the standpoint of attendance, is no longer a college man. Not many weeks ago a prominent Dalhousie football player moved from Halifax to a Southern State; college men referred regretfully and unblushingly to the loss his college had sustained, as he had played on the football team continuously for eight years, and his place would be hard to fill. The suggestion was clear that had he remained within travelling distance of his university, he would have continued to represent it on athletic teams. There are numerous instances again of graduates of long standing who year after year turn out with their old college team and play throughout the season. On the 1906 football team there were two such examples. In all the Maritime colleges—particularly the smaller ones—the football and hockey teams at times include men who have never spent more than a few weeks in the college halls, men who have never passed matriculation, and even men who but rarely attend a college class.

It is obvious that such a lax system is wrong. It is not in keeping with the spirit of college sport; it is not college sport at all; it is raising athletics to a college business rather than lowering them to a college recreation; it is manifestly unfair to the real student, who while he does his college work well puts forth an honest effort to "make" his college team. It would be folly, too, to argue that if such conditions exist in Canadian colleges it is because the faculties are not aware of them. Such conditions in most colleges do not exist contrary to the wishes of the faculty, but have their apparent consent, or at any rate their silent approval. Last spring at a meeting of Dalhousie students an effort was made to pass a law forbidding the playing on any team of a man not a *bona fide* student; the idea was that henceforth the college place in the field only strictly student teams. But when the motion was put to the meeting, a professor spoke so strongly against it, arguing the advertisement to the college of a victorious organisation, and the possibility of not winning with a solely student team, that the motion was lost. This is but one illustration of the irony of college "sport" in Canada to-day. It is an example of the idea too frequently followed:

"We will win with students if we can, but we will win anyway." Such an idea is surely not in the best interests of college athletics. Unfortunately too many Canadian colleges fail to insist with reference to the athletics that a candidate for a team must first be a student in the real sense, that this is the business for which he is in college, and that in this business he must make reasonable progress ; then, but always as a secondary consideration, that he be an athlete, if he can. If this were emphasised there would be greater fairness in college sport, and college athletics would be in no danger of falling to the level of city clubs in their professionalism.

There can be no question, however, that the Canadian college athlete is singularly free from financial graft. He receives no wage for his services; in fact in the majority of cases his athletic career is a cause of expense rather than a source of revenue; from the money standpoint he is an amateur in the strictest sense. Nor have college athletics in their spirit of rivalry yet run to extremes in Canada as they have in the United States. But from the standpoint of scholarship, the Canadian college athlete is not always a pure amateur; he is too frequently one who while he pursues athletics, not as a paying profession, nevertheless looks upon it as a business and has neither time nor inclination for study; so far he is a "professional," and not a student amateur in the real meaning of the term. There are of course many notable exceptions. What is needed in Canadian college athletics to-day, in order to keep them pure, is stricter faculty supervision of all sports. Such a supervision might well insist on the athlete's matriculation; it might also insist on one year's residence before competition—a rule which would prevent one university from attempting to secure a man who had made a good athletic reputation at a rival institution; it might prohibit students during their college course from playing on outside teams; it might include a scholarship standard of eligibility; it might insist on the passing of their examinations and the keeping up with their classes by all candidates for athletic teams; it might include also a three or a four years' rule, so that a man could not spend eight years at college and compete during all that time, thus making inequality in competition; it might bar the "special" student, who also because of his few courses has an unequal chance, and a more or less suspicious claim to athletic recognition; and it might finally leave the decision as to players' eligibility—always before the contest—to the secretary of the College Faculty, or Faculty Athletic Committee, the eligibility to be determined by the rules of the governing body of the college to which the player belongs. Such a system would mean in college sport greater equality—the very aim which first caused the college football teams to withdraw from the Quebec and the Ontario leagues and form a league of their own, but an aim which their own lax rules are tending to defeat. It would be ridiculed perhaps as "chaperonage," but it would result in keeping college athletics up to a high standard of purity. If college sports in Canada are to go on—as they are bound to do—and to increase in rivalry, in importance, and in popularity, it is better that they should go on under discreet faculty committees, than that students and coaches should be allowed in their zeal to carry them to extreme lengths. This would not mean that the sports would run the colleges, instead of the colleges running the sports; but it would place the regulation of college athletics high up among the duties of college authorities. For the sports are worth it; they are as necessary a factor in the life of a college as in the life of a nation. The prevailing opinion—and one that is likely to continue—is that college sports are wholesome. The prevailing desire should be that, whatever may happen to Canadian club athletics, Canadian college sports, at least, be kept clean.

Larraby's Lope

By PEREGRINE ACLAND

Telling of a cow-puncher's stratagem, pitted against sheriff and deputies, and the outcome

SQUATTING on the ground in the cook-tent, eating their supper, were a dozen cow-punchers. By the stove stood the cook, at that moment addressing one of the men, differing little in appearance from the others, but seemingly a centre of interest. In reply to the cook's inquiry he said:

"No, I won't git. I killed the man in a square fight, and so far the sheriff's never bothered anybody fur doin' that. He had his hand on his gun first, too, and if I hadn't been purty quick, I'd hev been the cartridge pouch, 'stead of him. Besides, if they were so blame anxious to git me, they could have done it last night. I was in the 'Mexican' for an hour more before I rode back here."

"Wal, I'd advise yuh to be scarce fur a bit, Larry," said the foreman. "Them excuses 'ud go all right enough most times, but this man was the sheriff's cousin, and though us boys is mighty grateful to yuh for ridding the country of the cuss, that chuck-headed fool 'll jest be glad to jump on anybody who's been shootin' spots off his family record."

"Wal, I'm goin' to stay right here, and if they want me they kin take me, or leastways they kin try, fur if they do come, I've no objection to makin' tracks," said Larry. "And don't you worry none about me, 'cos I'm not goin' to do any fretting."

"All right, Larry," said the foreman, "but I think you're plumb foolish. Remember your turn on herd with Steve's in the last shift. I'm going out for my turn now."

Larry and Steve were riding easily around the herd. It was quiet and they were having little trouble. Most of the cattle were lying down, and the remainder were grazing sleepily. Overhead the stars were shining brightly, and the riders shivered occasionally from the cold.

For an hour they rode thus, but at last there was a faint white suggestion of dawn in the otherwise black sky, for as day approached the light of the stars waned until only a few of the largest were visible.

The men counter-circled round the herd again and again. They were growing hungry now. However, the others would soon be at breakfast, and then they would be relieved.

Larry had just left Steve after one of their encounters, when the latter perceived three men riding towards him out of the encircling gloom. In a moment the foremost had reached him, and seizing him by the arm, while his companions covered the bewildered cow-boy with their guns, said:

"I arrest you, William Larraby, on the charge of having killed John Malburn—"

"Wait a bit, Joe," said Steve. "You've got the wrong man this time."

"To h—l with it all!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Sorry I made the mistake, Steve; couldn't make you out in the dark. Guess we'll jest hev to trot round to the other side of the herd for Larraby."

The moment they had left him, Steve rose in his stirrups and waved and whistled to Larry. Barely had the latter perceived the signalling arm in the semi-twilight, before he found himself surrounded by the sheriff and his deputies.

With a curse he drove the spurs into his horse and dashed into one of the men, hurling him and his horse violently to the ground. The others pulled their guns, but he slashed them viciously, again and again, letting his heavy quirt descend full upon their unprotected faces and momentarily blinding them. Taking advantage

of the opportunity he had made, he started his horse at a dead lope.

If he could get to his shack, six miles off, he could make some kind of fight. As it was, he had no gun on him and his horse was tired.

Behind him he could hear the thud of galloping hoofs, and now shots rang in the air. They were trying to get him by any means now, and he thought he had little chance of reaching his shack.

They were shooting at him as he sped, their shots flying wildly at first, but more and more surely as they recovered from his desperate onslaught. After a while they shot less regularly. He supposed that they had few cartridges left in their belts and wished to be so close as to be fairly sure of hitting. When they did shoot now, he realised that their bullets came uncomfortably close. He had, indeed, a slight wound in his arm and there was a ragged hole in his hat where a bullet had found its way.

Only half a mile more now, and he would reach the shack. But they were gradually gaining on him, and their shooting was becoming more accurate.

Before him he beheld the mountains changing colour beneath the rays of the rising sun, which clothed their gloomy sides in purple, gold, green, blue, so that they discarded their appearance of age, and assumed one of everlasting and all-powerful youth. Too soon, however, this had vanished and they were once more hoary-headed, green-robed seers, as suggestive of the darkness of death as they had previously been of the joys of life.

Larry beheld it all, and it made him think. He felt there was little chance of his escaping, but determined to try. If he surrendered or was captured he would be hanged. If he was not shot now, he would probably be killed or captured in his shack.

For a moment he thought of the past, and it returned vividly to his imagination, his father's farm in Maine, their long journey in an emigrant train to the far west, his hard-worked boyhood as the son of a pioneer, the years he had spent 'punching' cows, with the long morning rides over the prairie, the hard work by day and night, and the freedom and excitement attendant upon the life. And "last but not least," he thought of the girl whom he had hoped to marry, and of the rascal whom he had thrashed and killed for slandering her name. But his thoughts soon turned to the endeavour to outwit his pursuers.

Finally he thought he had found a way, dangerous indeed, but offering some hope of escape. He pulled in his horse a trifle, still keeping at a fast lope, however. He was but a quarter of a mile from the shack now, but his pursuers hoped to overtake him as they perceived the abatement in his speed.

"His cayuse 'll soon give out," said the sheriff, "but anyway, we'll sure be close enough to pot him in a couple of minutes."

His words seemed true, for rapidly the pursuers drew in upon the rash strategist, and their bullets began to find accommodation in his body, for already he had a slight leg wound, and a somewhat more serious one in the side.

Rising in his stirrups, he turned and flung his heavy hat full in the face of the foremost of the oncoming ponies. The beast shied so violently as to unseat its rider, good horseman though he was, and crashed into the other animals.

Without waiting to watch the effects of his manœuvre, Larry once more dug his spurs into his horse and set forth at full speed for the shack, at the door of which he dismounted while they were still two hundred yards away, so much had he gained by his trick.

He stepped into the shack, but was out again almost immediately with a loaded rifle, which he kept pointed at the oncoming party. The moment they saw it they realised their helplessness and reined in. With a slight ironical smile on his bronzed face, Larry hailed the sheriff:

"If you gents don't object, I'd be glad to hev yuh drop yer guns right there, and git off your horses, and then I'll be dee-lighted to receive yuh in my humble house."

Having disburdened themselves of a large store of oaths, the men complied with the demand, and shambled shamefacedly to the bare frame building where Larry awaited them.

Larry asked the sheriff to hand over the warrant.

Having received and destroyed the papers he spoke again to his quondam pursuers:

"You two deputies had better tie the sheriff. Tie him tight now. I kin see whether you're tying a good knot or a bad one."

When they had finished trussing their leader, Larry spoke to the younger deputy: "You, kid, jest put a few hitches on yer partner. Then bring me the handcuffs which the sheriff has in his pocket, I guess. . . . . Jest click 'em on yourself. It's handy that he uses the self-locking kind."

Larry dressed his wounds, and then, after a large but monotonous breakfast of pork and beans, eaten under the noses of his prisoners, he rose to depart.

"Good-bye, boys," he said. "I'll manage to have some one come for you this evening. Remember me to all. So-long!"

He passed through the doorway, swung lightly into his saddle, and then rode away at a brisk trot, with his rifle across the saddle-bow.

An Appeal of Spring

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

WILL you tell me, fairy Audrey,
Of the land wherein you dwell,
Of the cold and lonely pathways
And the snow-enshrouded dell,
That so soon will be transfigured
By the vernal call of spring,
And returning feathered songsters
That are northward on the wing?

Will you tell me, forest Audrey,
Of the hushed and silent streams,
Of the North God's heartless chanson
That I hear ofttimes in dreams?
May I learn the hidden secret
That will make the welkin ring
When the seasons' mighty chorus
Sings the glad advent of spring?

Will you tell me, woodland Audrey,
Of the gray and barren trees;
Of the winds that bring them tokens
From afar across the seas;
And of how the tender grasses,
All the landscape altering,
Soon will spread their rugs of velvet
For the coming of the spring?

Will you tell me, brown-eyed dreamer,
All the things I wish to know:
Why in summer all is sunshine,
And in winter all is snow?
Will you tell me, too, my Princess,
That you'll wear this symbol ring.
Violets with it entwining—
First sweet certainties of spring?

Are Our Indians Pagans?

By W. E. H. STOKES

An insight into the religious beliefs of our Indians, with a word to the churches on the effectiveness of missionary work

PERHAPS no greater injustice was ever perpetrated by one race of people on another than when the Crees and other Indians of Saskatchewan and Alberta were officially styled "Pagans" by the Government. After having had a somewhat exceptional chance of inquiring into the obscure subject of the religious beliefs of Indians, I think it safe to say that the word Pagan is not in any sense applicable to these people, and I dare say that if the missionaries would first apply themselves to the study of what the Crees and the Blackfeet believe, their efforts to Christianise would be attended with a much greater degree of success than has yet been achieved.

With scarcely a single exception, the missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, that I have met, approach the Indian they desire to convert thoroughly imbued with the idea that what the so called Pagan believes is such a weird, childish tissue of fancies that it is scarcely worthy of the serious attention of any sane man. The Indians' beliefs, as I have been fortunate to ascertain, are as sacred, as real to them, as ours are to us, and I have yet, after fourteen years' experience in this country, to meet with the missionary who had the least idea of what he had to combat in the minds of the Indians, or had ascertained if there was any common belief that he and they both held which might be used as a starting point to work from. As a rule, it must be admitted that, to the missionary, the Indian's creed is *anathema marantha*.

This may seem to be a rather sweeping condemnation of the methods that have been followed by Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries in Western Canada for almost two generations, but when I reflect upon the enormous sums of money that have been expended, upon the loss of life and health, and upon the real devotion and zeal that have been and are even now being displayed by the missionaries and other workers for Christianity, it makes me sad. It must give us pause. To what results can we point? The only answer that has been given to this question is, "Give us more time, more money, more workers." But I reply, and hope to prove that I am correct: "Your efforts are misdirected, you have started wrong, and in the meantime the good you have accomplished is largely discounted by the tide of civilisation which has undoubtedly undone and is pernicious to the races of Indians which you and I are so anxious to elevate."

In what do the aborigines of this country believe? The following is what I found, and it cannot be more than a mere outline owing to the short time that I have devoted to this, to me, extremely interesting subject: They believe in two deities, the great and the small. The great they call Manitou, which has the power for all good, and the small, Matchee-Manitou, which has the power for all evil. The possession of power being to the Indian the greatest and dearest attribute, he will naturally apply himself to whichever of these two deities will for blessing or cursing the more further his ends, but whereas he will, through another, submit supplications and make great sacrifices through a mediator to the Great Spirit, he will pray occasionally to the small spirit without any intercessor or formalities or sacrifices. He dare not pray direct to the Great Spirit, but will, recognising his own innate baseness, go through almost anything in order to secure the interest of a mediator or intercessor

who, he trusts, will have more influence with the Great Spirit or Manitou than his unworthy self. It is in the selection of this mediator that the influences of dreams, in all ages and climes a great and powerful agent in their operation on men's minds, comes into force. These mediators must themselves be spirits, and can reveal themselves to man only in dreams, or sometimes they have been known to possess the insane or mentally afflicted. These latter, however, are often possessed by Matchee-Manitou, and then the evil spirit must be driven out, resulting in the barbarities familiar to us, when a human being is supposed to have a Weh-ta-ko, or Wehtigo. The Indian believes that his own influence with Manitou is as good as any one's except a spirit's. What is then his definition of a spirit? It is hard to define, but the explanation of the term, according to the Cree and Blackfoot, is this: It is the invisible essence that formerly animated the body of a human being or animal when living, also it is reflected in and by the shadow cast by inanimate objects when the sun shines. This latter idea appeals to me as a very beautiful and poetical one. We know that all things above ground change and go through their appointed periods of bloom and decay. Nothing in nature is everlasting. The very face of the world itself alters, even within a single lifetime, so that when the Indian says that there must be a spirit or soul in inanimate things as well as in those bodies which we deem endowed with life, it is not an extravagant or even a peculiar thing that he should believe that there is a spirit of a stick, a rock, the prairie grass, or the mountains. He will therefore attach as much importance to the revelations conveyed to him by dreams of these objects as he will to those of his dead fellow-creatures, dreams of his dead forefathers or relations, or of any animals or creature which we call living. All of these spirits alike were called into being by Manitou and are being recalled into his presence as one by one they die or depart from mortal ken.

Now, if the Indian dreams frequently of any object dead or inanimate, that is to say, of any person or animal or thing casting a shadow, as the case may be, he believes that the spirit of that particular person, animal or thing casting a shadow has either some power for him or some message for him, or perhaps that the spirit wishes to signify to him that he or it will protect and patronise him by presenting his petitions to Manitou. The spirits themselves have no personal power, except only that they are acceptable mediators between the poor Indian and Manitou. Therefore, it is to the spirits of which the Indian has frequently dreamed that he will address his prayers, devout supplications and sacrifices, in order that Manitou may be pleased to send to the suppliant power to gratify his wishes, whether they be for success in hunting or in the council tent, or for power to work harm to his enemies, or for whatever particular thing it may be that at the time is most earnestly desired. Even though he may be dying, the Indian will not even presume to make these prayers or sacrifices more than twice a year, as he fears to intrude oftener so unworthy a being as he feels himself to be upon the notice of his patron spirits, and he is afraid to be so presumptous as to have a petition from him presented to the Great God more frequently than this, owing to the reverent fear in which he holds Manitou.

Let me go back for a moment. I found that among the older so-called Pagans, the lesser spirit, or Matchee-Manitou, is a being that they would hardly consider seriously, although they believe in his existence firmly. They seemed to attach little importance to the power of the evil spirit that they thought was held strictly in subjection to Manitou, and they apparently only used Matchee-Manitou as a sort of figure-head on which to lay the blame for any misfortune that might overtake them. In fact they would always try to turn aside my inquiries with a laugh when I asked them about Matchee-Manitou. I need not perhaps refer to him again, as it is only very rarely that an Indian will pray for power to do evil to this ideal of everything that is bad, called Matchee-Manitou, and, as already pointed out, they would never invoke the aid of an intercessor, or make any sacrifice to obtain the power he might have to bestow. But their silence and refusal to

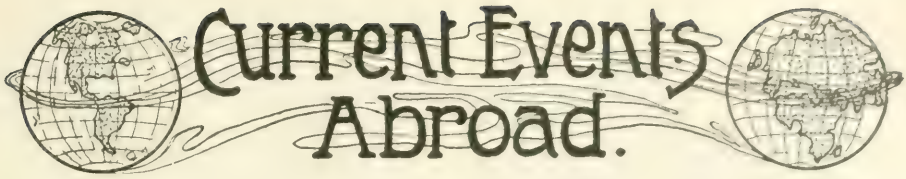
answer my questions may, nevertheless, be due to fear.

If by any chance you should happen to see one of these mis-named Pagans at his devotions (and it is only by chance that you will do so) and should observe that he apparently addresses himself to a tree, a rock or to nothing that is discernable, remember that he is only doing as the Roman Catholics do, that is, asking his patron spirit to approach in his behalf the very same Great God that we believe in, but whom the Indian, so poor and vile a creature does he conceive himself to be, dare not, and will not, directly address. Protestants believe only in one mediator, one intercessor, one ever-living though once dead sacrifice—Jesus Christ. The Pagan Indian knows nothing of Him, and is inclined to regard the story of incarnation as a flight of the imagination. There is this to be said, that once the postulate is granted in the matter of the spirit or immortal essence permeating what we call inanimate things (and this is not a matter that would seem difficult to me), there is nothing in the so-called Pagan's creed which demands the surrender of his reason, or the great and childlike faith which Christians deem necessary. That it is necessary, I believe myself, not from any superior knowledge given to me compared to that granted to an Indian, but merely because I recognise in myself so much that is contrary to my reason and yet so much that I accept as true, without anything in the way of evidence.

Though the Christian gospel may not appeal to the Indian's reason, the effect, or result of Christianity does appeal to him and in no attractive light either. For what does he find? Civilisation, which must follow Christianity, has been a blight on the Cree, the Blackfoot and on all Indian nations. This is a truism, but the fact remains that civilisation has acted and reacted upon the Indians very much as the introduction of a city sewer would do upon a clear and limpid mountain lake, polluting from underneath, insidiously, the various strata of the Indians' life, affecting first the young, the vain, and the foolish, and at last, as the older generations die off, slowly obliterating the last trace of the purity and beauty that formerly was the boast. There is little immorality about the Pagan Indian, I mean according to his ideas. There is no petty thievery among the Indians, where they have been fortunate enough to escape from the evil influences which the arrival of white men among them has invariably produced. This to some may seem to be extravagant language, but it is my experience at all events, more particularly among the Mountain Stoneys, who have in a great measure preserved their much-despised, because Pagan principles, of right dealing, honesty and general uprightness. They are Methodists now, and as far as I could see they had to make but a slight change after all in their beliefs, and no change in their principles. They believe now in God, the Trinity, and have eliminated the mediation of every spirit but that of Jesus Christ, and seem to have found their old conception of Manitou differing in no important particular from that of their new-found Father Almighty, the same All-good Power that they had always acknowledged to be their Master. Not much of change perhaps, but who among the living can say? Formerly they were Unitarians, with the very beautiful theory of spiritual intercession added, now they profess with equal sincerity Christianity or Methodism, as you prefer. Whether this result should be attributed to their missionary, the Rev. John McDougall, or to the inaccessibility of their homes and hunting grounds, I cannot say. I have not had the honour of meeting this gentleman, and he is therefore not included among the failures alluded to above. Honour to whom honour is due. I have met with Mountain Stoneys both at Morley and Lac Ste. Anne, and I would trust one in all matters implicitly, relying on his good principles that I should never regret it.

A Pagan is a heathen and an idolater, and these Indians are very religious, and have never been known to worship idols.

Call them instead of Pagans, worshippers of God in Nature. Jehovah of the Jews and Manitou of the pure-blood Indian resemble each other, and, in fact, probably mean one and the same conception of God. Let us then style our Indians anything but Pagans.



THE re-assembling of the Douma establishes an intelligible centre in Russian affairs. Every man who makes an attempt to understand, however dimly, the events that are passing in the world about him, must often despair when he endeavours to include Russia among the things that are labelled and ticketed. It is difficult to comprehend chaos, and political and social chaos is about all of which we seem to be conscious in surveying the great Tartar Empire. The Douma, however, is a spot of intelligible organisation amid the whirling vortex of things Russian, and the hope is that it will gradually bring a measure of organisation and intelligibility into all that is now unorganised and unintelligible. For we have to recognise that bureaucracy is not organisation. The ills of Russia are so great that one feels she has no right to be alive. But alive she is in spite of overwhelming defeats of both army and navy, in spite of anarchy, wholesale murder, robbery rampant, and last and most paralysing of all, widespread and uncontrollable famine.

It is under circumstances like these that the Douma meets. It may be thought that the country has more pressing problems before it than the working out of Parliamentary institutions. The feeling among reformers is, however, that no real progress can be made until the constitutional problem is first solved. The grievances of the people cannot find redress until they have a constitutional means of making them known and of providing remedies. Every few years millions of the Czar's subjects are confronted by famine. Why should this be, as it is this year in Southern Russia, in lands that are more than commonly favoured for the production of food? The answer is, ignorance and bad laws. Man cannot control the elements. He cannot make it rain when atmospheric conditions are unfavourable, but these same atmospheric conditions cannot be unfavourable everywhere simultaneously, and one of the triumphs of civilisation is that production has been so universalised, that the land that has no crops in any year is fed by those which have abundance. But ignorance and bad government in Russia prevent the peasant from availing himself of these commonplaces of civilisation. He is still practising agriculture on the methods that prevailed in the times of Ruric the Red, and in his best years subsistence and taxes consume his products. When a lean year or two comes he has no provision for them except to clench his teeth and starve.

We sometimes curl the lip when popular education is talked about, or if any one ventures to refer to its value. It is true that we have not succeeded in making wisdom, culture and a high morality universally prevail even in countries which have done most to realise educational ideals. Meagre as the results have been, however, there can be no doubt that the banishment of stark famine from the more advanced nations is due to the heightening of general intelligence which education has brought about. He is a very poor type of reformer who says that all that popular education has done is to make the poor man discontented with his lot. Discontent may be an unpleasant phenomenon to the man who has more than his share of the good things, but in the best sense discontent is divine. It has been the mainspring of all progress, and when it ceases to be the world will be a black and tenantless ball in space.

THIS MAKES UNCLE SAM FEEL BETTER

JAPAN: "I ain't goin' to do nothin' to you."
—*Selected*

The summoning of a Parliament in Russia, therefore, may not put bread in the moujik's mouth, but it may materially improve the condition of his son or his son's son. Parliamentary Government is by no means perfect, but it is better than autocracy. Autocracy has had its chance and it has been found out. The one virtue that has been predicated of it, efficiency, is the very virtue in which it is most deficient.

There is no school like adversity. The chief characteristic of Russian diplomacy before the war with Japan was intolerance and arrogance. It seems never to have entered the heads of Alexieff and the other blunderers who represented St. Petersburg in the far East that the little yellow people whom they met on the Pacific had feelings that deserved to be considered. The fruits of the victory over China were stolen from the victor in a manner that would have made a highway robber ashamed of his calling. It is now noted that a great change has come over Russian diplomacy. It recognises that other nations may have aspirations and susceptibilities and what Russia wants is not the measure of international rights. Under this changed tone there is a possibility that London and St. Petersburg may arrive at an understanding of the points wherein their interests coincide and wherein they are irreconcilable. There is every probability that Russia and Japan will shake hands in Manchuria and come to a mutual agreement as to their spheres of influence in those regions. China may suffer somewhat in the arrangement, but that may be for the ultimate good of the world. Indeed, already Japanese suburbs have been added to Newchwang and other towns in Chinese Manchuria, and the inhabitants of these suburbs will play an important part in the future of the Province. When a Japanese official is asked how soon the evacuation of Manchuria will be effected, he answers that it has already been effected, and if one further asks who are these uniformed persons whom one sees throughout the country, the answer is that they are not soldiers—they are police and railway guards. One may well wonder whether Manchuria can ever again become de-Japanised. It is easy for a man to identify himself with the country on and for whose soil he fought. China was unworthy and unable to keep it, and few people will mourn if she loses it.

In the meantime there are evidences that the clash over the admission of Japanese children to the Japanese schools has promoted a keen interest in things Japanese amongst our neighbours. The cartoonists are particularly attracted by the topic. Some of them imagine that because Uncle Sam has had an attack of nerves all other nations are in a similar demoralised condition over the Japanese spectre. A draughtsman in the Minneapolis *Journal* represents Japan with a sword in one hand, a bayoneted rifle in the other, and seated on a throne composed of cannons and powder-bar-

rels. Behind is John Bull, while all about with their hair on end stand the leading nations, including Jonathan with his knees knocking and his cigar falling out of his mouth. The legend underneath is "The Bogey Man of the Nations." He is certainly worthy of the study of the United States. That country is Japan's neighbour on the Pacific, and how to get along with him is a problem for statesmen.

Congress has just adjourned, and the fact that stands out prominently from its proceedings is that appropriations are greater than had been. In 1890, at the close of the two sessions, which are the duration of a Congress, it was announced that it had been "a billion dollar Congress," meaning that the expenditure had reached the unprecedented amount of half a billion dollars for each of the years. Now it can be announced that a billion dollar session has been reached, so that the two billion dollar Congress will be the standard of the future. The answer of those who were responsible for the first billion dollar Congress was: "Well, this is a billion dollar country," and this appeal to self-glorification simply swept away the counsels of the cautious and the foreboding. The other item to this financial outlook is that a deficit of $100,000,000 is anticipated between revenue and expenditure. But the country is so fat and careless that this announcement does not stir a feather in its self-complacency.

The first general election in the Transvaal as a colony has resulted in a victory for Het Volk, the Boer party. General Botha will be Premier and Sir Richard Solomon will be a member of his cabinet. Sir Richard is thoroughly loyal to British connection, but opposes the formation of an anti-Boer party. He hopes to avoid dividing the colony on racial lines. There will be many who will sympathise with Sir Richard's view. A "British" party would only serve to consolidate the Boers. The main aim should be to make the Transvaal prosperous, and if

WORK OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

WEARY WILLIE CONGRESS: "Well, I haven't sawed much wood, but it ought to be enough to keep the Government a-goin' and get me a square meal."

—Minneapolis *Journal*.

British energy and enterprise can do this, it will go a long way towards making our new subjects contented with their political condition. The spectacle of a gentleman in arms against British rule a few short months ago and now the virtual ruler of a British colony is one to make the average foreigner gasp. But it will in every likelihood be a successful experiment. Already Gen. Botha has accepted the invitation to attend the Colonial Conference. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when he meets his fellow-premier, will have an opportunity of personally answering for those speeches which did so much to unite the British spirit in that hard struggle in which Gen. Botha went down to defeat.

It has been arranged that the Hague Conference will meet on or about the 1st of June. Russia, which is again the convener of the assemblage, is opposed to the consideration of the question as to the limitation of armaments. In this she is supported by all the other leading powers of the Continent. Great Britain and the United States, on the other hand, are pressing that that subject should be included among those to be debated. It was one of the leading topics at the

last Hague Conference in 1899. The objection urged against it is that it is not a practical question, and the continental powers are anxious to confine the discussion to subjects upon which there is a likelihood that some action will be taken. There is no likelihood, they say, of any action being taken in the direction of limiting military or naval expenditures, so that it would be mere waste of time discussing it. Those who argue thus forget what a powerful solvent of difficulties discussion is.

Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, is due to pay a visit to the Governor-General, at Ottawa, before these pages meet the eye of the reader. He has been busy with Secretary Root ever since his arrival in Washington, and his visit to Ottawa is avowedly made in order that he may confer with Earl Grey on all matters of a diplomatic character now at issue between the United States and Canada. We may presume that the real conference will be with the Prime Minister, although it should be said that we have in Earl Grey a gentleman as much concerned to preserve Canadian rights as any of his Ministers. Naturally Mr. Bryce will be anxious to come to some settlement, and when he has gathered the views of both sides he will be able to appraise how far we stand asunder. His diplomatic duty will be to bridge that little chasm. It may be said frankly that an accommodation of the differences that exist between Canada and the United States would be a meritorious achievement, provided we are not asked to pay too much for it.

John A. Ewan.

SWETTENHAM AND DAVIS TO THE CONTRARY, NOTWITHSTANDING

UNCLE SAM: "It's all right, John; we know how you feel about it."

—Chicago *Record-Herald*

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Was never so green a glade
For human heart's desire—
Was never so sweet a shade,
Since the fall and the sword of fire.
The birds of all plumage, here
Are singing their lovingest songs—
Oh! that she stood list'ning near
For whom my lone heart longs!

Fair Spring is the fond Earth's bride,
That cometh all wreathed in flowers;
And he laughs by his lady's side,
And leads her through endless bowers.
My lady's the Spring to me,
And her absence wintereth all;
For others the hours may flee,
On me like a mist they fall.

—*T. D'Arcy McGee.*

A CANADIAN HEROINE

DURING the last week of February a fire occurred in a suburban school of Montreal, which was the occasion of a terrible loss of life. Sixteen of the kindergarten pupils and Miss Sarah Maxwell, the teacher, were found dead after the flames were subdued. Miss Maxwell had rescued about forty of her small pupils and went back to the rest, although it was returning to certain death. The deed was courage of the highest order, and the movement for a memorial to the heroic woman does not belong to Montreal alone.

But there is an aspect of the matter which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Poems on the self-sacrificing teacher and memorial movements are a natural expression of the public feeling. But what about the disgraceful conditions which made such a sacrifice necessary? The building was of frame, thinly disguised with brick, and went like tinder. The smallest children were on the third storey, and there was nothing provided for escape from such a conflagration. No intelligent or patriotic Canadian could read the story of that fire and that senseless loss of life without a sensation of choking indignation. Miss Maxwell and those sixteen little children ought to be alive to-day. The cause of their death was criminal neglect on the part of authorities who are evidently without conscience. We talk about the "sacredness of life," but Montreal lets sixteen helpless children die and Toronto allows thousands of her citizens to risk their lives every summer day in search of cooling breezes, while aldermen and politicians indulge in seemingly interminable discussion about a bridge that should have been erected ten years ago. Civic magnates are thinking of graft, not of duty, and what do human lives matter to the vote-chaser?

A pious writer in the Montreal *Star* reflects in this wise: "And what a lesson in this for all Canadian women. If all the women in the thousands of homes all over Canada into which this paper goes would profit by the lesson, perhaps Miss Maxwell would feel that indeed she had not lived her short life in vain." I wonder if a man wrote that stuff. Where is the lesson for men in the tragedy? Is it not time for them to realise that there is such a thing as civic responsibility, that the life of a child may be worth as much as a roll of bank notes? History does not show that women have been lacking in the qualities of unselfishness and fortitude. Nor does a glance at the everyday world of the present show that women are in dire need of such a "lesson." If the men who read of that Montreal horror would take its teaching to heart and see

AN O.S.A. EXHIBIT: THE WINTER GIRL
By Miss C. L. Hillyard

that proper schools are constructed, and that trustees who have some sense of moral obligation are elected, then there may be some good come out of an unnecessary evil. One writer called the disaster a "mysterious Providence." It is not the first time that man has blamed the consequences of his own neglect and wrongdoing on a convenient and long-suffering "dispensation."

MORE ABOUT MARIE

A CORRESPONDENT has written to this department about a paragraph which appeared in the March number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, treating of Miss Corelli's utterance regarding woman suffrage. The correspondent assures us that Miss Corelli is a "real religion" unto her and that "Thelma" is the sweetest novel she ever read. "Thelma," if I remember correctly, is a Norwegian novel with lots of scenery in the early chapters—lobster salad skies and navy-blue fjords and a perfectly beautiful heroine in a plain serge gown. A woman of surpassing loveliness and virtue always wears serge on her first appearance. Before the close of the book she is married to an earl, or something like that, and lives happy ever after in a gown of shiny white satin.

But New York *Life* has been moved to protest against the novelist's recent sweeping assertions regarding America. Of course, both *Life* and Miss Corelli mean the United States when they use that proper noun. It never occurs to them that Montreal, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and Yucatan also belong to the continent of "America." But we are accustomed to this minor provincialism and do not let it worry us, inasmuch as Sir Wilfrid Laurier says, that Canada has a mortgage on the Twentieth Century; and who cares what we are called when we have the next hundred years all to ourselves?

However, this is what *Life* has to say regarding the 'lustrious lady: "America may have the W.C.T.U. and Dowie, but it has been spared Marie Corelli. This enchanting young thing has a comic-opera name, a passion for publication, a pen that does as much wronging as writing, the tact and temper of an irritated wasp and the modesty and reticence of a vaudeville headliner. Were Bernard Shaw pasteurised, sterilised and feminised, his name would be Corelli. Marie loathes America, lectures and lashes England, and has appointed herself censor of morals and incenser of persons in the British Empire. She is interpreter for Satan, the supervisor of Providence, and is convinced that Jove, Minerva and Bellona were boiled and distilled to secure the spirit and afflatus animating Marie. Her literary output rivals Hall Caine's in volume and violence; she is the idol of the British cham-

bermaid, and were she possessed of her amiability, invention and English, might be termed the Laura Jean Libbey of Albion."

SOME O.S.A. CANVASES

DURING the month of March the Ontario Society of Artists held their thirty-fifth annual exhibition in Toronto. Local critics adopt a rather condescending tone towards these exhibitions, as if the artists concerned were feeble young amateurs just learning to sketch, or a group of boarding-school maidens taking their first "quarter" in drawing. While we do not assert that we have a Canadian Watts or Corot, it must be admitted that our Canadian artists are serious students who know more or less of the technique of the craft and who are not to be classed as trembling experimenters.

AN O.S.A. EXHIBIT: SAW-MILLS IN MUSKOKA
By Miss M. E. Wrinch

It is cheering to notice that our Canadian artists are paying more attention to home scenes than in the past. While ours is a crude country and the art student needs foreign atmosphere and training, there is no reason why he should not apply the culture he has acquired abroad to the treatment of Canadian themes. Our musicians are beginning to take this into consideration, and it is high time for our artists to do likewise. Mr. Curtis Williamson, whose pictures have known Salon honours, has at last turned his attention to his native continent and the result is a Newfoundland study, "The Lonely Coast," which truly belongs to the west side of the Atlantic. Mr. Jefferys has "Wheat-Stacks on the Prairie," that every Westerner simply gloats over, repudiating the Easterner's surprise at the surpassing gold of this daring study. Miss Wrinch has turned to the playground of Ontario and has given us "Saw-Mills, Muskoka," with skies of duskier blue than York and Wentworth know. Now, if someone would just go down to Lincoln County in August or September and give us a vineyard or an orchard with some Lincoln girls and boys in the midst, we should feel infinitely obliged.

The women's work shows a growth of this native ambition and one of the most suggestive studies is Miss Carrie Hillyard's "Winter Girl" with her serious yet sonsy face. Miss Eleanor Wood has "A Woodland Road" with a forest richness of brown gloom. Miss Clara Hagarty's "Tête-à-Tête" shows a vivacious pliancy, somewhat unusual in Canadian figure work. Mrs. Knowles has a brilliant "Autumn" canvas and a "Misty Morning" of delicate charm. Miss Kerr's "Fisher-Folk of Volendam" has attracted much attention. Mrs. Reid's decorative work is represented by six studies and Miss Gertrude Spurr's "Wayside, Chateau Richer" is a delightful quiet corner. Miss Henrietta Shore's "Girl With Doll" is a striking production by a young artist with ideas of her own. Altogether, the work of our women students is such as to encourage

the belief that the Canadian artist is growing in strength and sincerity.

POPULAR FABRICS

IT is largely owing to the various art associations among the women of Canada that the homespun material produced in our own provinces is growing in popularity. No one who has once purchased a "dress length" of this goods fails to buy a second. The stuff which we are glibly informed in the shops is all wool or all linen frequently proves to be a delusion and a shoddy snare. But the native homespuns are the reliable article, and deserve to grow in feminine favour.

Interest in the embroidery and lace made by Canadian women is also on the increase, and such industries in Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and the West are stimulated thereby. The revival of hand embroidery has led to many exquisitely dainty achievements in this art. Ruskin was right when he said that no machine productions can equal human handiwork at its best. The woman who is not fond of a bit of good lace or a piece of delicate embroidery is fit for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

THE STUDY OF EXPRESSION

ONE result of the Governor-General's Musical and Dramatic Competition held last January has been to stimulate interest in local amateur effort. One movement is evident in modern educational circles for a truer, nobler vocal interpretation of literature. Years ago, Canada was inflicted with "yellowcution." A host of instructors came over the border from Philadelphia and other cultured centres and greatly did Canadian audiences suffer from "Lasca" and other poems. Most of the instructors from the United States schools of oratory were at that time sadly lacking in a knowledge of the best literature and gave their pupils defective training and poor material on which to exercise that training.

Lately it has been brought to the notice of those at the head of educational affairs that Canadian pupils are as a rule poor readers, that their enunciation is sadly imperfect and their modulation a matter for mourning. But such visitors as Dr. Moulton and Dr. Hiram Corson have aroused their hearers to an appreciation of true literature nobly read and the effect of their visits is seen in the renewed interest in vocal expression. Women as a rule give more attention to these matters than men are able to give. The Canadian voice has been justly criticised, but better things may be in store for the next generation of readers and hearers.

THE CLINGING VINE

IT was the late Washington Irving, I believe, who compared man to the sturdy oak and woman to the clinging vine. The simile may be older still and go back to the days of Socrates, who certainly found Xanthippe a rather strangling sort of vine, with tenacious tendrils. However, it is a matter of immediate, modern interest that the clinging vine type is to be fashionable this spring. You must droop from head to foot if you would be "in style" this April. Cultivate the weeping willow and the shivery aspen. Sleeves are to be "set in" several inches below the shoulder curve, and with these sleeves an expression of forlorn pensiveness is to be worn. You must be neither brisk nor energetic, but should go dreamily along with the head poked very much forward. "Long, uncurled, attenuated ostrich plumes is a decree that has gone forth; drooping hat-brims, sloping shoulders, clinging skirts, and the picture is complete."

This is a rather disconsolate portrait, for which we cannot all at once find fitting frame. What will become of the plump lady whom her enemies call "fat"? She cannot droop without having a doubled-up appearance rather painful to contemplate. The short person, too, whether slim or fat, will not be a success in the "slinky" role. But the decree of fashion has gone forth and all the daughters of Eve, save perchance the suffragists, will make haste to become clinging vines. What the "sturdy oaks" will do, the fashion column fails to predict.

Jean Graham

WHAT IS NATIONAL LITERATURE?

THE subject of a Canadian national literature is receiving more attention than usual just now, and it is astonishing to see how many persons who write or speak on it assume an arbitrary stand, pointing out the difficulties and the opportunities and precisely defining the situation. It would indeed be presumptuous for anyone, at this stage in the history of the Dominion, to say that we have or have not a national literature now, or to conclude with certainty that there will ever be in this country writings sufficiently enduring and penetrating to claim so high a distinction. To be national in character, the literature of a country must seize upon the whole people and live with them and in them from generation to generation. Perhaps what to us is not above mediocrity may be the glory of succeeding generations. It is not for us, therefore, to take an arbitrary stand on this question by insisting that we have or have not a national literature. All that is required of us is to do our part towards the realisation of so desirable a thing, to bring to light the best that is in us, so that future generations may say: "This is the work of genius; this has lived, is living and will live." Not until our literature has been accepted and nourished and perpetuated by the people may we claim for it national distinction.

PLAIN TALK FOR AMERICANS

A VOLUME of more than ordinary significance has recently been written by Mr. Franklin Pierce, a well-known barrister of New York, entitled "The Tariff and the Trusts" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited). The subject is an extremely heavy one and is of so controversial a nature that it will not be necessary or in place in a review of this kind to take a stand for or against the views expressed in this instance. Mr. Pierce has had exceptional opportunities of observing the effect of tariffs, and it is interesting to note that he is quite decided in his opinion that both the Dingley and the McKinley tariffs have caused oppression of the masses. The author says that the object of the book is to supply in simple form a clear statement of the flagrant wrongs of the Dingley Tariff. He admits that prior to 1890 competition among domestic producers reduced the price of commodities considerably below the highest mark of the tariff barrier, but that for the last seven years the trusts have suppressed that competition and in many cases are now extorting from consumers the prices that prevailed for similar products in the fifties, before the discovery of rich ore fields in the United States or the advent of labour-saving machinery and the wonderful development of scientific processes. The first eighty-five pages of the volume are devoted to a consideration of the trusts, and the conclusion is that in the United States they are an outcome of the protective tariff, and they tend to drive the people towards socialism. American and English shipping affords an interesting comparison, and chapters are given over to manufacturers, labourers and farmers, to a history of the United States tariff, to the tariff in Germany and to how England got free trade. A remedy for conditions in the United States is suggested: "Throw down the tariff wall which encircles every trust which is selling its domestic product at high prices and at the same time selling in foreign markets at lower prices than at home, and let the trust contend with the full stream of international commerce.

If it continues to exist it will be because it sells its products at home for cheaper prices than the cost of the imported foreign product."

A NEW BOOK ON IRELAND

OWING to present political tendencies, the Earl of Dunraven sees now a unique opportunity of gradually improving the whole economic and social circumstances of Ireland, of effecting a wholesome change in the relations between England and Ireland, and of greatly strengthening the whole fabric of the British Empire. In his recent book entitled "The Outlook in Ireland: The Case for Devolution and Conciliation" (London: John Murray, Albemarle Street) he sets down in an unimpassioned way the condition of Ireland as he sees her, and in fact gives to all who are interested in this great political problem of the time, a concise and luminous account of the various things that bear upon it and have to be considered in connection with it. The work cannot be regarded as an impartial defence of what is popularly known as the Irish cause, for this most eminent Irishman admits racial and national weaknesses, and in a foreword says: "It is hoped that the volume may serve a beneficial purpose in explaining the present social, political and industrial condition of Ireland.....and will prove of service during discussions of Irish affairs." He regards the present situation as the most critical in the history of Ireland, and in fact that the fate of the Emerald Isle is in the balance. He frankly admits that the burden of responsibility for the future of Ireland rests less upon the Government and the people of Great Britain than upon the inhabitants of Ireland. "By the exercise of self-control," he says, "by bearing in mind the legislative limitations of any Government in dealing with reform, and with all phases of an intricate problem; by preserving the peaceful condition of the country, and refusing to lend themselves to any form of unconstitutional agitation, they can give the Government the powerful assistance which is essential for the successful fulfilment of the policy to which they are committed." The Earl of Dunraven points out that it is necessary for Ireland to meet the "predominant partner" half-way, and to show a desire to become an active, prosperous, useful member of that partnership; to put aside sectional quarrels and animosities of class; to cultivate a sense of proportion and recognise limitations; to be practical and have the wisdom to seize an opportunity which might never occur again to give their common country a chance to re-establish herself. But responsibility is not all on Ireland. The people of Great Britain are told that their great fundamental mistake has been the attempt to turn Ireland into England. It is observed that with marvellous but mistaken pertinacity England has laboured to anglicise Ireland for some eight hundred years and has failed. "They" (the English), it is argued, "must realise that they cannot anglicise Ireland; and having admitted that fact, they will come to the conclusion that they must proceed to work on other lines."

JACK LONDON AGAIN

JACK LONDON is so much before the reading public just now that it seems to be almost necessary in order to be at all in touch with the latest books to know something about his writings. It is a question now of whether his latest novel, "Before Adam," is attracting more attention than the charge that he is an out-and-out plagiarist. He himself does not seem to resent the charge of plagiarism, for he admits that every writer must draw from some source of inspiration, and that if in his work entitled "The Call of the Wild," which is fiction, he took material from a scientific work, he was quite justified in doing so. In "Before Adam," he has simply given another practical application of that opinion. If in Darwin's "Origin of the Species" there is no fiction, Jack London has come to the rescue of those who think there should be and has produced a work of imagination that certainly out-Darwins Darwin. He bases his narrative on the assumption that human beings even to-day are affected by occurrences in the life of primitive man, and that in his particular and freakish

case the actual thoughts and doings of an extremely early progenitor are accurately recast in him through the agency of dreams. In other words, he explains that the frequency with which individuals dream of falling is an indication that their remote ancestors lived in trees, from which they sometimes fell, not always, however, to the ground, but sufficiently far to terrorise them and to transmit the impression to posterity. Dogs often turn round and round before lying down. That action is said to be an ancestral transmission, the wild dog having tramped round and round to lay out a bed for himself in the grass or shrubs. And so Jack London, assuming the peculiarities of a freak, tells a tale as it has been revealed to him repeatedly in his dreams. He simply, in this manner, affords an opportunity to give his conception of man in his embryonic state. The work is pretty well done, but one can scarcely refrain from thinking that more, particularly in quaintness and picturesqueness, might have been made out of the material at hand. Nothing very pretentious is attempted; the book is a straight, fairly convincing narrative, the substance of which nevertheless afforded an opportunity for poetical treatment, an opportunity that was not seized. That, however, is not a reflection on the merit of the story as a means of entertainment, for it must be admitted that this extremely fanciful and theoretical novel offers an effective divertisement. Having read it, it is natural to expect that if the author is the dreamer he pretends to be he will in time give us the various stages in the development of man from the time of Big Tooth, the chief character in "Before Adam," down through the ages even to the days of Jack London himself.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE

TO students of political economy, no country offers a more fertile or more interesting field than Germany, particularly the German Empire. The revelation contained in the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe aroused the interest of the whole civilised world, but apart from anything of a sensational order such as the publication of the memoirs, the system of government under the Kaiser, particularly in view of its intricate and delicate nature, is of increasing importance and significance. Mr. Burt Estes Howard, Ph.D., has written a book of about 450 pages on this absorbing subject, which has recently been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. An idea of the comprehensiveness of this volume may be formed from the fact that fifty-three pages, making about fifteen thousand words, are devoted to the armed forces of the Empire. This, of course, is an important subject, for the German army is regarded as one of the most highly organised forces of defence in the world. A history of the founding of the Empire is given, together with a comprehensive treatment of the status of the individual States, the position of the Kaiser and his relation to the constitution; in short, the volume discusses the German form of government in detail, and is a valuable addition to literature of its class.

NEW POEMS BY DR. EATON

"THE Lotus of the Nile" is the title of an attractive new volume of poems by Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton (New York: Thomas Whittaker). Apart from his active ministerial duties, Dr. Eaton has devoted a good deal of his time to literary pursuits and has produced a number of creditable volumes, among them "Poems of the Christian Year," "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," and "Poems in Notable Anthologies." His latest volume, however, is likely to even add considerably to his present reputation, for, while bearing out the rich promises of his earlier works, there is a more subtle appreciation of the technique of poetry, while nothing has been lost in music or rhythm. Dr. Eaton strikes a new and vibrating chord in "By the Bridge," when he writes in part as follows:

With subtlest mimicry of wave and tide,
Of ocean storm, and current setting free,
Here by the bridge the river deep and wide,
Swaying the reeds along its muddy marge
Speeds to the wharf the dusky coaling-barge,
And dreams itself a commerce-quickening sea.

Here is a stanza from another poem, "The Whaling Town":

Adze and hammer and anvil-stroke
Echo not on the shore,
The wharves are crumbling, old and gray,
And the whale ships come no more.

THE WHITE DARKNESS

SEEMINGLY it remained for Mr. Lawrence Mott to seize the opportunity presented by the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police for a setting for short stories of an original, virile, attractive character. Generally speaking, nothing but the bare outlines of many a romantic and stirring adventure had reached the reading public, coming mostly from newspaper accounts and official reports made to the Government. But Mr. Mott saw something more than the dry facts, as shown by a series of short stories recently published by the Outing Publishing Company of New York, and entitled "The White Darkness." The title is that of the first story in the volume, and was suggested by what is sometimes called snow blindness. The book contains in all sixteen stories. The spirit and atmosphere of the West and North pervade the book from cover to cover, and the narratives are well provided with colour and action. The typical French-Canadian is frequently portrayed and likewise *la Canadienne*. Some readers might be inclined to think that a few of the incidents and adventures recorded are quite improbable, but those who know anything about the inside history of the Northwest Mounted Police, will not question in that respect. One of the striking things in the collection is "The Taking of Almighty Voice," an event of record in the history of the Dominion.

A NEW BOOK BY DR. FUNK

DR. I. K. FUNK, Editor in Chief of the Standard Dictionary and author of "Widow's Mite and other Psychic Phenomena," has published a new book entitled "The Psychic Riddle, in which a controversial subject at the present time is considered in a conservative, careful manner. Dr. Funk claims that he is not a spiritualist in the recognised sense of the term, but that he has been interested in, and has given a great deal of time and study to, Psychic research, believing it to be one of the greatest sciences of the time. An impression has got abroad that he has discovered a sure way to communicate with the dead, and as a result he is overwhelmed with correspondence asking for information on the subject. He quite rightly says:

"Many people resort to mediums who often deceive them—sometimes intentionally, sometimes unintentionally. Others seek to become psychics without knowledge of the laws or conditions under which such powers are exercised, and frequently become hopelessly entangled through the power of suggestion or other more or less unknown forces of the human soul—madness often lies that way. To experiment with the forces of electricity or X-ray without any knowledge of the governing laws or conditions involved or any scientific training would be folly."

In the book, Dr. Funk suggests an endowment of at least a million dollars to be used in engaging a half-dozen of the world's ablest and most progressive psychologists to search out and develop a number of sensitives or psychics which would be guarded against the temptations of public mediumship by salaries that would support them. In this way it would be hoped to obtain absolutely reliable experiments.

A CATCHY NAME

"A LITTLE Brown Mouse" is the attractive title of a new novel by Madame Albanesi (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited). The story deals in a graceful and charming way with aristocratic life in rural England. In work of this kind the author is at her best, and that is saying a good deal, for Madame Albanesi has already attained a splendid reputation as a writer in such works of fiction as "Capricious Caroline." "Susanna and One Other," and "The Brown Eyes of Mary." In "The Little Brown Mouse" one gets a pleasant peep into the social atmosphere that is surcharged with interest and not a little mystery.

A TALE OF THE SEA

PERHAPS no present-day writer appeals so much to boys as Frank T. Bullen, whose tales of adventure at sea

are absorbing and wholesome, and full of the go and vim that appeals to adults as well as to youths. One of his latest books is entitled "Frank Brown," and is published by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto. It is purported to be a picture of life at sea, in what are claimed to be absolutely true colours. At any rate, the experiences of Frank Brown, who starts out as a ship apprentice, are indeed thrilling and picturesque.

A WORK OF NOTE

A BOOK of more than ordinary interest to cultured and academic circles has just been published by William Briggs, Toronto, for Professor G. J. Blewett. It is entitled "The Study of Nature and the Vision of God, with Other Essays on Philosophy." The publication of this work had been awaited with considerable interest by many who were fortunate enough to know something about Dr. Blewett's capabilities, and it is safe to say that they have not been disappointed with the result. The author recently assumed the Professorship of Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto, from which institution he was graduated about twelve years ago, winning the Governor-General's gold medal, the *piece de resistance* of the University of Toronto. Dr. Blewett had also a brilliant post-graduate career, studying at Harvard, where he obtained the degree of Ph.D. and the Rogers memorial. Subsequently he extended his studies at Oxford and in Germany. For several years he was Professor of Philosophy in Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

Dr. Blewett's volume is distinguished by the excellent English in which it is written, an excellence that is based not only on loftiness of expression, but as well on its admirable clearness and appreciableness. It is not often that men who are used to delving into the abtruse problems of the universe are able to bring themselves out of the obtuse terminology of the philosophers and set down for the edification of those who are unfamiliar with the subject ideas and conceptions which in professional discussions would be entirely confusing to minds untrained in that respect. It is gratifying to see a work of this kind come from the pen of a Canadian, and it is scarcely too much to predict that what Dr. Blewett has written will long remain as an incentive to those who might otherwise lag in what some wrongly regard as dry, unprofitable paths. The book contains, besides the title essay, several other essays of equal attractives, among them "The Metaphysic of Spinoza," "Plato and the Founding of Idealism," and "The Theism of St. Thomas."

NOTES

—"Canada's Opportunity" is the title of a review of Butler's "Great Lone Land in its Relation to Present Day Conditions and Future Prospects," by Major Robert Larmour (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Lieut.-Col. E. Cruikshank, author of "The Story of Butler's Rangers," has just collected and edited "The Documentary History of the Campaign upon the Niagara Frontier in the year 1813, Part VII," for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. It is an important volume to all students of Canadian history and is well put together by the Tribune Press of Welland.

—A volume of unusual interest has been issued from the library of the University of Toronto, entitled "A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice." It was first written in French by Theodore Beza and translated into English by Arthur Golding in 1575. The University edition is edited with an introduction, notes and an appendix containing the Abraham Sacrifiant of Theodore Beza, by Malcolm W. Wallace, Ph.D., lecturer in English, University College, Toronto. The original volume containing the translation has become exceedingly rare, but a copy is in the Bodleian Library.

—"How Doth the Busy Spelling Bee?" is the title of a little book of clever satire, by Owen Wister (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited). Mr. Wister is an extremely able writer, and is well known as the author of "The Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore." As the title of his little book indicates, the text deals with spelling reform, or rather, spelling reform is made the mark of his satire.

A WARNING FOR THE EXTREMISTS

IT is refreshing to hear a note of warning to Americans from one of themselves, from one whose voice should be heard. Mr. Franklin Pierce, a member of the New York bar, has just published a volume entitled "The Tariff and the Trusts," and in the concluding chapter he takes occasion, in suggesting a remedy for the oppression that he attributes to the tariff and the trusts, to say: "What we must have in this country if its institutions are to be saved is a rebirth of patriotism. The patriotism which we need is of an entirely different quality from that which demagogues describe. Like the Chinese, we have been indulging so long in exultation over our greatness, we are instructed so thoroughly in the idea that our form of government is perfect, that we have come to believe that somehow it will perpetuate itself, and that we may, without fear of invasion of our rights, go to sleep.... Let it become the fashion of the new patriotism to bravely tell the facts against us as well as for us. Let us see our faults while we hug our virtues. Self-complacent dreams of sanguine optimism blind us to the real duties of patriotism.....Can the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution find any better field for patriotic labour than in seeking a rebirth of patriotism which will free our country from a burden a hundred times more oppressive than the slight taxes which led to the Revolutionary War? Let men in all walks of life gather into societies and cultivate a new patriotism without which the spirit of liberty will be destroyed in this country."

That man is talking common sense, and no people in the world should heed what he says more than the people of the United States. The egotism and carping boastfulness of Americans as a people is notorious, and has become so marked a national characteristic that it is doubtful whether anything less than extreme national humiliation will serve to check it. It has been urged in these columns before now that Canadians should not be too prone to extol the virtues of the Dominion or of the Empire and to forget national weaknesses or national hindrances. Taking it all round we have in Canada a pretty good patriotism and a pretty good loyalty; but we live close to a nation where false and unbridled patriotism prevails and whence influences are bound to come. It is only natural that we should wish to exchange thrust for thrust and taunt for taunt. But that is the spirit of the schoolyard. What is required of our public men, of our politicians, of our educationists and of the press of the Dominion is not a fostering of prejudice or unbounded optimism, but an antidote to demagogism and jingoism, so that we may have a well-controlled, wholesome, properly-grounded patriotism and a loyalty of sense as well as of heart. But we cannot have these things by doing by others as they do by us. We must practise the Golden Rule, hard as it sometimes must be. Canada is still young, and it is not too late for her people to cultivate moderation and those virtues that will shield her from charges of braggery and intolerable egotism.

A DEGRADATION OF ART

WE live in an age of imitation. There are some original things, but every new idea is so much copied and changed and revised that even the real thing itself

causes annoyance. Should a writer happen to publish a novel that leads into unfrequented fields, it is amazing how soon the new ground will be beaten smooth and the nice things that the discoverer had expected to keep all to himself ruthlessly seized upon by the parasitical horde. Art likewise offers plenty of opportunity for the copyist. The old masters, who clung to legitimate art, have left opportunities only for legitimate copying, but the modern artists who come out with fads and catch-eye drawings have given chance to a class of traducers to whom words like art and originality have no meaning. A good example of the degradation of art may be seen these days in the picture-shops and book-stores. Almost every one who moves about has seen a much-reproduced picture—a little child saying a prayer at a bedside, with two or three dolls in the same attitude. That is a pleasing picture, and it requires no inscription to tell its meaning. But it was a new idea, and because it had "taken on" the copyists set to work and soon produced a number of travesties. Perhaps the most offensive of these depicts a child at a bedside in the same attitude as the original, but instead of a refining sentiment and a suggestion of childish adoration, we see a youngster with a brace of pistols in belt, repeating these words:

Dear Lord,—
As Dad ain't here to-night,
I guess you'll have to keep
Awake and see that
Things are right,
While I am fast asleep.
But if you're busy and forget
To tend to what I've said,
And burglars come,
You need not fear—
I'll shoot 'em full of lead.

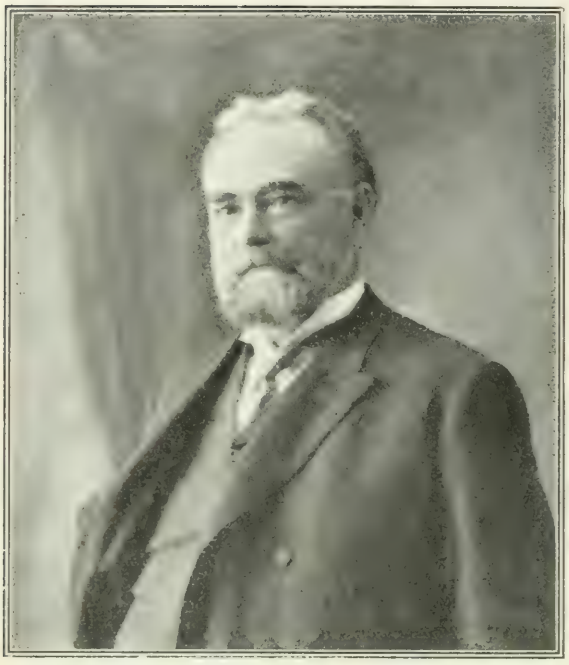
If art has ever been degraded and sensibility outraged, surely here we have an instance of it.

HON. L. J. TWEEDIE
The new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick

DISTINCTIONS IN HEROISM

WE have our Henry Harpers, our John Maynards, and our long list of life-savers, some of whom have perished and some of whom have not, but in all the scroll of honour no name will have a more abiding place than Sarah Maxwell's. Miss Maxwell lost her life in an attempt to save some children while a fire raged in the Hochelaga school at Montreal. Hers was genuine heroism, and her name is entitled to an equal place with that of Grace Darling. A fitting monument of so notable a self-sacrifice will undoubtedly be raised.

Heroism has a wide compass, and many are honoured with the name who are not worthy of it in its highest sense. It has



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY
The new Premier of New Brunswick

been said that those who risk their lives, hoping and expecting to escape, do not, even though they perish, perform so noble an act as those who, in order to save a fellow, face death, knowing that there is no hope for themselves. That assertion is by no means final. Few persons would doubt that John Maynard, as he stood at the helm driving his vessel towards shore, expected to land with the passengers. Undoubtedly Harper, when he jumped into the break in the ice at Ottawa, expected to rescue Miss Blair. Yet who would say that the heroism of these two men was not so great as it would have been had there been no hope of escape for either of them? Headlong thrusting into the very jaws of death, for the sake of a good cause, gives a promise of glory that is surely more inspiring than the call of duty with a doubtful outcome. The balance therefore seems to be in favour of the one who risks life but hopes to save it. Nevertheless the person that sets aside personal feeling or sentiment and gives heed only to the call of duty is worthy of high and unqualified honour. That apparently is what Miss Maxwell did.

A CHANCE TO ENCOURAGE ART

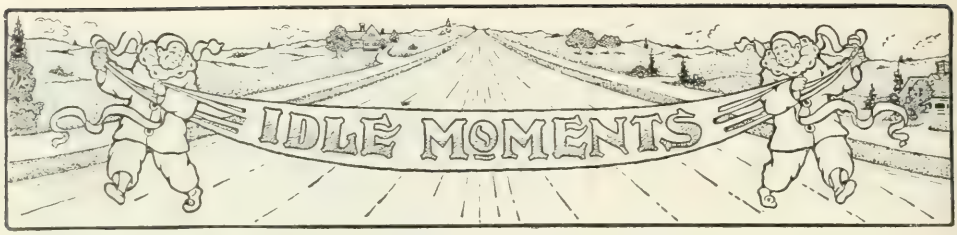
FROM the standpoint of many of the artists of Ontario it is perhaps a good thing to be able to say that the last exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was by no means an evidence of the best work that can be produced by the members of that association. While the exhibition all round was about the average in quality, some of the best artists were represented by inferior work. Such artists as Challener, Atkinson, Bruenech, Manley, Watson, have been so occupied in various ways that they scarcely took time to do anything for the exhibition that would be worthy of serious consideration. But at the same time they wanted to be represented, and so they dashed off something and sent it in. It is to be regretted that men who should be leaders at the exhibitions are satisfied with a mere representation. If these artists would make a point during the year of doing something seriously for the O.S.A., the annual exhibitions would be of much more interest. Naturally, the best things are kept for the Academy, but that should not prevent the Ontario artists from taking a genuine interest in what is more particularly their own. It is a pity there are not in connection with these exhibitions some really attractive prizes at the disposal of a competent group of judges. The result would be a spur to the artists, not only because of pecuniary gain but because also of the distinction that would attach to the winners. Here is an excellent chance for some one who wishes to encourage art at home in some better way than by simply buying home-made pictures.

CO-OPERATION AMONG FARMERS

THE less independent a man is, the more likely is he to respond to the call for united effort, and so when the farmers begin to co-operate it is pretty good evidence that the spirit of union has taken firm hold of the people. Although it may not be a proverb, it is an old and true saying that the farmer is the most independent of all men. Almost every other calling feels the need of mutual endeavour more than his, and yet his looks like the calling in which co-operation would most readily and most naturally flourish. But it is his independence that has so long kept him in the single furrow. Doctors co-operate in the accomplishment of a common desire. So do lawyers, and carrying companies and merchants and manufacturers and tradesmen, workmen and craftsmen of all kinds. But it was not until quite recently that farmers, at least Canadian farmers, began to realise the immense advantage they could derive from co-operation, and the growth of this sentiment and the power that it will yet wield will afford a most interesting study in economics. The farmers are beginning to see, slowly it must be admitted, what an immense influence they could jointly exert on the destiny of the nation. Those who are what might be called specialist farmers, are the first to realise the importance of these facts, and it is a noticeable fact in the evolution of farming that specialising is coming more and more into favour. One farmer makes a specialty of small fruits; another of tree fruits; another of raising hogs; another of fat cattle; another of high-class breeding cattle; another of horses; another of dairying; and so on. And when a number of fruit growers, for instance, get together and learn that by co-operation they could save a large percentage of the money spent on transportation, commissions and the like, they begin to realise that it is high time for them to abandon the old, independent policy. Take as a specific instance the fruit growers of the Niagara Peninsula. A few years ago they were all shipping their products independently of one another; now many of them together ship as one man. Their peaches and grapes and other fruits go out in car lots instead of in lots of a few crates or packages. They are largely independent of the commission merchants; they can handle their products with much less fear of loss, and they are able to get just about all that they are entitled to from the railways. What a change there will be when the farmers realise what an immense power they might be politically!

MR. SAINT N. SING

A Hindu journalist who is studying conditions in the western hemisphere



A BROKEN JUG

WHEN Henry May came home from the States after serving two years in the Army of the North, he brought with him two things—a decided limp and an unquenchable thirst. Strange as it may seem, one of these helped to overcome the other, that is to say, Henry's pension money went as far as possible toward slaking that undying thirst.

It was during one of Henry's "dry spells," on which the heaviest rain had no effect, that the idea occurred to him to try for Sporty Alec's standing reward of $5. This was to be given to any man who could get, without cash payment in advance, even a single glass of any beverage from "Close" John, the village liquor dealer. Originally this had been a bet, but so many takers had failed to move the stony heart of "Close" John, that Alec felt safe in putting the odds down to 5 to 0.

Five gentlemen at ease were resting at the summer resort in the clump of cedars by the river bend that bright June day.

Henry left them and made his way past the rear of several stores and drew from its hiding place a narrow-necked, wide-bellied, white pitcher, known as a frequent traveller between "Close" John's and the grove. Before rejoining Alec, he paused for a few moments' conversation with the village druggist at the back door of the drug store.

Together they crossed the street. The opening conversation was brief. "Beer?" asked John.

"Yes," said Henry.

"Full?"

"Yes."

"Got the money?"

"Ye-es."

John descended to the dark cellar, but when he came up with the jug, the money was not forthcoming. Then Henry's latent powers of conversation burst forth. He tried all sorts of blandishments, made all kinds of promises. John was inexorable.

"If ye haven't the money, I'll jist pour it back," and down he went.

A couple of minutes later the defeated pair were travelling the usual roundabout path to the grove.

"What did I tell you? I told you so!" jeered Alec repeatedly.

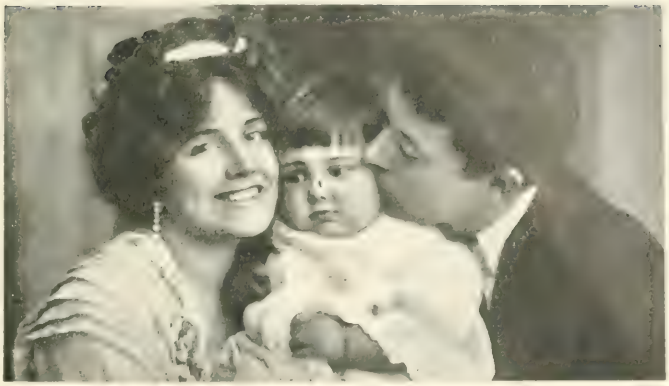
There was no reply, but Henry wore the air of a man burdened with a secret and carried the pitcher as if it con-

AN OLD FASHIONED EATING-HOUSE AT DRESDEN, ONT.

tained something more than thin air with a beerish perfume.

In the recesses of the cedar grove sat five men in a circle. One held a tin pail under a big-bellied, narrow-necked, white pitcher. Another took up a smooth, round stone and carefully yet ruthlessly cracked the white pitcher in two. The swelling sponge which dropped into the pail squeezed out two full glasses of "Close" John's best beer. They made it go round, and the "dry spell" was over, for Sporty Alec promptly paid the reward.

—*Don Graeme.*



MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS), BABY BETTY AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS

IN PASSING

Jake Cheatem, the sport, has quit drinking. He bought a plaid suit and it put a check on his stomach.

Henry Spokenot, the deaf and dumb vocalist, could not appear at the concert last night as he broke his voice on his wife's jaw.

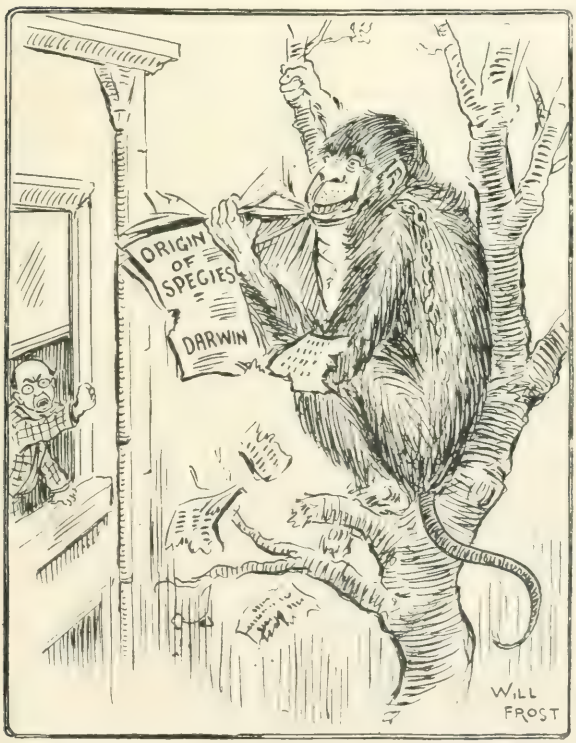
I. Plantem has faced death over a thousand times. He's an undertaker.

A German paper states that an artist painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the servant girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down. There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant.

A man was recently shot and killed while out hunting through being mistaken by someone for a deer. He died game.

Last week Patrick O'Begobs tried to subdue a lion by the power of the eye. The coroner's verdict has not yet been made public.

Carrie Nation once smashed four saloon windows without



A TASTE FOR LITERATURE

being observed, but got arrested while smashing the fifth. She took a glass too much.

Jingo Seaweed is 110 years old and has never used glasses—he always drinks out of a bottle.

Barb: "My brother has only two hairs left on his head."

Wire: "Only two?"

Barb: "Yes. He calls one 'a fool' and the other one 'his money'."

Wire: "Why?"

Barb: "Because they are soon parted."

—*The Kazooster.*

THE TIP-TOPICAL SONG

(Air: *"Peace, Peace"*)

["I cling to the Topical Song!"—*From the dicta of Mr. Paul Rubens*]

THERE'S a craze nowadays for the musical plays;
The success they enjoy is enormous;
They're inconsequent quite, but we love them in spite
Of the critics' attempt to reform us.
Though they've got little plot, it don't matter a jot—
It makes room for a popular item;
For the topical song, if things ever go wrong,
Is invariably certain to right 'em.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the piece will run gaily along;
There is nothing that "grips"
Like some suffragette quips
In a typical, topical song.

When the best little jest has been voted a pest,
And the comic man can't raise a titter,
When the baritone, too, has been met with a boo
From the gallervite and the pitter.
When they've tried, O ye pride of the South London side,
With but little effect to burlesque you,
Then some Rajah of Bhong with a topical song
Will come, turban and all, to the rescue.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And, they say, you can never go wrong;
For the rest, though abused,
Will be quickly excused
By a typical, topical song.

If you try to aim high, you will go all awry,
And you won't pay the theatre's rental;
Therefore quash all your qualms; shove in sheltering palms;
Make the atmosphere quite oriental.
Let a man (in Japan) sing some phrases that scan,
Setting forth, say, the afternoon's winner
(For that's always thought smart, though of course it's not Art—
But whoever wants Art after dinner?).

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the run of your play will be long;
Every author that's wise
Knows the kudos that lies
In a typical, topical song!

—*Punch.*

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